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THE
BRITISH STAGE.

IN
SIX VOLUMES.

BEING A
COLLECTION

OF THE

Best Modern ENGLISH Acting PLAYS:

Selected from the WORKS of

ADDISSON.
DRYDEN.
ROWE.
FARQUHAR.

BANKS.
THOMSON.
SHAKESPEAR.
HOWARD.

SMITH.
VAN BRUGH.
CIBBER.
WHITEHEAD.

VOL. IV. Contains,

DISTREST MOTHER.

MAN of MODE.

ABRA-MULE.

PHÆDRA and Hipolithis.

LONDON:

Printed for J. BRINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal
Highness the Prince of WALES, *New-Bond-Street.*

M DCC LII.

THE BRITISH STAGE

IN
SIX VOLUMES

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Bel. Monach. Bib. Pat.

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BRADEN.	THOMSON.	VAN BRUGH.
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VOL. IV. Contains,

ALBA-MULI.	DISTRESS MOTHER.	MAN OF MODE.
		THE DRA and Hippolyte.

LONDON:

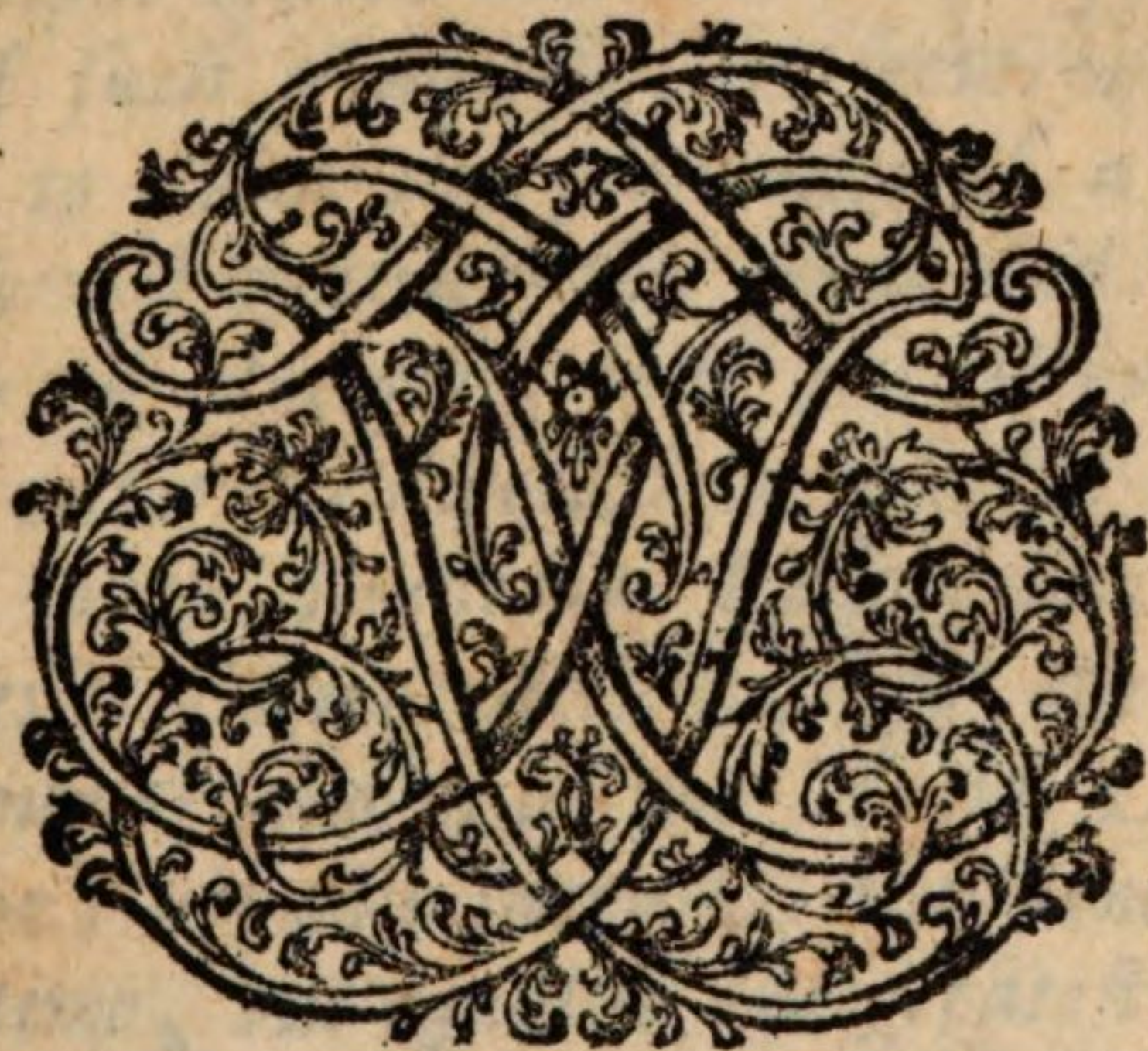
Printed for J. B. RINDLEY, Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, New-Bond-Street.

M DCC LII.

THE
DISTRESS
MOTHER.

A
TRAGEDY.

WRITTEN BY MR. PHILIPS.



LONDON,
PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY.

THE

DISTRESS

OF THE

A

TRAGEDY

WRITTEN BY MR. PHILIPS.



LONDON.

PRINTED FOR THE COMPANY.



T O H E R G R A C E
T H E
D U T C H E S S O F M O N T A G U E .

M A D A M ,

THIS Tragedy, which I do my self
the honour to dedicate to Your
G R A C E, is formed upon an ori-
ginal, which passes for the most
finished piece in this kind of writing that has
ever been produced in the French language.
The principal Action and main distress of the
Play is of such a nature, as seems more im-
mediately to claim the patronage of a Lady:
And, when I consider the great and shining
Characters of Antiquity that are celebrated in
it, I am naturally directed to inscribe it to a
Person, whose Illustrious Father has, by a
long series of glorious Actions, (for the service
of his Country and in defence of the Liberties
of Europe) not only surpassed the Generals of
his own time, but equalled the greatest Heroes
of former Ages. The Name of Hector could
not be more terrible to the Greeks, than that
of the Duke of Marlborough has been to the
French.

DEDICATION.

The refined taste You are known to have in all entertainments for the diversion of the Publick, and the peculiar life & ornament Your presence gives to all Assemblies, was no small motive to determine me in the choice of my Patroness. The charms that shine out in the person of Your GRACE, may convince every one that there is nothing unnatural in the power which is ascribed to the beauty of Andromache.

The strict regard I have had to decency & good manners throughout this work is the greatest merit I pretend to plead in favour of my presumption; and is, I am sensible, the only argument that can recommend it most effectually to your protection.

I am with the greatest respect,

M A D A M,

Your GRACE'S most humble,

and most obedient servant,

AMBR. PHILIPS.

T H E
P R E F A C E.

IN all the works of genius & invention, whether in verse or prose, there are in general but two manners of style; the one simple, natural & easie; the other swelling, forced, and unnatural. An injudicious affectation of sublimity is what has betrayed a great many Authors into the latter; not considering that real greatness in writing, as well as in manners, consists in an unaffected simplicity. The true sublime does not lie in strained metaphors and the pomp of words; but rises out of noble sentiments and strong images of Nature; which will always appear the more conspicuous, when the language does not swell to hide and overshadow them.

These are the considerations, that have induced me to write this Tragedy in a style very different from what has been usually practised amongst us in Poems of this nature. I have had the advantage to copy after a very great Master, whose writings are deservedly admired in all parts of *Europe*, & whose excellencies are too well known to the Men of letters in this nation, to stand in need of any farther discovery of them here. If I have been able to keep up to the beauties of *Monfieur de Racine* in my attempt, and to do him no prejudice in the liberties I have taken frequently to vary from so great a Poet, I shall have no reason to be dissatisfied with the labour it has cost me to bring the compleatest of his works upon the *English* Stage.

I shall trouble my Reader no farther, than to give him some short hints relating to this Play from the preface of the *French* Author. The following lines of *Virgil* mark out the Scene, the Action, & the four principal Actors in this Tragedy, together with their distinct characters; excepting that of *Hermione*, whose rage and jealousy is sufficiently painted out in the *Andromache* of *Euripides*.

T H E P R E F A C E.

*Littoraque Epiri legimus, portuque subimus
 Chaonio, & celsam Buthroti ascendimus Urbem --
 Sollemnes tum fortè dapes, & tristia dona
 Libabat cineri Andromache, Manesque vocabat
 Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem cespite inanem,
 Et geminas, causam lachrimis, sacraverat Aras --
 Dejecit vultum, & demissâ voce locuta est:
 O Felix una ante alias Priameia Virgo,
 Hostilem ad tumulum, Troja sub mœnibus altis
 Fussa mori? quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos,
 Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.
 Nos Patriâ incensâ, diversa per aquora vœta,
 Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, Juvenemque superbum
 Servitio enixa tulimus, qui deinde secutus
 Ledaam Hermionem, Lacedamoniosque hymenæes --
 Ast illum erepta magno inflammatus amore
 Conjugis, & scelerum furis agitatus Orestes
 Excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad Aras.*

Virg. Æn. lib. 3.

The great concern of *Andromache* in the Greek Poet, is for the life of *Molossus*, a Son she had by *Pyrrhus*. But it is more conformable to the general notion we form of that Princess, at this great distance of time, to represent her as the disconsolate Widow of *Hector*, and to suppose her the Mother only of *Astyanax*. Considered in this light, no doubt, she moves our compassion much more effectually, than she could be imagined to do in any distress for a Son by a second Husband.

In order to bring about this beautiful incident, so necessary to heighten in *Andromache* the character of a tender Mother, an affectionate wife, & a widow full of veneration for the memory of her deceased Husband, the life of *Astyanax* is indeed a little prolonged beyond the term fixed to it by the general consent of the Ancient Authors: But so long as there is nothing improbable in the supposition, a judicious Critick will always be pleased, when he finds a matter of fact (especially so far removed into the dark and fabulous Ages) falsified, for the embellishment of a whole Poem.

P R O-

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN BY MR. STEELE.

SINCE Fancy of it self is loose and vain,
The wise, by rules, that airy power restrain;
They think those Writers mad, who at their ease
Convey this House and Audience where they please;
Who Nature's stated distances confound,
And make this spot all soils the Sun goes round:
'Tis nothing, when a fancy'd scene's in view,
To skip from Covent-Garden to Peru.

But Shakespear's self transgress'd! and shall each Elf,
Each Pigmy-Genius, quote great Shakespear's self!
What Critick dares prescribe what's just and fit,
Or mark out limits for such boundless wit!
Shakespear could travel thro' earth, sea and air,
And paint out all the powers and wonders there.
In barren desarts he makes Nature smile,
And gives us Feasts in his Enchanted Isle.

Our Author does his feeble force confess,
Nor dares pretend such merit to transgress;
Does not such shining gifts of genius share,
And therefore makes propriety his care.
Your treat with study'd decency he serves;
Not only rules of time and place preserves,
But strives to keep his characters intire,
With French correctness and with British fire.

This Piece presented in a foreign tongue,
When France was glorious, and her Monarch young,
A hundred times a crowded audience drew;
A hundred times repeated, still 'twas new.

Pyrrhus provok'd, to no wild rants betray'd,
Resents his generous love so ill repay'd;
Does like a Man resent, a Prince upbraid:
His sentiments confess a Royal mind,
Nor is he known a King from Guards behind.

P R O L O G U E.

*Injur'd Hermione demands relief;
But not from heavy narratives of grief:
In conscious Majesty her pride is shewn;
Born to avenge her wrongs, but not bemoan,
Andromache -- If in our Author's lines,
As in the great original, she shines,
Nothing but from barbarity she fears.
Attend with silence; you'll applaud with tears.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PYRRHUS, The Son of *Achilles*, and King of *Epirus*, in love with *Andromache*, but betroth'd to *Hermione*.

PHOENIX, Counsellor to *Pyrrhus*.

ORESTES, the Son of *Agamemnon*, Ambassador from the *Greeks* to *Pyrrhus*, in love with *Hermione*.

PYLADES, Friend to *Orestes*, separated from him in a storm, driven on the coasts of *Epirus*, & detain'd by contrary winds in the Court of *Pyrrhus*.

ANDROMACHE, *Hector's* Widow, Captive to *Pyrrhus*, and Mother to *Astyanax*.

CEPHISA, Confidante to *Andromache*.

HERMIONE, Daughter to *Menelaus* and *Helen*, betrothed to *Pyrrhus*.

CLEONE, Confidante to *Hermione*.

*The SCENE a great Hall in the Court of
Pyrrhus at Buthrotos, the Capital City
of Epirus.*

T H E

T H E
DISTREST MOTHER.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter ORESTES and PYLADES.

O R E S T E S.

O *Pylades!* What's life without a Friend!
At sight of thee my gloomy Soul clears up;
My hopes revive, and gladness dawns within me.
After an absence of six tedious moons,
How could I hope to find my *Pylades*;
My joy, my comfort! on this fatal shore?
Even in the Court of *Pyrrhus*? in these realms,
These hated realms, so cross to all my wishes.
Oh, my brave Friend! may no blind stroke of Fate
Divide us more, and tear me from my self.

Pyl. O Prince! O, my *Orestes*! O, my Friend -!
Thus let me speak the welcome of my heart. (*Embracing*
Since I have gain'd this unexpected meeting,
Blest be the Powers, who barr'd my way to *Greece*,
And kept me here! e'er since th' unhappy day,
When warring Winds (*Epirus* full in view)
Sunder'd our barks on the loud, stormy main.

Orest. It was, indeed, a morning full of horror!

Pyl. A thousand boading cares have rack'd my Soul
In your behalf. Often, with tears, I mourn'd
The fatal ills, in which your life's involv'd;
And grudg'd you dangers, which I could not share.
I fear'd, to what extreams the black despair,

10 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

That prey'd upon your mind, might have betray'd you;
And lest the Gods, in pity to your woes,
Should hear your pray'rs, & take the life you loath'd.
But now with joy I see you! -- The retinue
And numerous followers, that surround you here,
Speak better fortunes, and a mind dispos'd
To relish life.

Orest. Alas! my Friend, who knows
The destiny, to which I stand reserv'd!
I come in search of an inhuman Fair;
And live or dye, as she decrees my Fate.

Pyl. You much surprize me, Prince! -- I thought
you cur'd
Of your unpity'd, unsuccessful passion.
Why, in *Epirus*, shou'd you hope to find
Hermione less cruel, than at *Sparta*?
I thought her pride, and the disdainful manner,
In which she treated all your constant suff'rings,
Had broke your fetters, and assur'd your freedom:
Asham'd of your repulse, and slighted vows,
You hated her; you talk'd of her no more.
Prince you deceiv'd me.

Orest. I deceiv'd my self.
Do not upbraid the unhappy Man, that loves thee.
Thou know'st, I never hid my passion from thee:
Thou saw'st it in its birth, and in its progress.
And when at last the hoary King, her Father,
Great *Menelaus*, gave away his Daughter,
His lovely Daughter, to this happy *Pyrrhus*,
The avenger of his wrongs; thou saw'st my grief,
My torture, my despair; and how I dragg'd,
From sea to sea, a heavy chain of woes.
O, *Pylades*! my heart has bled within me,
To see thee, prest with sorrows not thy own,
Still wandring with me, like a banish'd Man;
Watchful, and anxious for thy wretched Friend,
To temper the wild transports of my mind,
And save me from my self.

Pyl.

THE DISTREST MOTHER. 11

Pyl. Why thus unkind?

Why will you envy me the pleasing tasks
Of generous love and sympathizing friendship?

Orest. Thou miracle of truth! -- But hear me on.
When, in the midst of my disastrous fate,
I thought, how the divine *Hermione*,
Deaf to my vows, regardless of my plaints,
Gave up her self, in all her charms, to *Pyrrhus*;
Thou may'st remember, I abhorr'd her name,
Strove to forget her, and repay her scorn.
I made my Friends, and even my self, believe
My soul was freed. Alas! I did not see,
That all the malice of my heart was love.
Triumphing thus, and yet a captive still,
In *Greece* I landed: And in *Greece* I found
The assembled Princes all alarm'd with fears,
In which their common safety seem'd concern'd.
I join'd them: For I hoped that War and Glory
Might fill my mind, and take up all my thoughts;
And, that my shatter'd Soul, impair'd with grief,
Once more would reassume its wonted vigour,
And ev'ry idle passion quit my breast.

Pyl. The thought was worthy *Agamemnon's* Son.

Orest. But see the strange perverseness of my stars,
Which throws me on the rock I strove to shun!
The jealous Chiefs, and all the States of *Greece*,
With one united voice, complain of *Pyrrhus*;
That now, forgetful of the promise given,
And mindless of his Godlike Father's fate,
Astyanax he nurses in his Court;

Astyanax, the young, surviving hope
Of ruin'd *Troy*; *Astyanax*, descended
From a long Race of Kings; great *Hector's* Son:

Pyl. A name still dreadful in the ears of *Greece*!
But, Prince, you'll cease to wonder, why the Child
Lives thus protected in the Court of *Pyrrhus*,
When you shall hear, the bright *Andromache*,
His lovely Captive, charms him from his purpose:
The Mother's beauty guards the helpless Son.

Orest.

12 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Orest. Your tale confirms what I have heard; & hence
Spring all my hopes. Since my proud Rival woes
Another partner to his Throne and bed,
Hermione may still be mine. Her Father,
The injur'd *Menelaus*, thinks already
His Daughter slighted, and the intended nuptials
Too long delay'd. I heard his loud complaints
With secret pleasure; and was glad to find
The ungrateful Maid neglected in her turn,
And all my wrongs avenged in her disgrace.

Pyl. Oh, may you keep your just resentments warm!

Orest. Resentments? Ah, my Friend, too soon I found
They grew not out of hatred! I am betray'd:
I practise on my self; and fondly plot
My own undoing. Goaded on by Love,
I canvass'd all the suffrages of *Greece*;
And here I come, their sworn Ambassador,
To speak their jealousies, and claim this Boy.

Pyl. *Pyrrhus* will treat your Embassy with scorn.
Full of *Achilles*, his redoubted Sire,
Pyrrhus is proud, impetuous, headstrong, fierce;
Made up of passions: Will he then be sway'd,
And give to death the Son of her he loves?

Orest. Oh, would he render up *Hermione*,
And keep *Astyanax*; I should be blest!
He must; he shall: *Hermione* is my life,
My soul, my rapture! -- I'll no longer curb
The strong desire, that hurries me to madness:
I'll give a loose to love; I'll bear her hence;
I'll tear her from his arms; I'll -- O, ye Gods!
Give me *Hermione*; or let me die! --
But, tell me, *Pylades*; how stand my hopes?
Is *Pyrrhus* still enamour'd with her charms?
Or dost thou think, he'll yield me up the prize,
The dear, dear prize, which he has ravish'd from me!

Pyl. I dare not flatter your fond hopes so far.
The King, indeed, cold to the *Spartan* Princess,
Turns all his passion to *Andromache*,

Hector's

Hector's afflicted Widow. But in vain,
 With inter-woven love and rage, he sues
 The charming Captive, obstinately cruel.
 Oft he alarms her for her Child, confin'd
 Apart; and, when her tears begin to flow,
 As soon he stops them, and recalls his threats.

Hermione a thousand times has seen
 His ill-requited vows return to her;
 And takes his indignation all for Love.
 What can be gather'd from a Man so various?
 He may, in the disorder of his soul,
 Wed her he hates, and punish her he loves.

Orest. But, tell me, how the wrong'd *Hermione*
 Brooks her slow nuptials, and dishonour'd charms?

Pyl. *Hermione* would fain be thought to scorn
 Her wavering Lover, and disdain his falsehood;
 But, spight of all her pride, and conscious beauty,
 She mourns in secret her neglected charms;
 And oft has made me privy to her tears:
 Still threatens to be gone; yet still she stays;
 And sometimes sighs, and wishes for *Orestes*.

Orest. Ah, were those wishes from her heart, my
 Friend,
 I'd fly in transport - - - (Flourish within.

Pyl. Hear! - - The King approaches
 To give you audience. Speak your Embassy
 Without reserve: Urge the demands of Greece;
 And in the name of all her Kings require,
 That *Hector's* Son be given into your hands.
Pyrrhus, instead of granting what they ask,
 To speed his love, and win the Trojan Dame,
 Will make it merit to preserve her Son.
 But, see, he comes!

Orest. Mean while, my *Pylades*,
 Go, and dispose *Hermione* to see
 Her Lover, who is come thus far, to throw
 Himself in all his sorrows at her feet:

SCENE

SCENE II.

ORESTES, PYRRHUS, and PHOENIX.

Orest. Before I speak the message of the *Greeks*;
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their Ambassador; since I behold
Troy's Vanquisher, and Great *Achilles' Son*.
Nor does the Son rise short of such a Father:
If *Hector* fell by him, *Troy* fell by you.
But, what your Father never would have done,
You do: You cherish the remains of *Troy*;
And, by an ill timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a Ten-years War.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty *Hector*?
The *Greeks* remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their States with Widows & with Orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his Son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? Who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With *Hector's* fury, set our Fleets on blaze?
You may, your self, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the *Grecians* just demands:
Sate their vengeance, and preserve your self.

Pyr. The *Greeks* are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your Kings were met
On more important councils. When I heard
The name of their Ambassador, I hoped
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is *Agamemnon's* Son dispatch'd for this?
And do the *Grecian* Chiefs, renown'd in War,
A Race of Heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an Infant's death? -- What right has *Greece*
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd Warriors, be deny'd
To treat my Captive as I please? Know, Prince,
When *Troy* lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud

THE DISTREST MOTHER. 15

Proud Victor shared the harvest of the war;
Andromache and this her Son were mine;
 Were mine by Lot: And who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old *Priam's* Queen;
Cassandra was your own great Father's prize:
 Did I concern my self in what they won?
 Did I send Embassies to claim their Captives?

Orest. But, Sir, we fear, for you & for our selves,
Troy may again revive, and a new *Hector*
 Rise in *Astyanax*. Then think betimes --

Pyr. Let dastard Souls be timorously wise:
 But tell them, *Pyrrhus* knows not how to form
 Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrivall'd strength of *Troy*;
 Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
 Her Kings, her Heroes, and embattel'd Armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all
 Confus'd in dust; all mixt in one wide ruin;
 All but a Child, and he in bondage held.
 What vengeance can we fear from such a *Troy*?
 If they have sworn to extinguish *Hector's* Race,
 Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
 Why was he not in *Priam's* bosom slain?
 He should have fallen among the slaughter'd heaps,
 Whelm'd under *Troy*. His death had then been just,
 When age and infancy, alike in vain,
 Pleaded their weakness; when the heat of conquest,
 And horrors of the night, rous'd all our rage,
 And blindly hurry'd us through scenes of death.
 My fury then was without bounds: But now,
 My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still?
 And, deaf to all the tender-calls of pity,
 Like a cool murderer, bath my hands in blood?
 An Infant's blood? -- No, Prince -- Go, bid the *Greeks*
 Mark out some other Victim; my Revenge
 Has had its fill. What has escaped from *Troy*
 Shall not be saved to perish in *Epirus*.

Orest.

16 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Orest. I need not tell you, Sir, *Astyanax*
Was doom'd to death in *Troy*; nor tell you how
The crafty Mother saved her darling Son.
The *Greeks* do now but urge their former sentence;
Nor is't the Boy, but *Hector* they pursue;
The Father draws their vengeance on the Son:
The Father, who so oft in *Grecian* blood
Has drench'd his sword; The Father, whom the *Greeks*
May seek even here. -- Prevent them, Sir, in time.

Pyr. No! Let them come, since I was born to wage
Eternal wars: Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: Let them come,
And in *Epirus* seek another *Troy*.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my God-like Sire,
Thus was *Achilles* thank'd. But, Prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall *Greece* then find a Rebel Son in *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on *Greece*?

Orest. *Hermione* will sway your Soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her Father and your self:
Her beauty will enforce my Embassie.

Pyr. *Hermione* may have her charms, and I
May love her still, tho' not her Father's Slave.
I may in time give proofs, that I am a Lover;
But never must forget, that I am a King.
Mean while, Sir, you may see fair *Helen's* Daughter:
I know how near in blood you stand ally'd.
That done, you have my answer, Prince. The *Greeks*
No doubt expect your quick return.

SCENE III.

PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Phæn. Sir, do you send your Rival to the Princess?

Pyr. I am told, that he has lov'd her long.

Phæn. If so,

Have you not cause to fear the smother'd flame

May

THE DISTREST MOTHER. 17

May kindle at her sight, and blaze anew?
And she be wrought to listen to his passion?

Pyr. Ah, let them, *Phœnix*; let them love their fill!
Let them go hence, let them depart together,
Together let them sail for *Sparta*: All my Ports
Are open to them both. From what constraint,
What irksome thoughts should I be then reliev'd?

Phœn. But, Sir - -

Pyr. I shall another time, good *Phœnix*,
Unbosom to thee all my thoughts. - - For, see,
Andromache appears.

SCENE IV.

PYRRHUS, ANDROMACHE and CEPHISAE

Pyr. May I, Madam,
Flatter my hopes so far, as to believe
You come to seek me here?

Andr. This way, Sir, leads
To those apartments, where you guard my Son:
Since you permit me, once a day, to visit
All I have left of *Hector*, and of *Troy*,
I go to weep a few sad moments with him:
I have not yet, to-day, embraced my Child,
I have not held him in my widow'd arms.

Pyr. Ah, Madam! should the threats of *Greece* prevail,
You'll have occasion for your tears, indeed!

Andr. Alas! what threats? What can alarm the *Greeks*?
There are no *Trojans* left!

Pyr. Their hate to *Hector*
Can never die: The terrour of his name
Stil shakes their Souls, & makes them dread his Son.

Andr. A mighty honour for victorious *Greece*
To fear an infant, a poor, friendless child!
Who smiles in bondage, nor yet knows himself
The Son of *Hector*, and the Slave of *Pyrrhus*.

Pyr. Weak as he is, the *Greeks* demand his life;
And send no less than *Agamemnon's* Son,
To fetch him hence.

Andr. And, Sir, do you comply
 With such demands! -- This blow is aim'd at me:
 How should the Child avenge his slaughter'd Sire?
 But, cruel Men! they will not have him live
 To chear my heavy heart, and ease my bonds.
 I promis'd to my self in him a Son,
 In him a Friend, a Husband, and a Father.
 But I must suffer sorrow heap'd on sorrow,
 And still the fatal stroke must come from you.

Pyr. Dry up those tears: I must not see you weep:
 And know, I have rejected their demands.
 The *Greeks* already threaten me with war:
 But, should they arm, as once they did for *Helen*,
 And hide the *Adriatick* with their fleets;
 Should they prepare a second ten years Siege,
 And lay my Towers and Palaces in dust:
 I am determin'd to defend your Son,
 And rather die my self, than give him up.
 But, Madam, in the midst of all these dangers;
 Will you refuse me a propitious smile?
 Hated of *Greece*, and prest on every side,
 Let me not, Madam, while I fight your cause,
 Let me not combat with your cruelties;
 And count *Andromache* amongst my Foes.

Andr. Consider, Sir, how this will sound in *Greece*!
 How can so great a Soul betray such weakness?
 Let not Men say, so generous a design
 Was but the transport of a heart in love.

Pyr. Your charms will justifie me to the world.

Andr. How can *Andromache*, a Captive Queen,
 O'er-whelm'd with grief, a burden to her self,
 Harbour a thought of love? Alas! what charms
 Have these unhappy eyes, by you condemn'd
 To weep for ever? -- Talk of it no more. --
 To reverence the misfortunes of a Foe,
 To succour the distrest, to give the Son
 To an afflicted Mother, to repel
 Confederate Nations, leagued against his life,

Unbribed by love, untterrify'd by threats,
To pity, to protect him: These are cares,
These are exploits worthy *Achilles'* Son.

Pyr. Will your resentments, then, endure for ever?
Must *Pyrrhus* never be forgiven? -- 'Tis true,
My sword has often reek'd in *Phrygian* blood,
And carry'd havock through your Royal Kindred:
But you, fair Princess, amply have avenged
Old *Priam's* vanquish'd house: And all the woes,
I brought on them, fall short of what I suffer.
We both have suffer'd in our turns: And now
Our common Foes should teach us to unite.

Andr. Where does the Captive not behold a Foe?

Pyr. Forget that term of hatred, and behold
A Friend in *Pyrrhus*! Give me but to hope,
I'll free your Son, I'll be a Father to him:
My self will teach him to avenge the *Trojans*.
I'll go in person to chastise the *Greeks*,
Both for your wrongs and mine. Inspired by you;
What would I not atchieve? Again shall *Troy*
Rise from its ashes: This right arm shall fix
Her seat of empire, and your Son shall reign.

Andr. Such dreams of greatness suit not my conditions
His hopes of Empire perish'd with his Father.
No, thou imperial City, ancient *Troy*,
Thou pride of *Asia*, founded by the Gods;
Never, oh never! must we hope to see
Those bulwarks rise, which *Hector* could not guard! --
Sir, all I wish for, is some quiet exile;
Where far from *Greece* remov'd, and far from you,
I may conceal my Son, and mourn my Husband.
Your love creates me envy. Oh, return!
Return to your betroth'd *Hermione*.

Pyr. Why do you mock me thus? you know, I cannot.
You know my heart is yours: My soul hangs on you:
You take up every wish: My waking thoughts,
And nightly dreams are all employ'd on you.
'Tis true, *Hermione* was sent to share

My Throne and bed, and would with transport hear
The vows, which you neglect.

Andr. She has no *Troy*,
No *Hector* to lament: She has not lost
A Husband by your conquests: Such a Husband!
(Tormenting thought!) whose death alone has made
Your Sire immortal: *Pyrrhus* and *Achilles*
Are both grown great by my calamities.

Pyr. Madam, 'tis well! 'Tis very well! I find,
Your will must be obey'd: Imperious Captive,
It shall. Henceforth I blot you from my mind:
You teach me to forget your charms, to hate you.
For, know, inhuman Beauty, I have loved
Too well to treat you with indifference.

Think well upon it: My disorder'd Soul
Wavers between th'extremes of love and rage.
I've been too tame! I will awake to vengeance!
The Son shall answer for the Mother's scorn.
The *Greeks* demand him; Nor will I endanger
My Realms, to pleasure an ungrateful Woman.

Andr. Then he must die! alas, my Son must die!
He has no Friend, no succour left, besides
His Mother's tears, and his own innocence.

Pyr. Go, Madam, visit this unhappy Son.
The sight of him may bend your stubborn heart,
And turn to softness your unjust disdain.
I shall once more expect your answer. Go,
And think, while you embrace the captive Boy,
Think, that his life depends on your resolves.

SCENE V.

ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Andr. I'll go, and, in the anguish of my heart,
Weep o'er my Child -- If he must dye, my life
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.
'Tis for his sake, that I have suffer'd life,

Groan'd

Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd *Hector*.

Yes, my *Astyanax*, we'll go together!

Together to the Realms of night we'll go!

There to thy ravish'd eyes thy Sire I'll show,

And point him out among the Shades below.

}

ACT II. SCENE I.

HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Her. WELL, I'll be rul'd, *Cleone*: I will see him,
I have told *Pylades*, that he may bring him.
But, trust me, were I left to my own thoughts,
I should forbid him yet.

Cle. And why forbid him?
Is he not, Madam, still the same *Orestes*?
Orestes, whose return you oft have wish'd?

The Man, whose sufferings you so oft lamented,
And often prais'd his constancy and love?

Her. That love, that constancy, so ill requited,
Upbraids me to my self: I blush to think,
How I have us'd him, and would shun his presence.
What will be my confusion, when he sees me
Neglected, and forsaken, like himself?

Will he not say, Is this the scornful Maid,
The proud *Hermione*, that tyranniz'd
In *Sparta's* Court? And triumph'd in her charms?
Her insolence at last is well repaid.

I cannot bear the thought.

Cle. You wrong your self
With unbecoming fears. He knows too well
Your beauty and your worth. Your Lover comes not
To offer insults, but repeat his vows,
And breath his ardent passion at your feet.

But, Madam, what's your Royal Father's will?
What orders do your Letters bring from *Sparta*?

Her. His orders are, if *Pyrrhus* still delay
The nuptials, and refuse to sacrifice
This *Trojan* Boy, I should with speed embark,
And with their Embassy return to Greece.

Cle. What would you more? *Orestes* comes in time
To save your honour. *Pyrrhus* cools apace:
Prevent his falsehood, and forsake him first.
I know you hate him: You have told me so.

Her. Hate him? My injur'd honour bids me hate him:
The ungrateful Man! to whom I fondly gave
My virgin heart, the Man I loved so dearly,
The Man, I doated on! Oh, my *Cleone*!
How is it possible I should not hate him?

Cle. Then give him over, Madam. Quit his Court,
And with *Orestes* - -

Her. No! I must have time
To work up all my rage! To meditate
A parting, full of horror! My revenge
Will be but too much quicken'd by the traitour.

Cle. Do you then wait new insults? new affronts?
To draw you from your Father! Then to leave you!
In his own Court to leave you, -- for a Captive!
If *Pyrrhus* can provoke you, he has done it.

Her. Why dost thou heighten my distress? I fear
To search out my own thoughts, & sound my heart.
Be blind to what thou seest: Believe me cured:
Flatter my weakness, tell me I have conquer'd:
Think, that my injur'd soul is set against him;
And do thy best to make me think so too.

Cleo. Why would you loiter here, then?

Her. Let us fly!

Let us be gone! I leave him to his Captive:
Let him go kneel and supplicate his Slave.
Let us be gone! -- But, what if he repent?
What, if the perjur'd Prince again submit,
And sue for pardon? What, if he renew
His former vows? -- But, oh the faithless Man!
He flights me! drives me to extreams! -- However,
I'll

I'll stay, *Cleone*, to perplex their loves:
 I'll stay, till, by an open breach of contract,
 I make him hateful to the *Greeks*. Already
 Their vengeance have I drawn upon the Son:
 Their second Embassy shall claim the Mother:
 I will redouble all my griefs upon her!

Cle. Ah, Madam, whither does your rage transport
Andromache, alas, is innocent! (you?)

A Woman plung'd in sorrow, dead to love:
 And, when she thinks of *Pyrrhus*, 'tis with horror.

Her. Would I had done so too! -- He had not, then,
 Betray'd my easie faith. -- But I, alas!

Discover'd all the fondness of my soul,
 I made no secret of my passion to him,
 Nor thought it dangerous to be sincere;
 My eyes, my tongue, my actions spoke my heart.

Cle. Well might you speak, without reserve, to one
 Engag'd to you by solemn oaths and treaties.

Her. His ardour too was an excuse to mine:
 With other eyes he saw me then! -- *Cleone*,
 Thou may'st remember, every thing conspired
 To favour him: My Father's wrongs avenged,
 The *Greeks* triumphant, Fleets of *Trojan* spoils,
 His mighty Sire's, his own immortal Fame,
 His eager love; -- All, all conspired against me!
 -- But I have done: -- I'll think no more of *Pyrrhus*.
Orestes wants not merit: And he loves me.

My gratitude, my honour, both plead for him:
 And, if I've power o'er my own heart, 'tis his.

Cle. Madam, he comes --

Her. Alas! I did not think
 He was so near! -- I wish I might not see him!

SCENE II.

HERMIONE, CLEONE, and ORESTES.

Her. How am I to interpret, Sir, this visit?
 Is it a compliment of form, or love?

B 4

Orest.

24 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Orest. Madam, you know my weakness. 'Tis my Fate
To love, unpity'd; to desire to see you;
And still to swear each time shall be the last.
My passion breaks through my repeated oaths;
And every time I visit you, I am perjur'd.
Even now, I find my wounds all bleed afresh:
I blush to own it, but I know no cure.
I call the Gods to witness, I have try'd
Whatever Man could do, (but try'd in vain)
To wear you from my mind. Through stormy seas,
And savage climes, in a whole year of absence,
I courted dangers, and I long'd for death.

Her. Why will you, Prince, indulge this mournful tale?
It ill becomes the Ambassadour of Greece
To talk of dying, and of love. Remember
The Kings you represent; Shall their revenge
Be disappointed by your ill timed passion?
Discharge your Embassy: 'Tis not *Orestes*
The Greeks desire should dye.

Orest. My embassy
Is at an end: For *Pyrrhus* has refused
To give up *Hector's* Son. Some hidden Power
Protects the Boy.

Her. Faithless, ungrateful Man! (*Aside.*)

Orest. I now prepare for Greece. But, ere I go,
Would hear my final doom pronounc'd by you.
What do I say? -- I do already hear it!
My doom is fixt: I read it in your eyes.

Her. Will you then still despair? Be still suspicious?
What have I done? Wherein have I been cruel?
'Tis true, you find me in the Court of *Pyrrhus*;
But, 'twas my Royal Father sent me hither.
And who can tell, but I have shared your griefs?
Have I ne'er wept in secret? Never wish'd
To see *Orestes*? - - -

Orest. Wish'd to see *Orestes*! - - -
Oh joy! Oh extasie! My Soul's intranced!
Oh charming Princess! Oh transcendent Maid!

My

My utmost wish! -- Thus, thus let me express
My boundless thanks! -- I never was unhappy --
Am I *Orestes*? - - -

Her. Yes you are *Orestes*:
The same unalter'd, generous, faithful Lover,
The Prince, whom I esteem, whom I lament,
And whom I fain would teach my heart to love!

Orest. Ay, there it is! -- I have but your esteem,
While *Pyrrhus* has your heart! --

Her. Believe me, Prince,
Were you as *Pyrrhus*, I should hate you! --

Orest. No! - - -
I should be blest! I should be lov'd as he is! --
Yet all this while I dye by your disdain,
While he neglects your charms, and courts another.

Her. And who has told you, Prince, that I am
neglected?

Has *Pyrrhus* said -- (Oh, I shall grow distracted?)
Has *Pyrrhus* told you so? -- Or is it you,
Who think thus meanly of me? -- Sir, perhaps,
All do not judge like you - - -

Orest. Madam, go on!
Insult me still: I am us'd to bear your scorn.

Her. Why am I told how *Pyrrhus* loves or hates?
-- Go, Prince, and arm the *Greeks* against the Rebel:
Let them lay waste his Country, raze his Towns,
Destroy his Fleets, his Palaces, -- Himself! --
Go, Prince, & tell me then how much I love him.

Orest. To hasten his destruction, come your self,
And work your Royal Father to his ruin.

Her. Mean while he weds *Andromache*!

Orest. Ah, Princess!
What is't I hear?

Her. What infamy for Greece,
If he shou'd wed a *Phrygian*, and a Captive!

Orest. Is this your hatred, Madam? -- 'Tis in vain
You hide your passion, every thing betrays it:
Your looks, your speech, your anger, nay your silence,

26 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Your love appears in all, your secret flame
Breaks out the more, the more you would conceal it.

Her. Your jealousy perverts my meaning still,
And wrests each circumstance to your disquiet:
My very hate is construed into fondness.

Orest. Impute my fears, if groundless, to my love.

Her. Then hear me, Prince. Obedience to a Father
First brought me hither, and the same obedience
Detains me here, 'till *Pyrrhus* drive me hence,
Or my offended Father shall recall me.
Tell this proud King, that *Menelaüs* scorns
To match his Daughter with a Foe of *Greece*:
Bid him resign *Astyanax*, or me.
If he persists to guard the hostile Boy,
Hermione embarks with you for *Sparta*.

S C E N E I I I.

O R E S T E S, *alone*.

Then is *Orestes* blest! My griefs are fled!
Fled like a dream! -- Methinks I tread in air!
Pyrrhus, enamour'd of his Captive Queen,
Will thank me, If I take her Rival hence:
He looks not on the Princess with my eyes!
Surprizing happiness, unlook'd for joy!
Never let Love despair, -- The prize is mine!
Be smooth, ye Seas; and, ye propitious Winds,
Breathe from *Epirus* to the *Spartan* coasts!
I long to view the sails unfurl'd -- But, see!
Pyrrhus approaches in a happy hour.

S C E N E I V.

O R E S T E S, P Y R R H U S *and* P H O E N I X.

Pyr. I was in pain to find you, Prince. My warm,
Ungovern'd temper would not let me weigh
The importance of your Embassy; and hear
You argue for my good. -- I was to blame.

I since have poised pour reasons: And I thank
My good Allies: Their care deserves my thanks.
You have convinced me, that the weal of *Greece*,
My Father's honour, and my own repose
Demand, that *Hector's* Race should be destroy'd.
I shall deliver up *Astyanax*;
And you, your self, shall bear the victim hence.

Orest. If you approve it, Sir, and are content
To spill the blood of a defenceless Child,
The offended *Greeks*, no doubt, will be appeas'd.

Pyr. Closer to strain the knot of our Alliance,
I have determin'd to espouse *Hermione*.
You come in time to grace our Nuptial-rites:
In you the Kings of *Greece* will all be present;
And you have right to personate her Father,
As his Ambassadour and Brother's Son.
Go, Prince, renew your visit; tell *Hermione*,
To-morrow I receive her from your hands.

Orest. (aside) O Change of Fortune, oh undone *Orestes*!

SCENE V.

PYRRHUS and PHOENIX.

Pyr. Well, *Phœnix*! Am I still a Slave to Love?
What thinkest thou now? Am I my self again?

Phœn. Sir, this is something, this discovers *Pyrrhus*,
Shews all the Hero: Now you are your self!
The Son, the Rival of the great *Achilles*!
Greece will applaud you, and the world confess,
Pyrrhus has conquer'd *Troy* a second time!

Pyr. Nay, *Phœnix*, now I but begin to triumph:
I never was a Conquerour 'till now!
Believe me, a whole Host, a War of Foes
May sooner be subdued, than Love. O, *Phœnix*!
What ruin have I shunn'd? The *Greeks*, enraged,
Hung o'er me, like a gathering storm, and soon
Had burst in thunder on my head, while I
Abandon'd duty, empire, honour, all,

To

28 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

To please a thankless Woman! -- One kind look
Had quite undone me!

Phœn. O, my Royal Master!

The Gods, in favour to you, made her cruel.

Pyr. Thou sawest with how much scorn she treated me!
When I permitted her to see her Son,
I hoped it might have work'd her to my wishes.

I went to see the mournful interview,
And found her bathed in tears, and lost in passion.

Wild with distress, a thousand times she call'd
On *Hector's* name: And when I spoke in comfort,
And promis'd my protection to her Son;

She kiss'd the Boy, and call'd again on *Hector*:
Then strain'd him in her arms; and cry'd, 'Tis he!
'Tis he himself, his eyes, his every feature!

His very frown, and his stern look already!
'Tis he, 'Tis my loved Lord, whom I embrace!

Does she then think, that I preserve the Boy,
To sooth and keep alive her flame for *Hector*?

Phœn. No doubt, she does, & thinks you favour'd in it,
But let her go, for an ungrateful Woman!

Pyr. I know the thoughts of her proud, stubborn heart:
Vain of her charms, and insolent in beauty,
She mocks my rage, and, when it threatens loudest,
Expects, 'twill soon be humbled into love.

But we shall change our parts: And she shall find,
I can be deaf, like her, and steel my heart!

She is *Hector's* Widow, I *Achilles'* Son:

Pyrrhus is born to hate *Andromache*!

Phœn. My Royal Master, talk of her no more:
I do not like this anger. Your *Hermione*

Should now engross your thoughts. 'Tis time to see her;

'Tis time, you should prepare the nuptial-rites,

And not relye upon a Rival's care:

It may be dangerous.

Pyr. But tell me, *Phoenix*;

Doest thou not think, the proud *Andromache*

Will be enraged, when I shall wed the Princess?

Phœn.

Phæn. Why does *Andromache* still haunt your thoughts?
What is't to you, be she enraged or pleas'd?
Let her name perish: Think of her no more!

Pyr. No, *Phœnix*! -- I have been too gentle with her:
I have check'd my wrath, & stifled my resentments:
She knows not yet to what degree I hate her.
Let us return: -- I'll brave her to her face:
I'll give my anger it's free course against her.
Thou shalt see, *Phœnix*, how I'll break her pride!

Phæn. Oh, go not, Sir, -- There's ruin in her eyes!
You do not know your strength: You'll fall before her,
Adore her beauty, and revive her scorn.

Pyr. That were indeed a most unmanly weakness,
Thou dost not know me, *Phœnix*!

Phæn. Ah, my Prince,
You still are struggling in the toils of Love.

Pyr. Can't thou then think, I love this Woman still?
One who repays my passion with disdain!
A Stranger, Captive, friendless and forlorn;
She and her darling Son within my power;
His life a forfeit to the *Greeks*: Yet I
Preserve her Son, would take her to my Throne;
Would fight her battels, and avenge her wrongs,
And all this while she treats me as her foe!

Phæn. You have it in your power to be revenged.

Pyr. Yes; -- & I'll shew my power! -- I'll give her cause
To hate me, her *Astyanax* shall die! --
What tears will then be shed! How will she then
In bitterness of heart reproach my name!

Then, to compleat her woes, will I espouse
Hermione: -- 'Twill stab her to the heart!

Phæn. Alas, you threaten, like a Lover, still!

Pyr. *Phœnix*, excuse this struggle of my Soul:
'Tis the last effort of expiring love.

Phæn. Then hasten, Sir, to see the *Spartan Princess*,
And turn the bent of your desires on her.

Pyr. Oh, 'tis a heavy task to conquer love!
And wean the soul from her accusom'd fondness:

But,

30 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

But, come: -- A long farewell to *Hector's* Widow;
'Tis with a secret pleasure I look back,
And see the many dangers I have pass'd.
The Merchant thus, in dreadful tempests tost,
Thrown by the waves on some unlook'd-for coast;
Oft turns, and sees, with a delighted eye,
'Midst rocks and shelves the broken billows fly:
And, while the outrageous winds the deep deform;
Smiles on the tumult, and enjoys the storm.

ACT III. SCENE I.

PYLADES and ORESTES.

Pyl. FOR Heaven's sake, Sir, compose your ruffled
mind,
And moderate your rage!

Orest. No, *Pylades*!
This is no time for counsel. -- I am deaf.
Talk not of reason! I have been too patient.
Life is not worth my care. My Soul grows desperate.
I'll bear her off, or perish in the attempt.
I'll force her from his arms: -- By Heaven, I will!

Pyl. Well, 'tis agreed, my Friend: -- We'll force
But still consider we are in *Epirus*: (her hence.
The Court, the Guards, *Hermione* her self,
The very air we breath, belongs to *Pyrrhus*.
Good Gods! what tempted you to seek her here?

Orest. Lost to my self, I knew not what I did!
My purposes were wild. Perhaps I came
To menace *Pyrrhus*, and upbraid this Woman.

Pyl. This violence of temper may prove fatal.

Orest. I must be more than Man to bear these shocks,
These outrages of Fate, with temper!
He tells me, that he weds *Hermione*;
And will to-morrow take her from my hand! --
My hand shall sooner tear the Tyrant's heart --

Pyl.

Pyl. Your passion blinds you, Sir: -- He's not to blame.
Could you but look into the Soul of *Pyrrhus*,
Perhaps you'd find it tortur'd, like your own.

Orest. No, *Pylades*! 'Tis all design. -- His pride;
To triumph over me, has chang'd his love.
The fair, the bright *Hermione*, before I came,
In all her bloom of beauty, was neglected.
Ah cruel Gods, I thought her all my own!
She was consenting to return to *Sparta*:
Her heart, divided betwixt rage and love,
Was on the wing to take its leave of *Pyrrhus*.
She heard my sighs, she pity'd my complaints,
She praised my constancy: -- The least indifference
From this proud King, had made *Orestes* happy!

Pyl. So your fond heart believes! --

Orest. Did I not see
Her hate, her rage, her indignation rise
Against the ungrateful Man?

Pyl. Believe me, Prince,
'Twas then she loved him most! Had *Pyrrhus* left her,
She would have formed some new pretext to stay.
Take my advice: -- Think not to force her hence,
But fly your self from her destructive charms.
Her soul is linked to *Pyrrhus*. Were she yours,
She would reproach you still, and still regret
Her disappointed nuptials. - - -

Orest. Talk no more!
I cannot bear the thought, She must be mine!
Did *Pyrrhus* carry thunder in his hand,
I'd stand the bolt, and challenge all his fury,
Ere I resigned *Hermione*. -- By force
I'll snatch her hence, and bear her to my ships!
Have we forgot her Mother *Helen's* Rape?

Pyl. Will then *Orestes* turn a Ravisher,
And blot his Embassy?

Orest. O, *Pylades*!
My grief weighs heavy on me: -- 'Twill distract me!
O leave me to my self! -- Let not thy friendship
In-

32 THE DISTREST MOTHER:

Involve thee in my woes. Too long already;
 Too long hast thou been punish'd for my crimes:
 It is enough, my Friend. - - It is enough!
 Let not thy generous love betray thee farther.
 The Gods have set me as their mark, to empty
 Their quivers on me. - - Leave me to my self.
 Mine be the danger, mine the enterprize.
 All I request of thee is, to return,
 And in my place convey *Astyanax*
 (As *Pyrrhus* has consented) into *Greece*.
 Go, *Pylades* - - -

Pyl. Lead on, my Friend, lead on!
 Let us bear off *Hermione*! No toil,
 No danger can deter a Friend. - - Lead on!
 Draw up the *Greeks*: Summon your numerous train,
 The ships are ready, and the wind fits fair:
 There eastward lies the sea, the rolling waves
 Break on those Palace-stairs. I know each pass,
 Each avenue and out-let of the Court.
 This very night we'll carry her on board.

Orest. Thou art too good! - - I trespass on thy
 friendship:

But oh, excuse a wretch, whom no Man pities,
 Except thy self, one just about to lose
 The treasure of his soul: Whom all Mankind
 Conspire to hate, and one, who hates himself.
 When will my friendship be of use to thee?

Pyl. The question is unkind. - - But now remember
 To keep your counsels close, & hide your thoughts:
 Let not *Hermione* suspect - - No more - -
 I see her coming, Sir - -

Orest. Away, my Friend:
 I am advised: my all depends upon it.



SCENE

SCENE II.

ORESTES, HERMIONE, and CLEONE.

Orest. Madam, your orders are obey'd: I have seen *Pyrrhus*, my Rival; and have gained him for you. The King resolves to wed you.

Her. So I am told,
And farther, I am informed, that you, *Orestes*,
Are to dispose me for the intended marriage.

Orest. And are you, Madam, willing to comply?

Her. Could I imagine *Pyrrhus* loved me still?
After so long delays, who would have thought
His hidden flames would shew themselves at last;
And kindle in his breast, when mine expired?
I can suppose, with you, he fears the *Greeks*;
That it is interest, and not love, directs him,
And that my eyes had greater power o'er you.

Orest. No, Princess, no! It is too plain he loves you:
Your eyes do what they will, and cannot fail
To gain a conquest, where you wish they should.

Her. What can I do, alas! -- my Faith is promised:
Can I refuse, what is not mine to give?
A Princess is not at her choice to love;
All we have left us is a blind obedience:
And yet you see how far I had complied;
And made my duty yield to your intreaties.

Orest. Ah, cruel Maid! you knew -- but I have done:
All have a right to please themselves in love:
I blame you not: 'Tis true I hop'd: -- But you
Are Mistress of your heart: And I am content.
'Tis Fortune is mine enemy, not you.
But, Madam, I shall spare your farther pain
On this uneasy theme, and take my leave.

SCENE III.

HERMIONE and CLEONE.

Her. *Cleone*, could'st thou think he'd be so calm?

Cle. Madam, this silent grief sits heavy on him.
He is to be pityed: His too eager Love
Has made him busie to his own destruction.
His threats have wrought this change of mind in *Pyrrhus*.

Her. Doest thou think *Pyrrhus* capable of fear?
Whom should the intrepid *Pyrrhus* fear? The *Greeks*?
Did he not lead their harrassed troops to conquest,
When they despaired, when they retired from *Troy*,
And fought for shelter in their burning Fleets?
Did he not then supply his Father's place?
No! my *Cleone*, he is above constraint:
He acts unforced, and where he weds, he loves.

Cle. Oh, that *Orestes* had remain'd in *Greece*!
I fear to-morrow will prove fatal to him.

Her. Wilt thou discourse of nothing, but *Orestes*?
Pyrrhus is mine again. -- Is mine for ever!
Oh my *Cleone*! I am wild with joy! --
Pyrrhus, the bold, the brave, the Godlike *Pyrrhus*!
-- Oh, I could tell thee numberless exploits,
And tire thee with his battels! -- Oh, *Cleone* --

Cle. Madam, conceal your joy. -- I see *Andromache*:
She weeps, & comes to speak her sorrows to you.

Her. I would indulge the gladness of my heart!
Let us retire: Her grief is out of season.

SCENE IV.

ANDROMACHE, HERMIONE, CLEONE, and CEPHISA.

And. Ah, Madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a sight more pleasing,
Than *Hector's* Widow suppliant, and in tears?
I come not an alarmed, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:

The

The only Man I fought to please, is gone;
 Killed in my fight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector first taught me love, which my fond heart
 Shall ever cherish, till we meet in death.
 But, Oh, I have a Son! -- And you, one day,
 Will be no stranger to a Mother's fondness:
 But Heaven forbid, that you should ever know
 A Mother's sorrow for an only son;
 Her joy, her bliss, her last surviving comfort!
 When every hour she trembles for his life!
 Your power o'er *Pyrrhus* may relieve my fears.
 Alas! what danger is there in a Child,
 Saved from the wreck of a whole ruined Empire?
 Let me go hide him, in some desert Isle:
 You may rely upon my tender care,
 To keep him far from perils of ambition:
 All, he can learn of me, will be to weep!

Her. Madam, 'tis easie to conceive your grief:
 But, it would ill become me, to solicit
 In contradiction to my Father's will:
 'Tis he, who urges to destroy your Son:
 Madam, if *Pyrrhus* must be wrought to pity,
 No Woman does it better than your self:
 If you gain him, I shall comply of course.

S C E N E V.

ANDROMACHE, and CEPHISA.

And. Did'st thou not mind, with what disdain she
 spoke!

Youth and prosperity have made her vain:
 She has not seen the fickle turns of life.

Ceph. Madam, were I as you, I'd take her counsel;
 I'd speak my own distress: One look from you
 Will vanquish *Pyrrhus*, and confound the *Greeks* --
 See, where he comes! -- Lay hold on this occasion.

SCENE VI.

PYRRHUS, ANDROMACHE, PHOENIX *and* CEPHISA.

Pyr. Where is the Princess? -- Did you not inform me,
Hermione was here? (To *Phoenix*.)

Phœn. I thought so, Sir.

And. Thou seest, what mighty power my eyes have
on him! (To *Cephisa*.)

Pyr. What says she, *Phoenix*?

And. I have no hope left!

Phœn. Let us be gone: -- *Hermione* expects you.

Ceph. What do you, Madam? -- Break this sullen

And. My Child's already promised! -- (silence.

Ceph. But not given.

And. No, no, -- my tears are vain. His doom is fixt!

Pyr. See, if she deigns to cast one look upon us!
Proud Woman!

And. I provoke him by my presence.
Let us retire.

Pyr. Come let us satisfy
The Greeks; and give them up this *Phrygian* Boy.

And. Ah, Sir, recall those words.-- What have you said?
If you give up my Son, Oh give up me! --
You, who so many times have sworn me friendship;
Oh Heavens! -- will you not look with pity on me?
Is there no hope? Is there no room for pardon?

Pyr. *Phoenix* will answer you: -- My word is past.

And. You, who would brave so many dangers for me.

Pyr. I was your Lover then: I now am free.
To favor you, I might have spared his life:
But you would ne'er vouchsafe to ask it of me:
Now 'tis too late.

And. Ah, Sir, you understand
My tears, my wishes, which I durst not utter;
Afraid of a repulse. Oh, Sir, excuse
The pride of Royal blood, that checks my soul;
And knows not how to be importunate.

You

You know, alas! I was not born to kneel,
To sue for pity, and to own a Master.

Pyr. No, in your heart you curse me, you disdain
My generous flame, and scorn to be obliged!
This very Son, this darling of your soul,
Would be less dear, did I preserve him for you.
Your anger, your aversion fall on me;
You hate me more than the whole league of Greece:
But, I shall leave you to your great resentments.
Let us go, *Phoenix*, and appease the *Greeks*.

And. Then let me dye. And let me go to *Hector*!

Ceph. But, Madam - - -

And. What can I do more? The Tyrant
Sees my distraction, & insults my tears! (To *Cephisa*,
-- Behold how low you have reduced a Queen!
These eyes have seen my Country laid in ashes,
My Kindred fall in War, my Father slain,
My Husband dragged in his own blood, my Son
Condemned to bondage, and my self a Slave.
Yet, in the midst of these unheard of woes,
'Twas some relief to find my self your Captive,
And that my Son, derived from ancient Kings,
Since he must serve, had *Pyrrhus* for his Master.
When *Priam* kneeled, the great *Achilles* wept:
I hoped I should not find his Son less noble:
I thought the Brave were still the most compassionate.
Oh, do not, Sir, divide me from my Child! --
If he must dye - - -

Pyr. Phoenix, withdraw a while.

SCENE VII.

PYRRHUS and ANDROMACHE.

Pyr. Rise, Madam. -- Yet you may preserve your Son.
I find, whenever I provoke your tears,
I furnish you with arms against my self.
I thought my hatred fixt, before I saw you.
Oh, turn your eyes upon me, while I speak!

38 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

And see, if you discover in my looks
 An angry Judge, or an obdurate foe.
 Why will you force me to desert your cause?
 In your Son's name I beg we may be friends:
 Let me intreat you to secure his life:
 Must I turn suppliant for him? Think, oh think,
 ('Tis the last time) you both may yet be happy:
 I know the ties I break, the Foes I arm:
 I wrong *Hermione*, I send her hence,
 And with her Diadem I bind your brows.
 Consider well, for, 'tis of moment to you:
 Chuse to be wretched, Madam, or a Queen.
 My soul, consumed with a whole year's despair,
 Can bear no longer these perplexing doubts.
 Enough of sighs, and tears, and threats I have try'd,
 I know, if I am deprived of you, I die:
 But, oh, I die, if I wait longer for you!
 I leave you to your thoughts. When I return,
 We'll to the Temple: There you'll find your Son,
 And there be crown'd, or give him up for ever.

SCENE VIII.

ANDROMACHE and CEPHISA.

Ceph. I told you, Madam, that, in spight of *Greece*,
 You would o'er-rule the malice of your Fortune.

And. Alas! *Cephisa*, what have I obtain'd?
 Only a poor, short respite for my Son.

Ceph. You have enough approved your faith to *Hector*:
 To be reluctant still would be a crime.
 He would himself persuade you comply.

And. How! -- wouldst thou give me *Pyrrhus* for a
 Husband? (Husband,

Ceph. Think you 'twill please the Ghost of your dead
 That you should sacrifice his Son? Consider,
Pyrrhus once more invites you to a Throne,
 Turns all his power against the Foes of *Troy*,

Re-

Remembers not *Achilles* was his Father,
Retracts his conquests, and forgets his hatred.

And. But how can I forget them! How can I
Forget my *Hector*, treated with dishonour,
Deprived of funeral rites, and vilely dragged,
A bloody carse, about the walls of *Troy*?
Can I forget the good old King his Father,
Slain in my presence; at the Altar slain!
Which vainly for protection he embraced.
Hast thou forgot that dreadful night, *Cephisa*,
When a whole People fell! Methinks I see
Pyrrhus, enraged and breathing vengeance, enter
Amidst the glare of burning Palaces:
I see him hew his passage through my Brothers,
And, bathed in blood, lay all my Kindred waste.
Think, in this scene of horror, what I suffer'd!
This is the courtship I receiv'd from *Pyrrhus*,
And this the Husband thou would'st give me! -- No,
We both will perish first! I'll ne'er consent.

Ceph. Since you resolve *Astyanax* shall dye,
Haste to the Temple: Bid your Son farewell.
Why do you tremble, Madam?

And. Oh *Cephisa*!
Thou hast awakened all the Mother in me.
How can I bid farewell to the dear Child,
The pledge, the image of my much-loved Lord?
Alas, I call to mind the fatal day,
When his too forward courage led him forth
To seek *Achilles*.

Ceph. Oh, the unhappy hour!
'Twas then *Troy* fell, and all her Gods forsook her.

And. That morn, *Cephisa*, That ill-fated morn!
My Husband bid thee bring *Astyanax*,
He took him in his arms; and, as I wept,
My Wife, my dear *Andromache*, said he,
(Heaving with stifled sighs to see me weep)
What fortune may attend my arms, the Gods
Alone can tell: To thee I give the Boy;

46 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Preserve him as the token of our loves:
If I should fall, let him not miss his Sire
While thou survivest, but by thy tender care
Let the Son see, that thou didst love his Father.

Ceph. And will you throw away a life so precious?
At once extirpate all the *Trojan* line?

And. Inhuman King! What has he done to suffer?
If I neglect your vows, is he to blame?
Has he reproach'd you with his slaughter'd kindred?
Can he resent those ills he does not know? --
But oh! while I deliberate he dies.

No, no, thou must not dye, while I can save thee:
Oh, let me find out *Pyrrhus* -- Oh *Cephisa*!
Do thou go find him.

Ceph. What must I say to him?

And. Tell him I love my Son to such excess --
But dost thou think he means the child shall dye?
Can love rejected turn to so much rage?

Ceph. Madam, he'll soon be here -- Resolve on some-

And. Well then, assure him -- (thing,

Ceph. Madam, of your love?

And. Alas thou know'st that is not in my power,
Oh my dead Lord, Oh *Priam's* Royal House!
Oh my *Astyanax*! at what a price
Thy Mother buys thee? Let us go.

Ceph. But whither?

And what does your unsettled heart resolve?

And. Come my *Cephisa*, let us go together,
To the sad Monument which I have rais'd
To *Hector's* Shade, where in their sacred urn
The ashes of my Hero lye enclosed,
The dear remains which I have saved from *Troy*,
There let me weep, there summon to my aid,
With pious rites, my *Hector's* awful Shade;
Let him be witness to my doubts, my fears,
My agonizing heart, my flowing tears:
Oh! may he rise in pity from his tomb,
And fix his wretched Son's uncertain doom.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

ANDROMACHE, CEPHISA.

Ceph. **B**lest be the Tomb of *Hector*, that inspires
These happy thoughts: Or is it *Hector's* self,
That prompts you to preserve your Son? 'Tis he,
Who still presides o'er ruin'd *Troy*; 'tis he,
Who urges *Pyrrhus* to restore *Astyanax*.

And. *Pyrrhus* has said he will: And thou hast heard
Just now renew the oft-repeated promise. (him

Ceph. Already in the transports of his heart,
He gives you up his Kingdom, his Allies,
And thinks himself o'erpaid for all in you.

And. I think I may rely upon his promise:
And yet my heart is overcharged with grief.

Ceph. Why should you grieve? You see he bids de-
To all the *Greeks*: And to protect your Son. (fiance
Against their rage, has placed his Guards about him;
Leaving himself defenceless for his sake;

But Madam, think the Coronation pomps
Will soon demand your presence in the Temple:
'Tis time you lay aside these mourning weeds.

And. I will be there; but first would see my Son.

Ceph. Madam, you need not now be anxious for him:
He will be always with you, all your own,
To lavish the whole Mother's fondness on him.
What a delight to train beneath your eye
A Son, who grows no longer up in bondage;
A Son in whom a Race of Kings revives?
But Madam, you are sad, and wrapt in thought,
As if you relish'd not your happiness.

And. Oh I must see my Son once more, *Cephisa*.

Ceph. Madam, he now will be no more a Captive;
Your visits may be frequent as you please.
To-morrow you may pass the live long day. --

42 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

And. To-morrow, oh *Cephisa*, -- But no more!
Cephisa, I have always found thee faithful:
 A load of care weighs down my drooping heart.

Ceph. Oh! that 'twere possible for me to ease you.

And. I soon shall exercise thy long-try'd faith! --
 Mean while I do conjure thee, my *Cephisa*,
 Thou take no notice of my present trouble;
 And, when I shall disclose my secret purpose,
 That thou be punctual to perform my will.

Ceph. Madam, I have no will but yours. My life
 Is nothing, ballanced with my love to you.

And. I thank thee, good *Cephisa*: my *Astyanax*
 Will recompense thy friendship to his Mother.
 But, come; my heart's at ease: Assist me now
 To change this sable habit. -- Yonder comes
Hermione: I would not meet her rage.

SCENE II.

HERMIONE, CLEONE.

Cle. This unexpected silence, this reserve,
 This outward calm, this settled frame of mind,
 After such wrongs and insults, much surprize me.
 You, who before could not command your rage,
 When *Pyrrhus* look'd but kindly on his Captive;
 How can you bear unmoved, that he should wed her,
 And seat her on a Throne which you should fill?
 I fear this dreadful stillness in your soul!
 'Twere better, Madam - - -

Herm. Have you call'd *Orestes*?

Cle. Madam, I have. His love is too impatient,
 Not to obey with speed the welcome summons.
 His love-sick heart o'er-looks his unkind usage:
 His ardour's still the same. -- Madam, he's here.

SCENE

S C E N E III.

ORESTES, HERMIONE, and CLEONE.

Orest. Ah Madam, is it true? does then *Orestes*
At length attend you by your own commands?
What can I do --

Herm. *Orestes*, do you love me? (you?)

Orest. What means that question, Princess? do I love
My oaths, my perjuries, my hopes, my fears,
My farewell, my return, all speak my love.

Herm. Avenge my wrongs, and I believe them all.

Orest. It shall be done - my Soul has catch'd the alarm!
We'll spirit up the *Greeks* -- I'll lead them on:
Your cause shall animate our Fleets and Armies.
Let us return: let us not lose a moment,
But urge the fate of this devoted land:
Let us depart.

Her. No Prince, let us stay here!
I will have vengeance here -- I will not carry
This load of infamy to *Greece*: nor trust
The chance of War to vindicate my wrongs:
Ere I depart I'll make *Epirus* mourn;
If you avenge me, let it be this instant;
My rage brooks no delay -- haste to the Temple,
Haste Prince, and sacrifice him:

Orest. Whom?

Herm. Why *Pyrrhus*.

Orest. *Pyrrhus*! did you say *Pyrrhus*?

Herm. You demurr?

Oh fly, be gone, give me not time to think!
Talk not of Laws -- he tramples on all Laws --
Let me not hear him justify'd, -- away.

Orest. You cannot think I'll justify my Rival.
Madam, your Love has made him criminal.
You shall have vengeance; I'll have vengeance too:
But let our hatred be profest and open,
Let us alarm all *Greece*, denounce a War;

Let

44 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Let us attack him in his strength, & hunt him down
By conquest: should I turn a base Assassin,
'Twould fuly all the Kings I represent.

Herm. Have not I been dishonour'd, set at nought?
Expos'd to publick scorn -- and will you suffer
The Tyrant who dares use me thus, to live?
Know Prince, I hate him more than once I loved him.
The Gods alone can tell how once I loved him:
Yes, the false perjur'd Man, I once did love him;
And spight of all his crimes and broken vows,
If he should live I may relapse -- who knows
But I to-morrow may forgive his wrongs!

Orest. First let me tear him piecemeal -- he shall dye.
But Madam, give me leisure to contrive
The place, the time, the manner of his death:
I'm yet a stranger in the Court of *Pyrrhus*;
Scarce have I set my foot within *Epirus*,
When you enjoin me to destroy the Prince.
It shall be done this very night.

Herm. But now,
This very hour he weds *Andromache*;
The Temple shines with pomp; the golden Throne
Is now prepared; the joyful rites begin;
My shame is publick -- oh be speedy Prince!
My wrath's impatient -- *Pyrrhus* lives too long:
Intent on love and heedless of his person,
He covers with his Guards the *Trojan* Boy.
Now is the time, assemble all your *Greeks*:
Mine shall assist them, let their fury loose:
Already they regard him as a Foe.
Be gone *Orestes* -- kill the faithless Tyrant!
My Love shall recompence the glorious deed.

Orest. Consider, Madam --

Herm. You but mock my rage!
I was contriving how to make you happy.
Think you to merit by your idle sighs;
And not attest your love by one brave action?
Go, with your boasted constancy! and leave

Herm.

Hermione to execute her own revenge!

I blush to think how my too easie faith
Has twice been baffled in one shameful hour!

Orest. Hear me but speak, -- you know I'll dye to
serve you!

Herm. I'll go my self: I'll stab him at the Altar:
Then drive the poignard, reeking with his blood,
Through my own heart. In death we shall unite:
Better to dye with him, than live with you!

Orest. That were to make him blest, & me more
wretched:

Madam, he dyes by me! -- Have you a Foe;
And shall I let him live? -- My Rival too?
Ere yon meridian Sun declines, he dyes:
And you shall say, that I deserve your love.

Herm. Go Prince; strike home! And leave the rest
to me.

Let all your ships stand ready for our flight.

SCENE IV.

HERMIONE, CLEONE.

Cle. Madam, you'll perish in this bold attempt:

Herm. Give me my vengeance, I am content to
I was to blame to trust it with another: (perish.
In my own hands it had been more secure.

Orestes hates not *Pyrrhus*, as I hate him:

I should have thrust the dagger home; have seen

The Tyrant curse me with his parting breath,

And roll about his dying eyes in vain,

To find *Andromache*, whom I would hide:

Oh, would *Orestes*, when he gives the blow;

Tell him he dyes my victim! -- haste *Cleone*;

Charge him to say, *Hermione's* resentments,

Not those of *Greece*, have sentenced him to death:

Haste my *Cleone*! My revenge is lost,

If *Pyrrhus* knows not that he dyes by me!

Cle.

46 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Cle. I shall obey your orders, Madam -- But I see
The King. -- Who could expect him here!

Herm. Oh fly, *Cleone*, fly! and bid *Orestes*
Not to proceed a step before I see him.

S C E N E V.

HERMIONE, PYRRHUS.

Pyr. Madam, I ought to shun an injur'd Princess:
Your distant looks reproach me; and I come
Not to defend, but to avow my guilt.

Pyrrhus will ne'er approve his own injustice;
Nor form excuses, while his heart condemns him.

I might perhaps alledge our warlike Sires,
Unknown to us, engaged us to each other;
And joyn'd our hearts by contract, not by love.

But I detest such cobweb arts: I own
My Father's Treaty, and allow it's force.

I sent Ambassadors to call you hither,
Receiv'd you as my Queen, and hoped my oaths,
So oft renew'd, might ripen into love.

The Gods can witness, Madam, how I fought
Against *Andromache's* too fatal charms!

And still I wish I had the power to leave
This *Trojan* Beauty, and be just to you.

Discharge your anger on this perjur'd Man:
For I abhor my crime, and should be pleas'd

To hear you speak your wrongs aloud: No terms,
No bitterness of wrath, nor keen reproach,
Will equal half the upbraidings of my heart.

Herm. I find, Sir, you can be sincere: You scorn
To act your crimes with fear like other Men.

A Hero should be bold, above all Laws,
Be bravely false, and laugh at solemn ties.

To be perfidious shews a daring mind:
And you have nobly triumphed o'er a Maid,

To court me, to reject me, to return;

Then to forsake me for a *Phrygian* Slave:

To

To lay proud *Troy* in ashes, then to raise
The Son of *Hector*, and renounce the *Greeks*;
Are actions worthy the great Soul of *Pyrrhus*.

Pyr. Madam, go on: give your resentments birth;
And pour forth all your indignation on me.

Herm. 'Twould please your Queen, should I upbraid
your falsehood,

Call you perfidious, Traitor, all the names
That injured Virgins lavish on your Sex;
I should o'erflow with tears, and dye with grief:
And furnish out a tale to sooth her pride:
But, Sir, I would not over-charge her joys.
If you would charm *Andromache*, recount
Your bloody battles, your exploits, your slaughters;
Your great atcheivements in her Fathers Palace:
She needs must love the Man, who fought so bravely,
And in her fight slew half her Royal kindred.

Pyr. With horror I look back on my past deeds!
I punish'd *Helens* wrongs too far, I shed
Too much of blood: But, Madam, *Helens* Daughter
Should not object those ills the Mother caused.
However, I am pleased to find you hate me:
I was too forward to accuse my self:
The Man who ne'er was loved, can ne'er be false:
Obedience to a Father brought you hither;
And I stood bound by promise to receive you:
But our desires were different ways inclined;
And you, I own, were not obliged to love me.

Herm. Have I not loved you then, perfidious Man!
For you I flighted all the *Grecian* Princes,
Forsook my Fathers house, conceal'd my wrongs,
When most provoked, would not return to *Sparta*:
In hopes, that time might fix your wavering heart.
I loved you, when inconstant: and even now,
Inhumane King, that you pronounce my death,
My Heart still doubts, if I should love, or hate you.
But, Oh, since you resolve to wed another,
Defer your cruel purpose till to-morrow!

That

48 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

That I may not be here to grace her Triumph:
 This is the last request, I e'er shall make you. --
 See, if the barbarous Prince vouchsafes an answer!
 Go, then, to the loved *Phrygian*; hence, be gone!
 And bear to her those vows, that once were mine:
 Go in defiance to the avenging Gods!
 Be gone! The Priest expects you at the Altar --
 But Tyrant, have a care I come not thither.

SCENE VI.

PYRRHUS, PHOENIX.

Phœn. Sir, did you mind her threats? your life's in
 There is no trifling with a Womans rage. (danger:
 The *Greeks*, that swarm about the Court, all hate you;
 Will treat you as their Countrys Enemy,
 And joyn in her revenge: Besides, *Orestes*
 Still loves her to distraction: Sir, I beg --

Pyr. How! *Phœnix*: -- should I fear a Womans
 A nobler passion takes up all my thought: (threats?
 I must prepare to meet *Andromachè*.
 Do thou place all my Guards about her Son:
 If he be safe, *Pyrrhus* is free from fear.

SCENE VII.

PHOENIX, alone.

Oh *Pyrrhus*! Oh, what pity 'tis, the Gods;
 Who fill'd thy Soul with every kingly virtue,
 Formed thee for empire and consummate greatness;
 Should leave thee so exposed to wild desires,
 That hurry thee beyond the bounds of Reason!
 Such was *Achilles*: Generous, fierce, and brave;
 Open, and undesigning: But impatient,
 Undisciplin'd, and not to be controul'd.
 I fear this whirl of passion, this career,
 That over-bears reflection and cool thought.

I tremble for the event! -- But see, the Queen,
Magnificent in royal pride, appears.
I must obey, and guard her Son from danger.

SCENE VIII.

ANDROMACHE, CEPHISA.

Ceph. Madam, once more you look & move a Queen!
Your sorrows are dispersed; your charms revive,
And every faded beauty blooms anew.

Andr. Yet all is not as I could wish *Cephisa*.

Ceph. You see the King is watchful o'er your Son;
Decks him with princely Robes, with Guards furrounds
Astyanax begins to reign already. (him:

Andr. *Pyrrhus* is nobly minded, and I fain
Would live to thank him for *Astyanax*:
'Tis a vain thought -- However, since my Child
Has such a friend, I ought not to repine.

Ceph. These dark unfoldings of your soul perplex me:
What meant those floods of tears, those warm em-
As if you bid your Son Adieu for ever? (braces,
For Heavens sake, Madam, let me know your griefs?
If you distrust my faith --

Andr. That were to wrong thee. --
Oh, my *Cephisa*! This gay borrowed air,
This blaze of jewels, and this bridal dress,
Are but mock-trappings to conceal my woe:
My heart still mourns, I still am *Hector's* Widow.

Ceph. Will you then break the promise given to
Pyrrhus;

Blow up his rage afresh, and blast your hopes?

Andr. I thought, *Cephisa*, thou had'st known thy
Mistress;

Could'st thou believe I would be false to *Hector*?

Fall off from such a Husband! Break his rest,

And call him to this hated light again,

To see *Andromache* in *Pyrrhus* arms!

D

Would

Would *Hector*, were he living and I dead,
Forget *Andromache*, and wed her Foe?

Ceph. I cannot guess what drift your thoughts pursue:
But, oh, I fear there's something dreadful in it!
Must then *Astyanax* be doomed to dye;
And you to linger out a life in bondage?

Andr. Nor this, nor that, *Cephisa*, will I bear:
My word is past to *Pyrrhus*, his to me;
And I rely upon his promis'd faith.
Unequal as he is, I know him well;
Pyrrhus is violent; but he is sincere,
And will perform beyond what he has sworn.
The *Greeks* will but incense him more; their rage
Will make him cherish *Hector's* Son.

Ceph. Ah, Madam!
Explain these riddles to my boading heart!

Andr. Thou may'st remember, for thou oft hast
Relate the dreadful vision, which I saw, (heard me
When first I landed Captive in *Epirus*.

That very night, as in a dream I lay,
A ghastly Figure, full of gaping wounds,
His eyes a glare, his hair all stiff with blood,
Full in my sight thrice shook his head and groaned.
I soon discern'd my slaughter'd *Hector's* Shade;
But, oh, how changed! Ye Gods, how much unlike
The living *Hector*! -- Loud he bid me fly!
Fly from *Achilles'* Son! Then sternly frown'd,
And disappear'd: Struck with the dreadful sound,
I started and awaked.

Ceph. But did he bid you --
Destroy *Astyanax*?

Andr. *Cephisa*, I'll preserve him; --
With my own life, *Cephisa*, I'll preserve him.

Ceph. What may these words, so full of horror mean?

Andr. Know then the secret purpose of my soul:

Andromache will not be false to *Pyrrhus*;
Nor violate her sacred love to *Hector*.

This hour I'll meet the King, the holy Priest

Shall

Shall joyn us, and confirm our mutual vows.

This will secure a Father to my Child.

That done, I have no farther use for life:

This pointed dagger, this determin'd hand,

Shall save my virtue, and conclude my woes.

Ceph. Ah, Madam, recollect your scatter'd reason!

This fell despair ill suits your present fortunes.

Andr. No other stratagem can serve my purpose:

This is the sole expedient, to be just

To *Hector*, to *Astyanax*, to *Pyrrhus*.

I soon shall visit *Hector*, and the Shades

Of my great Ancestors -- *Cephisa*, thou

Wilt lend a hand to close thy Mistress' eyes.

Ceph. Oh, never think, that I will stay behind you!

Andr. No, my *Cephisa*, I must have thee live.

Remember thou did'st promise to obey,

And to be secret: Wilt thou now betray me?

After thy long, thy faithful service, wilt thou

Refuse my last commands, my dying wish?

Once more, I do conjure thee, live for me!

Ceph. Life is not worth my care, when you are gone.

Andr. I must commit into thy faithful hands,

All that is dear and precious to my soul:

Live, and supply my absence to my Child.

All that remains of *Troy*; a future progeny

Of Heroes; and a distant Line of Kings,

In him, is all intrusted to thy care.

Ceph. But, Madam, what will be the rage of *Pyrrhus*,
Defrauded of his promis'd happiness?

Andr. That will require thy utmost skill: Observe

The first impetuous onsets of his grief:

Use every artifice to keep him stedfast.

Sometimes with tears thou may'st discourse of me:

Speak of our marriage: Let him think I loved him:

Tell him my Soul repos'd it self on him,

When I resign'd my Son to his protection.

Ceph. Oh, for a spirit to support my grief!

Is there ought more, before you go for ever?

52 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Andr. Oh my *Cephisa*, my swollen heart is full!
 I have a thousand farewells to my Son: --
 But tears break in -- Grief interrupts my speech --
 My soul o'erflows in fondness! -- Let him know,
 I dy'd to save him: -- And would die again.
 Season his mind with early hints of Glory:
 Make him acquainted with his Ancestors;
 Trace out their shining story in his thoughts:
 Dwell on the exploits of his immortal Father;
 And sometimes let him hear his Mothers Name:
 Let him reflect upon his Royal birth
 With modest pride: *Pyrrhus* will prove a Friend;
 But let him know, he has a Conquerours right,
 He must be taught to stifle his resentments,
 And sacrifice his vengeance to his safety:
 Should he prove head-strong, rash, or unadvised;
 He then will frustrate all his Mothers virtue;
 Provoke his Fate; and I shall dye in vain.

Ceph. Alas, I fear, I never shall out live you!

Andr. No more: -- Thy Tears, *Cephisa*, will betray me:

Assume a chearful look: But still remember --

(*Flourish within.*)

Hark, how the Trumpet, with its sprightly notes,
 Proclaims the appointed hour, and calls us hence!
Hector, I come, once more a Queen, to join thee!
 Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
 Pleased with the sacred rites enlivening sound,
 Through gazing crowds, in solemn state, proceeds;
 And, drest in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.



ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

HERMIONE *alone.*

What have I done? where am I? where is *Pyrrhus*?
Ye Gods, what mean these horrors? -- I am
undone!

My Soul is on the rack, -- I cannot bear it! --
Why do I wander like some guilty Ghost?
What brought me to this place? what keeps me here?
The Court of *Pyrrhus* has no room for me! --
Do I still doubt if I should love or hate him?
Hard-hearted Man, How unconcern'd he left me!
Did he once sigh, bestow one pitying look?
Once shed a tear, or speak one soft kind word?
Did he so much as feign one moments sorrow,
To calm my griefs, and mitigate his falsehood?
-- Why am I still thus anxious for his life?
Why do I start at his impending fate?
Shall he then live; shall the base Traytor live
To laugh at my distress? No, let him perish!
Be quick, *Orestes*, -- Execute my orders!
Alas! my orders? Oh preposterous guilt!
Can I decree the death of him I love?
Was it for this my Soul delighted in him?
Was it for this I left my Fathers Court?
Have I then cross'd so many Realms and Seas,
To murder *Pyrrhus*? -- --

SCENE II.

HERMIONE, CLEONE.

Herm. Oh, *Cleone*, help me! --

What have I done, Is *Pyrrhus* yet alive?

What say'st thou, -- Answer me! Where is the King?

Cle. Madam, I saw the cruel Prince set forward,
Triumphant in his looks, and full of joy.

54 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Still, as he walk'd, his ravish'd eyes were fixt
On the fair Captive; while through shouting crowds
She pass'd along with a dejected air,
And seem'd to mourn her *Hector* to the last.

Herm. Insulting Tyrant, I shall burst with rage!--
But say, *Cleone*, didst thou mark him well?
Was his brow smooth? Say, did there not appear
Some shade of grief, some little cloud of sorrow?
Did he not stop, did he not once look back?
Didst thou approach him? Was he not confounded?
Did he not -- Oh be quick, and tell me all!

Cle. Madam, the tumult of his joy admits
No thought, but love. Unguarded he marched on
'Midst a promiscuous throng of Friends and Foes.
His cares all turn upon *Astyanax*,
Whom he has lodged within the Cittadel,
Defended by the strength of all his Guards.

Herm. Enough, - he dyes, the Traytor! - where's *Orestes*?

Cle. He is in the Temple, with his whole Retinue.

Herm. Is he still resolute, is he determin'd?

Cle. Madam, I fear --

Herm. How! -- Is *Orestes* false? --
Does he betray me too!

Cle. A thousand doubts --
Perplex his Soul, and wound him with remorse:
His Virtue and his Love prevail by turns.
He told me *Pyrrhus* should not fall ignobly:
Pyrrhus the warlike Son of great *Achilles*.
He dreads the censure of the *Grecian* States;
Of all Mankind; And fears to stain his Honour.

Herm. Poor, timorous wretch, 'tis false! he basely fears
To cope with dangers, and encounter death: --
'Tis that he fears! -- Am I bright *Helens* Daughter?
To vindicate her wrongs all *Greece* conspired;
For her confederate Nations fought, & Kings were slain;
Troy was o'er-thrown, and a whole Empire fell,
My eyes want force to raise a Lovers arm
Against a Tyrant, that has dared to wrong me.

Cle.

Cle. Madam, like *Helen*, trust your cause to *Greece*.

Herm. No, I'll avenge my self! I'll to the Temple;
I'll over-turn the Altar; stab the Priest!
I'll hurl destruction like a Whirlwind round me!
They must not wed, they must not live, they shall not!
Let me be gone, I have no time to lose!
Stand off, with-hold me not, I am all distraction!
Oh *Pyrrhus*, Tyrant, Traitor, Thou shalt bleed!

SCENE III.

HERMIONE, CLEONE, ORESTES.

Orest. Madam, 'tis done: Your orders are obeyed;
The Tyrant lies expiring at the Altar.

Herm. Is *Pyrrhus* slain? --

Orest. Even now he gasps in death. --
Our *Greeks*, all undistinguish'd in the crowd,
Flock'd to the Temple, and dispers'd themselves
On every side the Altar: -- I was there:
Pyrrhus observed me, with a haughty eye;
And, proud to triumph over *Greece* in me,
From his own brows he took the Diadem,
And bound it on the temples of his Captive.
Receive, said he, my Crown; receive my faith;
Mine and my Peoples Sovereign reign for ever.
From this blest hour, a Father to your Son,
I'll scourge his Foes: Hence-forward be he stiled
The *Trojan* King. I swear it at the Altar:
And call the Gods to ratify my vows.
His Subjects with loud acclamations shook
The spacious dome! Our *Greeks*, enraged, cry'd out
Revenge, Revenge! broke through the thronging press;
And rush'd tumultuous on the unguarded King.
Their eager fury left no work for me.
Pyrrhus a while opposed their clashing swords,
And dealt his fatal blows on every side,
With manly fierceness; till oppress'd by numbers,

Streaming with blood, all over gashed with wounds,
He reel'd, he groaned, and at the Altar fell.

Haste, Madam; let us fly, haste to our Ships!
They stand unmoored: Our Friends attend us there.

Herm. What have they done!

Orest. Madam, forgive their rage. --
I own your vengeance had been more compleat,
Had *Pyrrhus* fallen by me; and had he known,
Hermione chastised him by my arm.

Herm. Peace, Monster, peace! -- Go tell thy horrid tale
To Savages, and howl it out in desarts.

Would'st thou impute to me thy barbarous guilt?
Me would'st thou make the accomplice of thy crimes?
Hence, to thy *Greeks*, and boast thy foul exploits!
My soul abhors them, I disclaim the deed!
Be gone, I know thee not, Thou fell Barbarian!
What had he done? what could provoke thy madness
To assassinate so great, so brave a Man!
Who set thee on?!

Orest. O grant me patience, Heaven! --
With your own lips did you not curse the Tyrant,
Pronounce his death, and urge me to destroy him?

Herm. What if, transported by my boundless passion,
I could not bear to see him wed another?
Were you to obey a jealous Womans phrenzy?
You should have dived into my inmost thoughts:
My heart, though full of rage, was free from malice;
And all my anger was excess of love.

Why did you take me at my word? you saw
The struggles of my soul; you heard me rave.
You should have question'd me a thousand times;
Yet still have doubted, and still question'd on,
Before you ventured on a life so precious.

Orest. Hear me but speak: Heaven knows, against
my will.

Herm. Why did you not return? why not consult me
A second time? And, undetermin'd still,
Again return, and still find new delays.

What

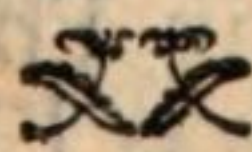
What had your rash, officious *Greeks*, dire blood-hounds,

To do with my revenge? what drew you hither,
To bring on me the vengeful woes that haunt you?
Are these the fruits of your detested love?
Your fatal Embassy, your hateful presence,
Drove *Pyrrhus* to my Rival; and destroys
Both him and me. -- He might have loved me still,
Had you ne'er interposed. -- Avant, Be gone!
And leave me in *Epirus*. -- I renounce
My Friends, my Country, *Greece*, and all Mankind;
But chiefly I renounce thee, Monster, Thee!

SCENE IV.

O R E S T E S.

Am I awake, where am I! soft, my Soul:
Be not too rash. -- Was that *Hermione*?
Why should her anger thunder against me?
Was not this blood-shed all by her command? --
I am, indeed, a most outrageous monster!
A Ruffian, Murderer, a base Assassin!
And all to please a false ungrateful Woman.
Henceforward let the Laws of Nations cease;
And let the pale, that severs right and wrong,
Things sacred and prophane, be broken down:
Gods in their Temples, Kings upon their Thrones,
Are not in safety, while *Orestes* lives.
Oh, never more shall my torn mind be healed,
Nor taste the gentle comforts of repose!
A dreadful band of gloomy cares surround me,
And lay strong siege to my distracted soul.



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SCENE V.

ORESTES, PYLADES, *attended by Greeks.*

Pyl. Haste, Prince; let us be gone: 'Tis death to stay.
Andromache reigns Queen: She gives the alarm,
 And vows revenge upon the Foes of *Pyrrhus*.
 The People arm and muster in the streets:
 Our *Greeks* will not be able long to guard
 The Palace gates, and to secure our flight.
 We must be speedy, Sir.

Orest. You may depart, --
 My Friends: -- *Hermione* and I remain. --
 Her cruelty has quite undone me! -- Go,
 And leave me to my self. -- I'll find her out.

Pyl. Alas, unhappy Princess. -- She is no more!
 Forget her, Sir, and save your self with us.

Orest. *Hermione* no more. -- O all ye Powers!

Pyl. Full of disorder, wildness in her looks,
 With hands expanded, and dishevelled hair,
 Breathless & pale, with shrieks she sought the Temple:
 In the mid-way she met the corpse of *Pyrrhus*:
 She startled at the sight: Then, stiff with horror,
 Gazed frightful! Wakened from the dire amaze,
 She raised her eyes to Heaven with such a look,
 As spoke her sorrows, and reproach'd the Gods:
 Then plunged a poignard deep within her breast,
 And fell on *Pyrrhus*, grasping him in death.

Orest. I thank you, Gods! -- I never could expect
 To be so wretched! You have been industrious
 To finish your decrees; to make *Orestes*
 A dreadful instance of your power to punish.
 I am singled out to bear the wrath of Heaven.

Pyl. You hazard your retreat by these delays.
 The Guards will soon beset us. Your complaints
 Are vain, and may be fatal.

Orest. True, my Friend: --
 And therefore 'twas I thank'd the bounteous Gods.
 My Fate's accomplish'd! -- I shall dye content.
 Oh bear me hence. -- Blow, Winds! --

Pyl.

Pyl. Let us be gone. -- (call!

Orest. The murdered Lovers wait me. -- Hark. They
Nay, if your blood still reeks, I'll mingle mine.
One Tomb will hold us all.

Pyl. Alas! I fear --
His ravings will return with his misfortunes.

Orest. I am dizzy. -- Clouds. -- Quite lost in utter
darkness!

Guide me, some friendly Pilot, through the storm.

I shiver. -- Oh, I freeze! -- So: -- Light returns:

'Tis the grey dawn. -- See, *Pylades*, Behold! --

I am encompast with a sea of blood! --

The crimson billows. -- Oh, My brain's on fire!

Pyl. How is it, Sir? -- Repose your self on me.

Orest. *Pyrrhus*, stand off! -- What would'st thou? --

How he glares! (at thee.

What envious hand has closed thy wounds? -- Have

It is *Hermione* that strikes. -- confusion!

She catches *Pyrrhus* in her arms. -- Oh, save me!

How terrible she looks. -- She knits her brow!

She frowns me dead: She frights me into madness!

Where am I. -- Who are you? --

Pyl. Alas, poor Prince! --

Help to support him. -- How he pants for breath!

Orest. This is most kind, my *Pylades*. -- Oh, why,
Why was I born to give thee endless trouble?

Pyl. All will go well: He settles into reason.

Orest. Who talks of reason? -- Better to have none,

Than not enough. -- Run, some one, tell my *Greeks*,

I will not have them touch the King. -- Now, -- Now!

I blaze again. -- See there. -- Look where they come!

A shoal of Furies. -- How they swarm about me!

My terrour. -- Hide me. -- Oh their snaky locks!

Hark. How they hiss. -- See, See their flaming brands!

Now they let drive full at me! -- How they grin,

And shake their iron whips. -- My ears. What yelling!

And see *Hermione*. -- She sets them on! --

Thrust not your scorpions thus into my bosom!

Oh,

60 THE DISTREST MOTHER.

Oh, -- I am stung to death, -- Dispatch me soon!
There: -- Take my heart, *Hermione*. -- Tear it out!
Disjoynt me. -- Kill me. -- Oh, my tortured soul! --

Pyl. Kind Heaven restore him to his wonted calm!
Oft have I seen him rave: But never thus:
Quite spent! -- Assist me Friends, to bear him off.
Our time is short: should his strong rage return,
'Twould be beyond our power to force him hence.
Away, my Friends! -- I hear the portal open.

SCENE VI.

PHOENIX, attended by Guards.

Fled, to a Man. -- *Orestes* is not here! --
Triumphant Villains! -- The base, giddy Rabble,
Whose hands should all have have been employed
with fire
To waste the Fleet, flocked round the dying Princess:
And, while they stand agaze, the *Greeks* embark.
Oh, 'tis too plain! -- This Sacrilegious murder
Was authorised. -- The Ambassadors escape
Declares his guilt. -- Most bloody Embassy!
Must unexampled deed! -- Where, where, ye Gods,
Is Majesty secure, if in your Temples
You give it no protection! -- See; the Queen.

SCENE VII.

PHOENIX, ANDROMACHE, CEPNISA, with Attendants.

Andr. Yes, ye inhumane *Greeks*! The time will come;
When you shall dearly pay your bloody deeds!
How should the *Trojans* hope for mercy from you,
When thus you turn your impious rage on *Pyrrhus*;
Pyrrhus the bravest Man in all your League;
The Man, whose single valour made you triumph.
Is my Child there? --

Ceph. It is the corpse of *Pyrrhus*.

The weeping Souldiers bear him on their shields.

Andr.

THE DISTREST MOTHER. 61

Andr. Ill-fated Prince. Too negligent of life!
And too unwary of the faithless *Greeks*!
Cut off in the fresh ripening prime of manhood,
Even in the pride of life; thy Triumphs new,
And all thy Glories in full blossom round thee!
The very *Trojans* would bewail thy fate.

Ceph. Alas, then will your sorrows never end!

Andr. Oh, never! never -- While I live, my tears
Will never cease; for I was born to grieve. --
Give present orders for the Funeral pomps: [*To Phœn.*]
Let him be robed in all his Regal state;
Place round him every shining mark of honour;
And let the pile, that consecrates his ashes,
Rise like his fame, and blaze above the clouds!

S C E N E V I I I.

ANBROMACHE, CEPHISA, with Attendants.

Ceph. That sound proclaims the arrival of the Prince:
The Guards conduct him from the Gittadel.

And. With open arms I'll meet him. -- Oh, *Cephisa*!
A springing joy, mixt with a soft concern,
A pleasure, which no language can express,
An extasie, that Mothers only feel,
Plays round my heart, and brightens up my sorrow,
Like gleams of Sun-shine in a louring skie.

Though plunged in ills, and exercised in care,
Yet never let the noble mind despair.
When prest by dangers, and beset with Foes,
The Gods their timely succour interpose;
And when our vertue sinks, o'erwhelm'd with grief,
By unforeseen expedients bring relief.





E P I L O U E.

Written by Mr. BUDGELL.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

I Hope you'll own that with becoming art
I've play'd my game, & topp'd the Widows part;
My Spouse, poor Man! could not live out the Play,
But dy'd commodiously on wedding-day,
While I his Relief made at one bold fling
My self a Princess, and young Sty a King.

You Ladies who protract a Lovers pain,
And hear your Servants sigh whole years in vain;
Which of you all would not on marriage venture,
Might she so soon upon her jointure enter?

'Twas a strange scape! had Pyrrhus liv'd till now
I had been finely hamper'd in my vow.

To dye by ones own hand, and fly the charms
Of love and life in a young Monarchs arms!

'Twere an hard Fate -- e'er I had undergone it
I might have took one night -- to think upon it.

But why you'll say was all this grief exprest
For a first Husband, laid long since at rest?

Why so much coldness to my kind Protector?

-- Ah Ladies! had you known the good Man Hector!

Homer will tell you (or I'me misinform'd)

That when enrag'd the Grecian Camp he storm'd,

To break the ten-fold barriers of the gate

He threw a stone of such prodigious weight

As no two Men could lift; not even of those

Who in that age of thund'ring Mortals rose:

-- It would have sprain'd a dozen modern Beaux.

}

A

*At length howe'er I laid my weeds aside,
And sunk the Widow in the well-dress'd Bride.
In you it still remains to grace the Play,
And bless with joy my Coronation-day:
Take then, ye circles of the brave and fair,
The Fatherless and Widow to your care.*

F I N I S.



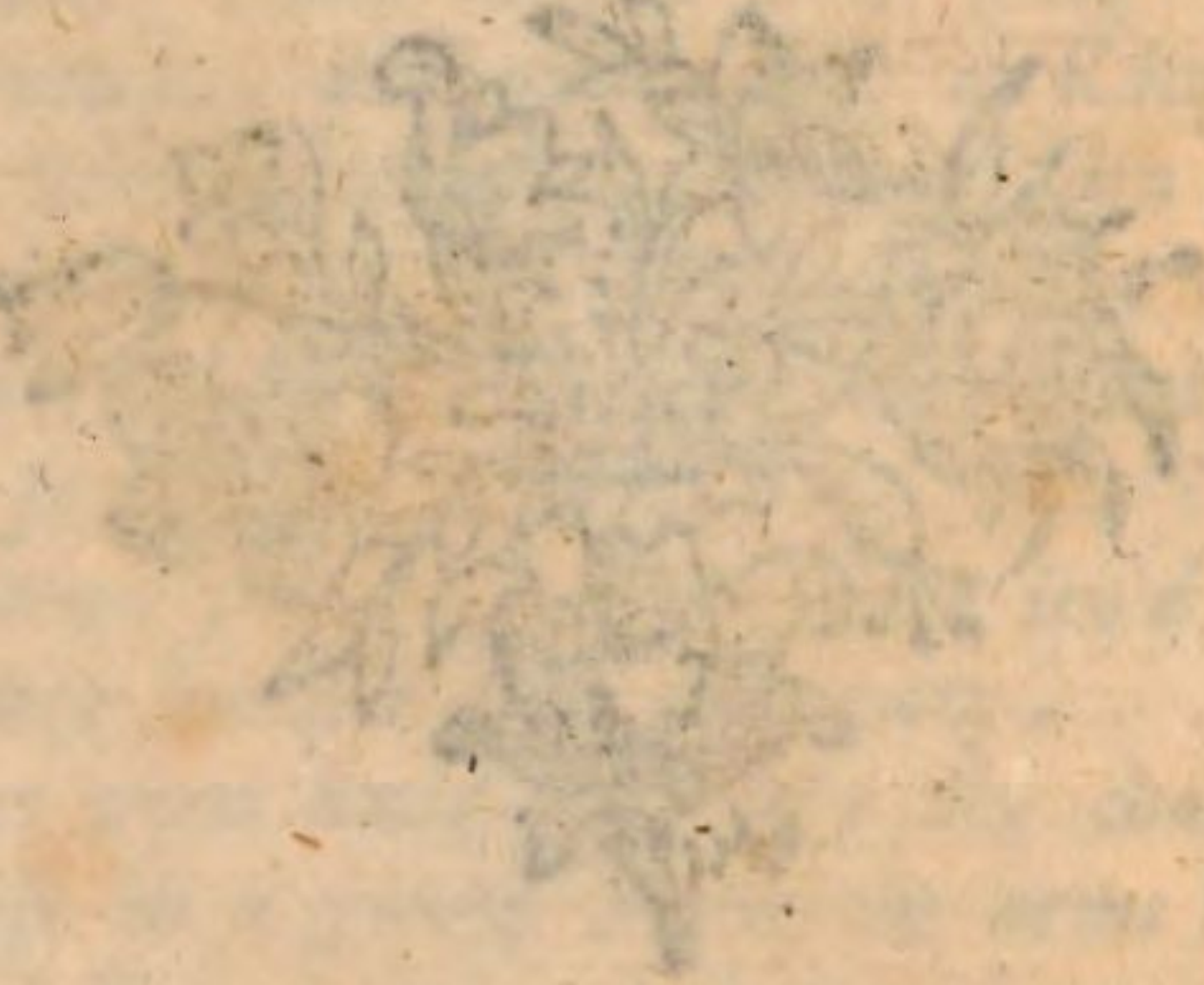
L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company.

THE FLOU

At length however I find my words
And find the library in the north-west
In you is still answer to grace the
And best with my conversation
Take then, ye ladies of the house
The Fatherless and Motherless to your care

FINIS



ABRA-MULE:

O R,

LOVE AND EMPIRE.

A

T R A G E D Y.

Written by *Mr. TRAPP.*

*Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur
Majestas, & Amor. Ovid. Metam. lib. 2.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for the Company.

ABRA-MULE:

О Я

LOVE AND EMPIRE

A

T R A G E D Y.

Written by Mr. T. R. A. P. R.

1841, 2. 4. 1841. Ovid. Metam. lib. 2.
 1841, 2. 4. 1841. Ovid. Metam. lib. 2.

LONDON

Printed for the Company.



TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
The L A D Y
HARRIET GODOLPHIN.

M A D A M,

Your signal favour to this Play during its representation on the Stage, and your great generosity to its Author before it was acted, have encourag'd me to make an offering, of both to Your Ladiship; and publish my gratitude for such uncommon goodness and condescension.

Not that by this I think to add any thing to your character; the world was sufficiently sensible of it before: And those shining qualities, by which your Ladiship is so eminently distinguish'd, could no more be hidden than they can be exceeded. 'Tis not therefore for your sake that I address to you, but for my own; not to make any return to your Ladiship, but to do honour to my self. Which I should not have presum'd to have done without your permission; and even that brings a fresh obligation upon me: For nothing could

The Dedication.

be a greater improvement of your former bounty , than your leave to make this solemn Acknowledgment of it ; and to persons of your Ladiships rank , we cannot publicly return thanks for one favour , without receiving another.

For what could reflect more lustre on this Poem , than so celebrated a Name prefix'd to it ? 'Tis the peculiar glory of Tragedy , that it has always been the most agreeable entertainment to the fair sex ; who have been ever more indulgent to that , than to any other sort of Poetry. Men are generally less capable of those tender impressions , which the Ladies (who are form'd with finer resentments) more easily receive. But if this be the best pretence we can make to masculine wisdom , and superiority of reason , I think we had better make none at all. For certainly to be soon mov'd to compassion , and sensible of the misfortunes of others , is rather a perfection in human nature , than an argument of weakness or infirmity.

'Tis for this reason , Madam , that performances of this kind are the most proper offerings to the Fair , and I am particularly happy in presenting this to one who has all their excellencies without any of their defects.

But I perceive I am in danger of disobliging your Ladiship , while I am doing you that justice which will be highly pleasing to every body , but your self. I shall therefore only beg leave to add , that since love and valour are the springs of Tragedy , and give life and
mo-

The Dedication.

motion to it ; nothing could be more proper than to address this to your Ladiship , whose Family is remarkable , above any other , for giving so much beauty to the Court , and so much courage to the field ; the one to adorn , the other to defend your country ; the one to triumph at home , and the other abroad. I am ,

M A D A M,

Your Ladiships most obedient ,

and most humble servant.

JOS. TRAPP.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. Betterton.

WHat various thoughts a Poets breast divide,
When brought before an Audience, to be try'd!
Guilty of scribling, with beseeching hands,
Before your Bar the Malefactor stands.
Now hopes 'twill please, now doubts 'twill prove but dull;
Mourns a thin Pit, yet dreads it when 'tis full.
These are at best the anxious Writers cares:
But he, who now your fatal censure fears,
Has no great Man to countenance his Muse,
And shield him from the arts which rival factions use.
No necessary friends to start applause,
T' o'erpower ill-nature, and support his cause.
Then 'tis all Tragedy which he prepares,
With no relieving interval of Farce.
Nay, but one Song; his numbers rarely chime,
Nor bless the Gall'ries with the sweets of Rhime.
Few Actors are to fall, no Ghost to rise;
No fustian roars, nor mimick lightning flies;
No Thunder from his Heroes, or the Skies.

With all these disadvantages oppress'd,
He still has hopes, and makes his bold request
To Men of sense; and here are none, I know,
But either are, or think at least they're so.
To you, with modest awe, he dares to speak;
Will not assume too much, yet scorns to sneak.
He boasts not of his genius, or his rules;
Nor insolently calls his Judges, Fools.
Yet to desert disclaims not all pretence;
To be so modest would be impudence.
For surely his presumption must be great,
Who dares invite his betters to no treat.
He not expects you should gross dulness flatter,
Yet leaves you room enough to shew good nature.

Begs

Begs you would come, of all ill passion eas'd;
Patient to hear, and willing to be pleas'd.
Cowards and Fools are barbarous, and think
All wit and Valour is to damn and sink:
But weakness in distress still finds defense
From Men of courage, and from Men of sense.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mrs. Bracegirdle.

Our Prologue to the Critics was directed:
But you, ye Fair, must never be neglected.
To you our Poet now his homage pays;
Your bare forgiveness will his genius raise,
In tastes like yours to pardon is to praise.
'Tis true, we're pleading a young Author's cause,
But youth and Beauty never yet were foes.
Do you but shew your goodness and compassion,
The Men, of course, will give their approbation.
For if they grant none as the Poets due,
They'll sure be kind in complaisance to you:
If not with us, with you they will comply,
Exert the Lover all, and lay the Critick by.

Pleas'd and serene you saw the Princely Guest,
When Windsor was with this bright presence blest:
Still may the kind impression here survive,
And we enjoy those smiles by which we live.
How did the Royal Youth, with wond'ring eyes,
Behold! and gladly own the sweet surprize!
Amaz'd at such variety of charms,
Careless of Fame, and less in love with Arms!
Almost unwilling to pursue the war,
And ev'n for Empire to forsake the Fair.

*But , as by English Beauties forc'd to yield ,
 May he by English Heroes win the Field.
 Procure the Revolution he desires ,
 And safe possess the Beauty he admires ;
 Thus may th' auspicious Prince securely move ,
 And far more Joys than our new Sultan prove ;
 Completely blest in Empire , and in Love.*

D R A M A T I S

P E R S O N Æ.

MAHOMET , IV. Emperor of the *Turks*.

PYRRHUS , Grand Visir.

SOLYMAN , Brother to *Mahomet*.

KISLER AGA , or Superintendent of the *Seraglio*.

HALY.

CUPROLI.

MURSA , a *Tartarian* Merchant.

ABRA-MULE ,

ZAIDA , her Confident.

MARAMA , a Creature of *Solymans*.

Eunuchs , Bassas , Janizaries , and Attendants ,

S C E N E , *Constantinople*.

ABRA-



ABRA-MULE:

O R,

LOVE AND EMPIRE.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Murfa , and Abra-Mule.

M U R S A.

His day , fair *Abra* , should by you be
T priz'd
 As the most fortunate of all your life ,
 In which you shall be rais'd from low
 obscurity ,

To the sublimest height of earthly greatness:
 Brought as the richest present to the Sultan ,
 To crown his pleasure , and adorn his Court ,
 To entertain with joy his softest hours ,
 And charm the Worlds great Master with your
 beauty.

Abr. Rather , as often as this day returns
 Within the round of the revolving year ,
 Let me be clad in melancholy fables ;

A 5

Ex.

Exhaust the springing fountains of my eyes,
 Indulge my grief, and waste my self in mourning.
 Be rais'd to grandeur ! No . . . I shall be thrown
 Lower than first my vulgar fortune plac'd me.
 O think not, Sir, to sooth me with the name
 Of fancy'd glory : for when Virtue's gone,
 And infamy takes place, tho' you advance me
 Above the greatest Monarch, you debase
 My humble birth, and sink me into greatness.

Mur. Ungrateful Maid ! . . . Are then my benefits
 So soon forgotten ? Dost thou not remember
 That to this saving arm thou ow'st thy being ?

Abr. I do, and bless you for that generous action.

Mur. Had I not interpos'd 'twixt death and thee,
 When I with thousands of my Country-men
 Made an incursion into *Muscovy*,
 Thou hadst not now stood thus erect before me
 To contradict my will . . . Methinks I now
 See the relentless Ruffian, with his sword
 Uplifted, just prepar'd to give the stroak,
 And thy bare bosom heaving at the point.
 Thy tender innocence, and unripe beauty,
 Which then ev'n in a child appear'd most lovely,
 Mov'd me to soft compassion. Straight I seiz'd
 His threatening arm, and stopp'd the coming blow.
 Scarce then had sev'n full winters snow'd upon thee ;
 And those twelve years in which thou hast been
 mine,

Say, have I not still lov'd and cherish'd thee,
 With all th' indulgent kindness of a Father ?

Abr. Hear me with patience, Sir . . .

Mur. 'Tis true, since I resolv'd upon this voyage,
 She always has been froward, and appear'd
 Averse to my design ; but now of late
 Much more than ever . . . Ha ! . . . I have a thought ; . . .
 It must be so . . . I'll put her to the trial . . . [*Aside.*
 An ill return you've made me for my kindness,

[*To her.*
 For-

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 11

Forgetful *Abra*; but since no persuasions
Can bend you to my will, I'll once comply
With a fond Womans humour, be content
To lose my journey, and return again;
And now I hope thou'rt fully satisfy'd.
Ha! What, not move? What fresh commotion's
this?

What means that humble posture, and those tears?
Abr. Kneeling.] Alas! why will you break my
tender heart?

Mur. Thy words amaze me. Didst thou not desire
To fly the loath'd embraces of the Sultan,
And to return again?

Abr. I did indeed
Desire to fly th' embraces of the Sultan;
And yet upon my bended knees would beg you
Not to return again...

Mur. 'Tis so for certain. [*Aside.*
I understand you not, explain your meaning. [*To her.*

Abr. Since then you urge me to the brink of Fate,
Tho' nothing but the fear of separation
From the most brave of Men, and best of Lovers
Could force me to disclose the mighty secret;
I will unlock my breast, and lay before you
The inmost thoughts and counsels of my soul.
Know then (but e're my story reach your ears
Learn to forgive, and arm your self with patience)
That since the time that mine and your deliv'rer,
The gen'rous Visir, the thrice noble *Pyrrhus*
Rescu'd us in our journey to this City,
From the rough insolence of stern *Polonians*,
I have in secret lov'd that wond'rous Man;
And he with equal fire receiv'd my passion.
And during those four months, in which I lay
Hinder'd from travelling by tedious sickness,
We have, by mutual intercourse, exchange'd
Each others Soul... Ev'n now, while my dear Lord
Is absent at the wars, and leading on

His

His succ'ring Troops to raise the Siege of *Buda* ,
 He has not been unmindful of his love ,
 But has by letters . . .

Mur. Yes, I understand you . . .
 You are of late, it seems, grown intimate
 With the chief Minister of State . . . For him
 You would reserve your self, for him you'd stay ,
 For him you would avoid th' Imperial bed.
 But hear me, Maid . . . Nay, do not kneel and weep,
 Nor think to mollifie me with thy pray'rs :
 For know thy sentence is already pass'd ,
 Nor is it in my power to reverse it.
 Already I've contracted for thy beauty ,
 And all things are prepar'd for thy reception.
 Therefore, no more . . . Attend me in this hour
 To be presented to the Worlds great Lord ;
 Farewel, & think of nothing but obedience. [*Exit.*

Abr. O harsh command ! Cruel, hard-hearted
Murfa ,

Inexorable, obstinate old Man !
 Obedience ! What obedience ? And to whom ? . . .
 But why (alas !) do I deliberate ,
 As if I were my own, and all my actions
 At liberty ? Superior violence
 O'er-rules my will ; I must of force obey ,
 Because I have no pow'r to make resistance ,
 And am too impotent to be rebellious.

Enter Zaida and Pyrrhus.

Zaid. In tears ? . . . But see, I bring you com-
 fort, Madam.

Abr. My Lord, my life return'd ! Then all my
 woes.

Shall be forgot, at least I will a while
 Suspend my griefs, and be all joy and pleasure,
 To welcome, with the most transporting raptures,
 All that my Soul holds dear.

Pyr. Thou loveliest creature,
 I too, at sight of thee, have lost the sense

Of

Of past misfortunes . . . Just at my arrival
 Last night , by favour of the friendly darkness,
 Hither I came private and unattended,
 Directed, by thy Letters, to the place
 Of thy abode ; and ever since have waited
 For a convenient opportunity
 To gain admission here ; which *Murfas* absence,
 And *Zaida's* help at last have giv'n . . . And now ,
 At the reviving prospect of thy beauties,
 Grief leaves my breast, and healing joy succeeds.
 Thou smil'st . . . Let Fortune frown then , I'll despise
 her ,

I'll not regard the Sultans cold reception ,
 Since I am welcome to these arms . . .

Abr. Yes, my dear Lord , I may without a blush
 Receive these chaste embraces ; and to you ,
 Who love with honour , I with innocence
 May give these tokens of my vow'd fidelity.
 But I , alas ! am doom'd to guilty joys ,
 To the detested arms of *Mahomet*.
 I must, in spite of me , resign my honour ,
 And rob you of your right . . . Injurious *Murfa*.
 Despising tears , and deaf to all intreaties ,
 Has sworn this hour to yield me to the Sultan ;
 And I by honest shifts , and commendable cheats,
 No longer can deceive him . . .

Pyr. O the Villain !

Can ought that's human harbour so much baseness ?
 Are then the joys of this bless'd meeting dash'd
 Soo soon ? So soon will Fortune snatch thee from me,
 And mock my vain embraces ? . . . Thus like one
 Who in a dream , with mighty toil and labour ,
 Strives to embrace some visionary form ;
 Just as he seems to clasp the lovely object ,
 It slides away , and vanishes to air :
 So I , who thro' opposing difficulties
 Have cut my tedious way to thy lov'd arms ,
 At length am disappointed , and but see thee

To

To take my last farewell . . . O slipp'ry state
Of human pleasures, fleet and volatile ! . . .
Giv'n us, and snatch'd again in one short moment
To mortifie our hopes, and edge our sufferings!

Abr. When you, in a Physicians garb disguis'd,
Came without interruption to my lodgings;
I unsuspected could dissemble sickness.
But when the clamours of your suffering Country
Tore you from me, and sent you to the wars;
Then, lest my harmless fraud at length should be
Detected by a true Physician's skill,
I was oblig'd to quit my feign'd distemper,
And own my self recovering.

Pyr. 'Twas, indeed,
Impossible for thee long to succeed
In such a fraud, unless thou cou'dst with art
Extinguish all thy charms; for surely none
Could so far be impos'd on, as to think
That the grim form of pale and meagre sickness
Could e'er be seated in a face so lovely.

Abr. With many a vain excuse, and false pretence
Did I, 'till now, defer the fatal hour:
But the insatiate avarice of *Mursa*,
No longer patient of my slight evasions,
Resolv'd at last, and fix'd upon this day
To sacrifice me to the Sultans pleasure.

Pyr. Can nothing then content that greedy *Tartar*,
But trading with the purchase of thy Virtue?
Damn'd avarice! Cursed, destructive avarice!
Thou everlasting foe to love and honour! . . .
What will not this vile Merchant turn to traffick,
If chastity it self be set to sale,
And innocence and virtue cannot 'scape him?
But I'll not talk away these precious moments: . . .
But fly with all the wings that Love can lend,
To find this sordid, mercenary churl;
And gorge his rav'nous appetite with Gold;
I'll buy thee off, redeem thee from disgrace,

And

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 15

And once defraud my Master...

[Going.]

Abr. Stay, my Lord,
And let not your concern for my deliv'rance
Hurry you on to things impracticable.
You know you often have propos'd these means
To me before; and I as often told you
The Royal funds will scarce suffice to flake
His raging thirst of Gold: Then he's perverse,
Wilful and froward, positive and proud;
Has long with pleasure hugg'd this great design,
Fed with vast hopes of grandeur: and conceiv'd
Such strange opinions of my fatal beauty,
That half the World he thinks too little recompence
For such a present. This I oft have told you,
And you have thought it reason.

Pyr. True, I have;
But then I had not that high eminence
Of pow'r and greatness which I now possess;
Nor wealth enough, perhaps, to raise a bribe
Sufficient; but he will not sure refuse
So vast a treasure as I now can give:
Besides, my honour and authority
Will awe him to compliance.

Abr. Were that true,
Yet 'tistoo late: He cannot now comply...
His word is gone too far to be recall'd:
The fatal contract for my virgin honour
Already is agreed on, and e're this
The purchase paid; and should you urge him now,
Perhaps, incens'd by your solicitations,
He may inform the Sultan of your Love;
And then your life, my Lord, will be in danger.

Pyr. And what can life afford desirable,
When thou art lost for ever?

Abr. But perhaps
Some more secure expedient may be found
To rescue me from shame, and save my honour
Without the hazard of your precious life.

Pyr.

Pyr. Oh no! . . . I am not now what once I was. . .
 For, since I parted from thee, Fate has tarnish'd
 My glories, and o'erwhelm'd me with misfortunes.
 When leading first my Troops to succour *Buda*,
 I enter'd on that fatal expedition,
 I thought to give such tokens of my valour
 And conduct, that I might with confidence
 Dare beg thee of my Royal Masters bounty,
 As a reward for my past services:
 But Fortune has defeated those designs. . .
 Yet still some hopes I have. . . The *Kisler Aga*,
 Who governs all in the Seraglio,
 To whom you are presented, is my friend.
 Perhaps his prudent management may yet
 Recover all. . . Mean while, farewell, my Love:
 I must to Court, to justify my conduct,
 And clear me to the Sultan.

Abr. Part so soon!
 Perhaps to meet no more. . . Indeed 'tis hard. . .

Pyr. Thou weep'st; O stop that shower of falling
 sorrows,
 Which melts me to the softness of a Woman,
 And shakes my best resolves. . . 'Tis hard indeed. . .
 So hard, that I have need of all my courage
 And manly reason, to support the thought. . .
 Short have our meetings been, by stealth enjoy'd,
 By interrupted, broken intervals,
 And murder'd by the pangs of often parting.
 Such as sad Spirits prove, who nightly wander
 To visit the lov'd objects they admire;
 Permitted for a while to hover round 'em,
 But quickly warn'd away. . . Yet ev'n they go
 With less regret than I, when at the dawn
 They lag behind, and fain would longer stay;
 'Til summon'd by the morns unwelcome ray,
 By force they yield to Fate, and ling'ring leave
 the day.

[*Exeunt severally.*
 SCE-

SCENE changes to a Royal Apartment.

Mahomet seated in state. Prince Solyman, Haly, Cuproli, Bassas, Janizaries, &c.

Mah Our Prophet seems unmindful of his charge,
And leaves our Empire to be steer'd at random
By blind uncertain Chance: for did not he
Sit at his ease, and slumber unconcern'd,
He would not tamely have resign'd my honour,
Nor suffer'd, (spight of all my best endeavours,
My darling *Buda* to be ravish'd from me.

Cupr. The Prophet, Royal Sir, has done his part
By substituting you to govern for him;
And having to your care entrusted all,
He thinks he safely may a while withdraw
His tutelary pow'r, and leave the World
To you, his great Vice-gerent: And had you
Been equally successful in your choice
Of all those Ministers who move beneath you,
Buda had still been ours.

Sol. I always thought
The Visirs conduct would prove fatal to us.

Hal. This strange miscarriage has indeed abated
The high esteem which I long entertain'd
For that great Man: and if free liberty
Be granted to disclose our real sentiments,
It seems to me . . .

Mah. Be silent . . . I perceive
You're all agreed with Fortune, to depress
The rising glories of the noble *Pyrrhus*;
And nought more easie, than with formal rhet'rick
To cast the odium of a Battle lost
On him that manag'd it: But you forget
That dire Misfortune, and the chance of war,

B

Often

Often defeat the best contrivances.
 And since in many dang'rous fields of battle
 He has giv'n such proof of his undaunted valour,
 Those Laurels which his conqu'ring sword has won
 Should shadow this miscarriage.

Enter a Janizary.

Jan. Mighty Monarch,
 Th' unfortunate Grand-Visir is arriv'd,
 And humbly craves admittance.

Mah. Bid him enter.

[Exit Janiz.

Now all prepare from his own mouth to hear
 The vindication of his injur'd honour.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Is this the Man so much renown'd in war
 For Cities storm'd, and Battles bravely fought?
 Does it become the celebrated *Pyrrhus*
 To enter like a private Sentinel
Constantinople's gates?

Then unattended to appear at Court,
 And send in his petition for admittance?
 Not so he look'd, when throng'd with multitudes
 Of the applauding Soldiers, he arriv'd,
 When waving Colours did adorn his triumph,
 And Trumpets sprightly sound proclaim'd his entry.

Pyr. With such magnificence, and martial pomp,
 'Till now, were my arrivals always honour'd;
 The thund'ring Ordnance loudly welcom'd me:
 And, what was more, the Sov'raign of the World
 With gracious looks, and open arms receiv'd me.
 But now (O dire reverse of fickle Chance!)
 I come inglorious, like a criminal,
 To clear my honour, and excuse my conduct.

Mah. Begin then, and as bravely as you fought
 Redeem your reputation.

Pyr. As I fought?
 Have I then liv'd to be arraign'd of cowardise?
 Ask brave *Lorraine*, that Thunderbolt of War,
 Or great *Bavaria*, ask those mighty Chiefs,

If

If ever I in fight declin'd their Arms,
Or e'er was startled at the face of danger.
But 'twas not in my pow'r t'inspire my Troops
With Souls as large, and fearless as my own.
All my designs and methods still were cross'd
By some unlucky, thwarting accident,
As if the unseen hand of Providence
Had interpos'd, on purpose to defeat
My close contrivances, and break my measures.

Hal. He little thinks whose providence it was
That foil'd his policy. *[Aside to Cupr.]*

Pyr. Whate'er designs,
Tho' manag'd with the greatest secrecie,
I had resolv'd upon, the Enemy,
As if fore-knowing what I had decreed,
Still mov'd against them, and prevented me.
So that I much suspect I was betray'd
By hidden treach'ry, and some envious Bassa
To whom in Council I reveal'd my thoughts,
Kept secret correspondence with the Foe,
And gave intelligence.

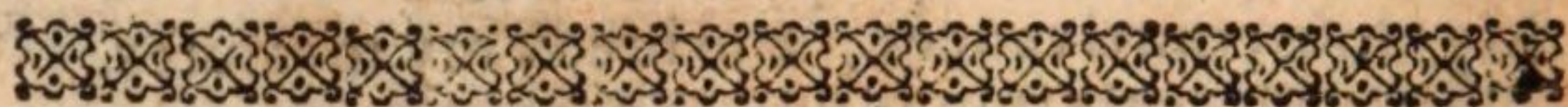
Sol. A lucky gesser. *[Aside to Haly.]*

Pyr. But if your Highness for full satisfaction
Demand a more particular account;
This Paper will inform you, sign'd by most
Of th' eminent Commanders in the Army,
In which at large they justify my conduct,
And wipe off all aspersions... *[Presents a Writing.]*

Mah. You have indeed giv'n ample satisfaction,
And tho' o'ercome you acquit your self with honour;
My *Pyrrhus* still deserves my best esteem
And claims the highest place in my affections.

[Comes from the Throne, and embraces him.]
Therefore let these embraces witness for me,
That I impute this loss to no defect
In you; but praise your conduct, and your valour.
Continue still t'enjoy your dignity;
And be the second Person in that Empire,

Which with your Sword so bravely you defend.
 What tho' our glory be a while obscur'd ?
 The clearest day is not without some cloud.
 The next Campaign will give, what this has lost,
 And while th' Heroick *Pyrrhus* shines in Arms
 Our wide Dominions shall the World o'er-run,
 And my pale Crescent brighten to a Sun. [Exeunt.



A C T I I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Seraglio.*

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

H A L Y.

DId you observe with what a thund'ring tone
 The Royal boaster talk'd ? How loud he
 bluster'd ?

As if the loss of this important place
 Had added to the grandeur of his Empire.

Cupr. The Panegyrick of his darling *Pyrrhus*
 Transported him so far, that he forgot
 His shameful overthrow, and look'd as stern
 As if his Foes were all in battle slain,
 And *Buda* still were part of his dominions.

Hal. And so it now had been, had not my care,
 My vigilant, unweary'd diligence
 Still balk'd, and undermin'd the Vifirs conduct.
 For I must own (tho' cursing let me speak it)

A

A braver Gen'ral never shone in steel.
And yet his skill in warlike discipline
So cools, and qualifies his matchless courage,
That it ne'er conquers the restraining bounds
Of Reason, or degen'rates into rashness:
'Tis no impetuous sally of the blood;
But 'tis the constitution of his Soul,
And can no more ...

Cupr. Cankers consume your tongue;
Must you too in his praise turn orator,
And waste on so detestable a subject
Your awkward rhetorick?

Hal. Mistake me not; ...
Tho' I do justice to his character,
You cannot boast a more exalted hatred
Against the Visirs person, than my self;
Who have with such dexterity defeated
His plots, and render'd all his hopes abortive.

Cupr. But to what purpose? Since he's rooted still
As deep as ever in the Sultans favour; ...
But by the rage that glows within my breast,
He shall not 'scape me thus, tho' now he shines
Above us all, and lords it o'er his betters;
And while he moves in that exalted sphere,
Injurious debars me from my right.
For that high office by inheritance
Is due to me, who am the Son and Brother
Of two successive Visirs; why should I,
My friend, be thought unworthy of that honour
Which my great Father, and my elder Brother
With such success have manag'd?

Hal. Mahomet.
No doubt can give a reason.

Cupr. Mahomet?
That name begins to grate my ears as harshly
As that of the scarce more detested *Pyrrhus*.
For how can I pay dutiful allegiance
To him, who ne'er regarding my desert

Has giv'n my right to that aspiring upstart,
 And still supports him, wears him next his heart
 In spite of all... But see, the hated Visir
 Appears, and with him that black ominous dog
 The *Kisler Aga*... Death!... my blood ferments
 At sight of 'em... Let us retire, and shun
 Their walk; the air they breathe in is not wholesome.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Pyrrhus, and the Kisler Aga.

Pyr. Ha! *Cuproly*, and *Haly*! Their cabals
 Portend no good to me...
 For I've observ'd that those two haughty Courtiers
 Since my advancement have, with envious eyes,
 Beheld my honours; with a gloomy look
 They scowl upon me, if I chance to meet them:
 Then with a stiff, unwilling bow they pay me
 Surly respect, and sullenly pass by.

Kisl. This arrogant behaviour gives...

Pyr. No more...

I have no time to waste on toys like these;
 The care of life and safety must employ
 My leisure hours; at present I've affairs
 Of greater moment... You've already heard
 The story of my Love, and *Mursas* baseness;
 And e're an hour is past, you will receive
 The beauteous *Abra* from that Monsters hand.

Kisl. Already I've receiv'd that lovely Maid;
 And sure she is so exquisitely fram'd,
 That I who many years have dealt in beauty,
 And had the fairest Females from all parts
 Committed to my care, ne'er yet beheld,
 'Mongst such variety of foreign charms,
 A Virgin half so lovely... She excels
 Ev'n *English* Beauties, and eclipses all
 Those various Nations, who with pride attend
 Upon the Sultans pleasures.

Pyr. O! She is all perfection; and tho' born
 In a cold frozen clime, o'er-spread with ice

And

And driving snow, (which, if compar'd with hers
Loses its whiteness) yet her eyes dart fire
Able to melt the most benum'd of hearts
With kindling warmth, and thaw it into softness.
Therefore, my Friend, as thou regard'st my life,
Conspire with me in this, 'tis honest fraud;
Secretly free her from this new confinement,
And, while thou canst, restore her to my wishes.

Kisl. What you propose is hazardous and difficult:
Her beauty could not 'scape th' observing eyes
Of some in the Seraglio; and be sure
I've Spies enough upon me, who for hope
Of a reward, will give the Sultan notice
Of such unfaithful dealing... One I know
Who has it in her pow'r t'inform against me.
For to divert the beauteous Strangers sadness,
I recommended her to the acquaintance
Of one who holds the very next apartment;
Whom I commanded by her frequent visits,
To cheer her solitude.

Pyr. O fear not her:
She never will inform; but rather chuse
(For her own sake) t'assist thee in removing
Her charming Rival hence.

Kisl. Perhaps she might,
Had she that youth and bloom she once enjoy'd:
But this is one, whose antiquated beauty
Has lost the privilege of the Sultans bed;
And is bestow'd upon the Prince his Brother,
The am'rous *Solyman*. However, Sir,
I shall observe her temper; Gold perhaps
May bribe her to be silent, and the rest
Time may dispatch beyond your expectation.
Nor are they groundless hopes... I have a project,
(At leisure you shall hear particulars)
Which, tho' it cannot now be executed,
May one day crown your loves.

Pyr. 'Till then, my Friend,

Be it thy care to keep her from the sight
 Of *Mahomet*; who, as he is o'erwhelm'd
 With cares, and vex'd at unsuccessful War,
 Neglects his loves; and therefore will forbear
 To claim her of thee, while he's ignorant
 How beautiful a treasure he possesses.
 Mean while my care shall be to fill his mind
 With fresh supplies of bus'ness, to divert him
 From am'rous thoughts... The rest of my design
 I will impart hereafter... One thing more...
 Let *Zaida* still have free admission to her;
 Her conversation will abate her melancholy,
 And make the time less tedious.

Kisf. Doubt not, Sir,
 Of my fidelity, and be assur'd
 Your cares are mine... [Exeunt severally.]

Re-enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. 'Twas greatly thought: but an attempt so
 daring

Staggers my resolution.

Cupr. Canst thou scruple?
 I tell thee, Fate is in our enterprize:
 I see it written in th' eternal volume,
 That *Mahomet* must tumble... All your doubts
 Will quickly vanish, if you but reflect
 On his past Reign which still has been attended
 With one continu'd series of misfortunes.
 You need not be inform'd that ill success
 Renders a Sultan odious in the eyes
 Of th' unreflecting vulgar, who conclude
 That angry Heav'n will never be aton'd,
 'Till they remove him from th' Imperial seat.
 Our Armys unexpected overthrow
 Before *Vienna*, whence they were repuls'd
 After a tedious and expensive Siege,
 You know incens'd the murm'ring populace,
 And ev'n the ruling part of the *Divan*.
 But the late Loss of *Buda* has enrag'd them

Beyond

Beyond all bounds; and now they only want
Some person of authority to head 'em,
And fire 'em with the name of *Solyman*
The next Successor, who will easily
Be wrought into our plot... What think you now?

Hal. Why now I am convinc'd that *Mahomet*
Sits loose upon his throne: H'as long been rott'ring,
And nothing now is wanting, but our help
To hasten Fate, and finish his destruction.

Cutr. Yes; since he still protects my mortal Foe,
He shall be thrown from the Imperial seat;
And crush that Fav'rite with his dreadful ruins.
Thus I at once shall satiate my revenge,
And glut ambition; for the next Successor
I know will do me right; and thou, my Friend,
Shalt then enjoy the third place in the Empire
Which hated *Karah-Ibrahim* now usurps,
And thou so well deserv'st.

Hal. You over-rate
My actions, if you think they can deserve
The third place in the Empire... Tho' at present
I see no cause why I should not be thought
As worthy of the second, as your self. [*Aside.*]
But what if un aspiring *Solyman*,
Control'd by checks of Conscience, should refuse
So daring a proposal? He's the hinge
On which our project turns, and should he fail us,
Our plots are all unravell'd.

Cupr. I confess
'Tis in his pow'r to frustrate all our hopes,
Nor can this bold conspiracy succeed,
Unless that Prince concur to our design.
For tho' the Soldiers hearts be alienated
From *Mahomet*, yet they will ne'er revolt,
'Till the next Prince of the Imperial line
Appear, and urge his title to the Throne.

Hal. Then *Solyman*, I fear, will ne'er comply
With our desires.

Cupr. 'Tis true he wants ambition,
 And melancholy blood retards the springs
 Of his unactive Soul; and, what is worse,
 He talks of Virtue, Conscience, and Religion:
 But then he's am'rous, subtle, and designing;
 And thou and I, by long and near acquaintance,
 Have gain'd an absolute ascendant o'er him;
 By means of which we may, without restraint,
 Use the most cogent arguments to fire
 His Soul with glorious thoughts of Fame & Empire:
 Ha! we have talk'd him hither . . .

Enter Solyman.

Sol. What is the subject of debate, my Friends?

Cupr. Why, Sir, we were consulting which is
 better,

To suffer by the bow-string or the scymitar.

Sol. But why that question?

Cupr. 'Tis a proper one;

For that we are to die is past all doubt.

Sol. Your Reason?

Cupr. You know we have arraign'd the Vipers
 conduct

Before the Sultan; but without success.

And since we have not, as we first design'd,

Completed his destruction, 'tis most certain

We have effectually procur'd our own.

For having openly declar'd our selves

Enemies to that Fav'rite, we have drawn

Mahomet's hatred on us, who, you know,

Can never rest, while any he suspects

Is Master of a head.

Sol. Then I, it seems,

Am subject to like danger.

Cupr. True, you are;

And how you can digest such rough, coarse treat-
 ment

I know not. Can you perish like a Slave?

Think

Think, . . . You are born a Prince . . . Think on that only.

Hal. Can you be strangled by th' accursed hands,
Of haggard Mutes? whose dumbness speaks more
horror

Than all th' insulting, barb'rous eloquence
Of cruel, talking Executioners:

Whose ever gloomy and unalter'd looks
Shew they are not more dumb, than deaf to pity.

Indeed for such plebeian souls as ours
It matters not; but is it fitting, Sir,

Is't fitting that a Prince born to command
The World, should suffer by th' unhallow'd hands

Of such detested Villains?

Sol. But what means
Are to be us'd for safety and prevention?

Cupr. The means are obvious; since we are em-
bark'd

In a design so dang'rous, we're oblig'd
To push the expedition on, with all

Our might, and drive our treasons to the head;
For nothing can secure us now from punishment

For our past actions, but atchieving greater.

Sol. I know not what you drive at.

Cupr. To be plain,
The Sultan must be ruin'd, or we perish.

Sol. Ha!

Hal. Why do you start, my Lord? 'Tis no new
thing

To see a Sultan tumbled from the Throne.

Sol. I'll hear no more o' this.

Cupr. What pity 'tis
That I had not your birth, or you my soul! . . .

A Prince without ambition! . . .
O monstrous contradiction! How it sounds!
For shame, Sir, lay aside these grov'ling thoughts,
Exert your Royalty, and be your self;
Or I shall grow your Rival, and suspect

That,

That, since one night gave being to us both,
 Our Mothers by consent exchang'd their Infants:
 And tho' I'm cheated of my glorious birth,
 You are the Vifirs Son, and I the Prince.

Hal. I must confess, I thought the Universe
 Could not have shewn a breast so void of fire,
 As to reject with coldness and disdain
 The Empire of the World. At such a proffer
 You should have bounded from the earth with trans-
 port;

Have thrown your eager arms about our necks,
 With sparkling eyes, and cheeks that glow'd am-
 bition,

And pray'd for thousand blessings on our heads.
 O how insensible, how spiritless
 Is he, whom all the dazzling charms of greatness,
 And uncontrol'd dominion cannot move!

Sol. My Friends, you are too violent, and mistake
 me;

I am not of so mortify'd a Spirit,
 As to reject the golden reins of Empire;
 But yet I am not so in love with pow'r
 As to dissolve the sacred ties of Nature,
 And break thro' all restraint of Law & Conscience,
 To make my self Lord of the Universe.
 No... I would sooner live and die in silence,
 Untalk'd of by the world, than gain a Throne
 By such illegal means...

Hal. But sure your Conscience must be over-nice,
 If you call that illegal and unjust
 Which Nature has commanded: Self defence
 Is her first principle... Think on your wrongs,
 Consider you can never injure him,
 Since he's th' unjust aggressor. Has he not
 Debarr'd you from the pleasures of the Court,
 Confin'd you to a Guard? and, what is worse,
 Has he not thrice attempted on your life?
 Which had infallibly been sacrific'd,

To satiate his unnat'ral thirst of blood ;
 Had not the Sultaneſs with pious fraud
 Cheated his cruelty.

Sol. All this I grant ;
 But were his crimes more num'rous than they are ,
 And he a blacker Devil than you make him ;
 Yet could I ne'er consent to urge his Fate ,
 Nor mount that Throne from which my Brother fell
 By lawless violence . . . As for our lives ,
 I know he dares not think a thought against them.
 For in this doubtful posture of affairs
 His int'reſt is to ſooth the populace ,
 Who by our deaths would be incens'd to madness.

Cupr. Suppose your Life be ſafe , which yet I
 queſtion ;

I'd ſooner die the moſt abhorr'd of deaths ,
 Than live as you do . . . Princes of the Blood ,
 And Brothers to the Sultan ? His Slaves rather ;
 Forc'd to comply with all his ſavage humours ,
 Abridg'd of pleaſure , and of liberty.
 For ſhould you dare to caſt an am'rous glance
 On one of thoſe innumerable Beauties ,
 Whom his unbounded luxury engroſſes ,
 Your head muſt pay the forfeit of your eyes.
 'Tis true ; when they grow ſtale and antiquated ,
 To you his generoſity reſigns 'em.
 He riotouſly enjoys their youth and bloom ,
 Then leaves their age , and ugleneſs to you.
 Himſelf he feaſts , but lightly puts you off
 With the vile ſcraps and leavings of his Luſt.

Sol. I prithee , Friend , no more.

Cupr. Yes , Sir , I've done ,
 Now you may go , impeach us to the Sultan ,
 (For you , I find , are rank'd among his Creatures)
 And take our lives , for ſaucily endeav'ring
 To make you happy ; and we'll die , my Friend ,

[To Hal,
 Without repining at our deſtiny ;

Since

Since *Solyman* has sworn to have it so.

Sol. You do me wrong by such unjust suspicions ;
My Friendship to you both is firm as ever :
Nor shall my aid be wanting to assist
Your plots against the Visir , and advance you
To those high honours which your merits claim.
But for my Brother's Fate . . . no more o' that.
My Friends , let me intreat you to retire ;
And leave me to my self . . .

Hal. We go , in hopes that when we meet again ,
Your Resolution will not be so strong
Against your int'rest . . . [*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*

Solyman solus.

No ; I am not in haste to hold the reins
Of this unmanageable Government ,
Oppress'd by its own weight , and lessen'd by its
greatness.

'Tis true , were ours , like other Monarchies ,
Founded on wholesome laws , supported by them ,
Aided by Senates ; or did King and People
Think it their int'rest to assist each other ,
Th' *Ottoman* Throne would then be worth ambi-
tion.

But what , alas ! is arbitrary rule ?
He's far the greater and the happier Monarch ,
Whose pow'r is bounded by coercive laws ;
Since while they limit , they preserve his Empire.
Yet what my fiery Friends have urg'd , has made
Some slight impression on me . . . *Mahomet*
With jealous eyes surveys me , thwarts my loves :
And keeps the youth of his Seraglio from me.
Which would indeed be insupportable ,
Did not my trusty confident *Marama*
By stealth convey to my desiring arms
Some of his choicest beauties : by her wit
I cheat the Sultan , and enjoy those pleasures
Which vainly he imagines all his own ,
And quite debarr'd from all the world beside.

Enter

Enter Marama.

My dear *Marama*...

Mar. O Sir, you're obliging :
But are my charms of such attractive force
As to extort that passionate expression ?
If so ; if I deserve that am'rous title ,
Why are you not content with my embraces
Which *Mahomet* allows you ? No... I'm old ,
And my decaying beauty is laid by ,
Scorn'd and despis'd : Those soft endearing words
Are not bestow'd upon me for my sake ;
But for their sakes , whom I by various arts
Persuade to make you happy ; so that now
I gain your Love by other womens charms ,
And only please by proxy.

Sol. No , thou'rt all amiable ; such sprightly wit ,
Such depth of thought , so fertile an invention
Shall ever claim the Love of all our sex ,
And wonder of thy own.

Mar. Well , slighted as I am , I yet am true ,
And give such proofs of my fidelity
As sure no Woman ever gave before ;
Nor ever will again , while I employ
My female cunning , plot , and rack my brain ,
To bring my happy rivals to your arms.
This very hour have I been lab'ring for you ;
Height'ning your character , and kindling love
In the most charming maid I ever saw.
With whom , though now she be but just arriv'd ;
I by the *Kislers* positive command ,
And my familiar manner of address ,
Already have contracted some acquaintance.
The *Kisler* (for what reason is a secret)
Seems not in haste to shew her to the Sultan ;
And she , as if not conscious of her beauty ,
Is not ambitious to appear before him.

These

These circumstances favour my design ;
Which you must now engage in : I've contriv'd
A way to guide you into her apartment ;
Where you may sigh and languish at her Feet,
T' express a passion which the sight of her
Must needs inspire you with.

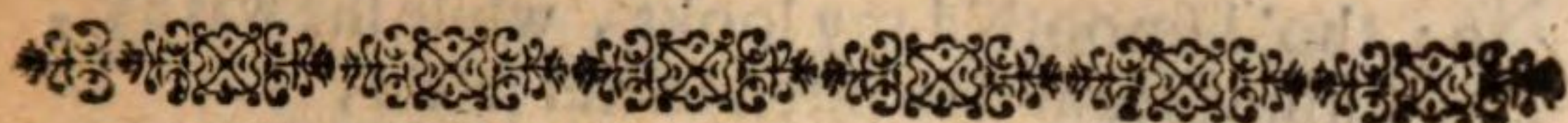
Sol. O my *Marama*,
Lead me this moment, lead me to that place
Where I may see this Master-piece of Nature ;
And then continue to assist my love,
And perfect what thou hast so well begun.
Dethrone my Brother ! No, there's no temptation.

[*Aside.*

I never envy'd him the toils of State ;
Now ev'n in Love I'm happier far than he.
For tho' he riots 'midst a thousand Beauties,
He wants the Lovers greatest happiness.
He his fair Slaves commands, and to his arms
They strait resign their unresisting charms ;
But I my plots and stratagems prepare,
And court at distance the refusing fair ;
While I from hope a silent joy conceive,
And ev'n my fears a doubtful pleasure give :
'Till she submits to Loves resistless laws,
And cures the sickness which her self did cause.

[*Exeunt.*





A C T. I I I.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E, Abras *Apartment.*

Enter Abra and Zaida.

A B R A.

THe loss of liberty to all mankind
Is most afflictive; but to my gay Sex,
And sprightly youth 'tis insupportable.
And yet this close confinement pains me less
Than separation from my much-lov'd Lord:
Were I with him in narrower bounds imprison'd,
Imprisonment it self would please; but since
His charming conversation is deny'd me,
I, like the melancholy nightingale,
Shut in a cage, and widow'd from her lover,
Should languish, droop, and pine my self to death,
If thou, my *Zaida*, faithful to my sufferings
Wert not admitted to me, to partake
My miseries, and mingle sorrow with me.

Zaid. Believe me, Madam, 'tis with great
concern

I view your tears; I cannot see you thus:
Let me intreat you, dry your beauteous eyes;
Dispel those clouds, and wear a chearful air,
Or I must call *Marama* to divert you.

Abr. Why woudst thou vex me more with the
remembrance
Of that eternal talker? She divert me!

C

No;

No; tho' I smooth'd my looks, while she was by,
 And smiling seem'd to listen to her tattle,
 So to prevent suspicion of my love;
 Yet know with pain and torture I endur'd
 The persecution of her merciless tongue.
 For nothing is more tedious to a wretch
 O'erwhelm'd with misery, than to dissemble
 His grief, and be deny'd to give it vent.
 And none are more impatient of impertinence
 Than the afflicted... How did she torment
 My suff'ring ears with ill-tim'd, idle mirth!
 With fulsom praises of the Prince's beauty,
 And with more nauseous flattery of my own!
 Why what's the Prince to me? Suppose his shape
 Be well proportion'd, and his air so charming;
 Yet why must I be teiz'd with such descriptions?

Zaid. Madam, I wish that part of her discourse
 Were so impertinent as you imagine.

Abr. What means my *Zaida* by those doubtful
 words?

Zaid. With reason I suspect 'twas not for nothing
 That she appear'd so zealous in his praise.
 I fear she has some deep design on foot,
 Which may occasion more uneasiness
 To you... But see, she has explain'd her meaning.

Enter Solyman and Marama.

Abr. Confusion, and surprize! Some Pow'r
 protect me!

*[Solyman comes forward, and throws himself at
 her feet.]*

Mar. I see she's fir'd; from her upbraiding looks
 She darts reproof, and chides me with her eyes.

Sol. See, Madam, at your feet a prostrate Prince
 Who led by your fam'd beauty hither comes
 (Tho' with apparent hazard of his life)
 To offer you his unpolluted vows;
 And melt you into love, or die before you.

Zaid

Zaid. Is this well done, *Marama*? ... Treach'rous woman!

Mar. Peace, Fool... Thy Mistress knows not her own int'rest,
If with affected coyness she refuse him.

Sol. You seem disorder'd, Madam; and I fear
I am th' unhappy cause of your disquiet.
I have been rude, and impudently press'd
Upon your privacy... But oh! your charms
Have taken ample vengeance on my folly
By causing more confusion in my Soul,
Than my intruding boldness can in yours.
What, not a look? O turn your beauteous eyes,
And with another glance confirm me dead,
If yet I live; ... for I have drank so deep
Of love, that it already has o'erwhelm'd
My reason, rais'd a tempest in my breast
Which racks my Soul; but oh! the mighty pleasure
Rises in just proportion to the torment,
And had you pain'd me less, you less had pleas'd me.

Zaid. I see resentment kindling in her looks;
As her surprize abates, her anger rises,
And indignation sparkles in her eyes.

Abr. Yes; you have seen me in confusion, Sir;
And think perhaps that one whom her misfortunes
Have made a Slave, will readily comply
With your first offer, and is fit for nothing
But to be made the object of affronts.
But, Prince, I must inform you...

Sol. O forbear;
Forbear, fair Excellence, to stab me through
With such unkind expressions... You a Slave?
'Tis my ambition, Madam, to be yours.
But all in vain; for still you are displeas'd...
Yet ev'n your anger charms, and you appear
Awfully fair, and lovely in your frowns.
Not our great Prophet's self enjoys such beauty
In the delicious groves of Paradise,

When on sweet beds of flow'rs...

Abr. If any thing
Can possibly be more offensive to me
Than flatt'ry, 'tis prophaneness...

Sol. Such sharp reproof ! pronounc'd with such
an accent,
And with a look so charmingly severe !
Relentless fates ! Ah ! why am I condemn'd
T' offend the only person in the world
Whom I desire to please ? Is't possible
That any wretch can be more curs'd than I ?
When ev'ry word you speak inflames my love ,
Yet adds to my despair.

Abr. Fly , Sir ; be gone ,
While yet you're fate ; your Brother will be here ,
And certain death you know's the consequence.

Sol. And certain death is welcome ; let it come
In the most ghastly shape it can put on ;
Yet your disdain will fill me with more horror ,
Than all its grisly terrors. Since my love ,
My spotless love offends you... Take my head ;
Let me intreat you , Madam , sacrifice it
To my inexorable Brothers rage.
Your love's my first desire , and death my second.
This favour sure you readily will grant ;
Such pity the displeas'd , the cruel *Abra*
Will not deny ev'n to her greatest Foe ,
The curst , the scorn'd , the hated *Solyman*.

Abr. I am not , Sir , desirous of revenge ;
And therefore pardon you on these conditions ,
That you withdraw , suppress this hopeless love ,
And leave me to enjoy that conversation
Which better suits my sex and circumstances.

Sol. Tho' dying misers with far less regret
Forfake their lands , and bags of hoarded gold ,
Yet , Madam , ev'n in this I will obey.
But when I'm parted from you , think , O think
The image of your charms is still before me ;

And

And when I sleep, (if any sleep can close
My weeping eye-lids) then my busie fancy
Presents to me in dream your lov'd idea.
And then reflect what pangs I must endure,
What melancholy days, and restless nights,
When I consider your relentless heart,
And my own lost condition... Think on this,
And then let pity plead in my behalf.
And you, kind Fair, (for in your looks I read
[To Zaida.

Goodness, and soft compassion) intercede
With your inexorable Mistress for me.
Be you my Advocate; exert your int'rest
In a distress'd, a dying Lovers cause.
And once more, Madam, e're I go, I beg you
[To Abra.

Remember in your hands my fate is lodg'd;
From you a curse or blessing I derive,
Die when you frown, but with your smiles revive.
[Ex with Mar.

Abr. My Smiles! vain Man! He seem'd to mock
my suff'rings;
For who e'er heard of smiling misery?
Alas! my *Zaida*, what a world of woe
Had Fate in store, what mighty funds of sorrow
T' increase the pressing weight of my misfortunes!
For oh! I fear the dismal consequence
Of this fond Princes passion... Haste, my *Zaida*,
Find out my Lord; and give him timely notice
Of what has happen'd.. [Exit *Zaida*.
How great is the mistake of our vain Sex,
Who think the number of their fond admirers
Alone can make 'em happy!... She indeed
Who unsubdu'd by Love his pow'r defies,
May with delight her num'rous conquests prize;
And view with careless air the triumphs of her
eyes.

But when those am'rous pains our breasts divide,

We find, in spite of our fantastick pride,
We should more true and lasting pleasure prove,
Were we belov'd by none, but those we love.

[Scene shuts.

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

Hal. The Prince in Love, you say... Had you inform'd me

That he's grown fond of Empire, you had told
A secret worth the hearing... But what use
Do you intend to make of this discov'ry?

Cupr. Be patient then, & in few words I'll tell you.
Not half an hour ago I met the Prince;
Who, tho' he seem'd impatient of delay,
And eager to be gone, abruptly told me
He was engag'd in an affair of love;
And just then going with his Spy *Marama*
To the apartment of a beauteous Virgin,
Who came this day to the Seraglio.
But that which makes directly for my purpose,
And which I ground my project on, is this:
As yet the Sultan has not seen this Beauty;
Nor is the *Kisler* forward to present her,
Nor she to be presented. *Solyman*

On this builds all his hopes... If he succeed,
And without difficulty gain his Mistress,
He never will be work'd into our Plot.
Wherefore our care must be t'inform the Sultan
Of this new Beauty; *Mahomet* has a heart
As soft to Loves impressions, as his Brother.
Then when the longing Prince perceives his hopes
Defeated, and his Mistress ravish'd from him
By that all-pow'rful Rival, he will need
No more persuasions to dethrone his Brother;
Since that's the only method he can take
To make him happy, in the full enjoyment
Of what he so impatiently desires.

Hal. Auspicious Plot! Sure mischief never thrives
Without the help of Woman... But which way
Shall

Shall we discover this important secret
To *Mahomet*?

Cupr. For that depend on me.
I have a female Creature in the Court;
Her I'll instruct to hint it to his ear,
And fire his jealousy . . . Ha! here again?

Enter Pyrrhus, the Kisser Aga, and Zaida.
New interruption from that hateful pair?
Away, retire; we must not be observ'd.

[*Ex. Hal. and Cupr.*

Pyr. Curs'd accident! . . . Sure some malignant
Planet

Which long has spar'd me, now of late begins
To shed on me its baleful influence.
A Rival! . . . This of all my mighty woes
Comes least expected; with vain flatt'ring hopes
I comforted my self, that her confinement,
However grievous to me, would at least
Secure me from the danger of a rival.
But now I am deny'd the wretched privilege,
Which ev'n from my misfortunes I enjoy'd.
But tell me, *Zaida*, has my Love receiv'd
The letter which I sent her? 'Twill perhaps
Be some refreshment to her troubled Soul
To read those lines, and bathe them with her tears.

Zaid. Before I left her, no such letter came
To her Apartment . . .

Kisl. I deliver'd it
To one of my attending, trusty Slaves;
With strict command to give it none, but her.

Pyr. But see, th'injurious robber of my rest
Appears . . .

Enter Solyman musing.

Kisl. The Prince! Pray, good my Lord, retire,
He must not see us two in consultation. [*Exeunt.*

Sol. Do I yet live? Or has Loves wondrous force
'Transform'd me to a Ghost? My frightened Friends
Will fly me soon, and shun my lonely walks.

O were that all, I might be happy still! . . .
 But she whom most I labour to pursue,
 She, she will fly me, hate me, scorn me, loath me;
 She will! . . . She has, she does; and 'tis not likely
 That she, who now rejects me with disdain,
 Should fall in love with my deformity,
 My meagre looks, and more than dying paleness.
 Tho' 'tis but just she should with pity view me,
 Since my deformity will be reflected
 From her all conqu'ring beauty; 'tis but just
 She should at last be kind, and with her love
 Repair the ruins which her scorn has made.

Enter Marama.

Mar. Alone, my Lord? You Lovers are so
 thoughtful . . .

Sol. O my *Marama*! do not mock my miseries;
 I swear 'tis now no time for trifling with me;
 I have no middle fate, but now must be
 Most wretched, or most happy.

Mar. Happy, Sir;
 For if my cunning, which ne'er fail'd you yet,
 Be not quite harass'd out, that scornful Fair
 Shall yet be yours.

Sol. I doubt it, dear *Marama* . . .
 Such keen reflections, such resentful looks,
 Such fix'd resolves shew more of hate than coyness.
 Canst thou not guess the cause of her severity?

Mar. I can.

Sol. O speak!

Mar. This paper will speak for me. [*Giving a Letter.*

Sol. What's here? Distraction! . . . To his faithful
 Abra . . .

Ha! *Absence* . . . *Vows* . . . *Fidelity* . . . For Souls
 Know no confinement . . . O the racking torture! . . .
 Wondrous familiar! But no name subscrib'd . . .
 How came you by this paper?

Mar. I met a Slave posting tow'rd her Apartment;
 Whom I, suspecting, stopp'd; and telling him

I was

I was her Friend, and intimate acquaintance,
And just then going to her, with smooth words
Persuaded him t' intrust me with his letter;
With promise to deliver it that minute.
At first he scrupl'd; ... But at length remembering
That he had seen me with her, slip'd the paper
Into my hand, and in a moment vanish'd.

Sol. Know you not whence it came?

Mar. The Slave was gone
E'er I could ask the question.

Sol. Curse on his haste.

May all...

But I'll not waste my curses on a Slave;
No... They shall all be carefully reserv'd
For this detested Rival... Whoe'er he be,
For ever blasted be the hand that wrote,
The heart that dictated these fond expressions,
May Fortune seem to smile upon their wishes,
But when they're just upon the brink of happiness,
Secure of disappointment, may she then
Sever their loves, and tear them from each other,
As thus... [*About to tear the Letter.*]

Mar. Hold, Sir, ... What would your fury do?
This paper must be carefully preserv'd;
Some of your Friends may by the character
Discover him who sent it.

Sol. I thank thy caution; rage and jealousy
Had almost turn'd my brain... O to compleat
The direful curses which I would denounce
Against that Foe who robs me of my quiet;
May he be satisfy'd he has a Rival,
And never know the person; so that he
May feel the pangs and throws which I endure;
And be as exquisite a wretch, as he
Who makes him so...

Enter Cuproli.

Cupr. My Lord, I came to find you.

Sol. Why then thou cam'st to find as very a Mad-
man

As ever rav'd in chains... Know you this hand?

Cupr. Perfectly as my own; it is the Visirs,
Too well I know that hated character,
Which sign'd me my Commission; which, if merit
Had been respected, that aspiring Fav'rite
Would have receiv'd from me, not I from him.

Sol. The Visir! ha! the Visir? O my *Cuprolì*,
Thy hate against him, if compar'd with mine,
Is mild as childrens love, or womens friendship.
In glory he's thy rival, mine in love;
Thee he debars from greatness, me from happiness;
Which nothing but his blood can e'er atone for.

Cupr. Now you're indeed a Prince: 'Tis Royal
anger,
But threats do nothing...

Sol. Nor shall my vengeance terminate in threats;
You know I am not us'd to menace thus,
And therefore may believe I am in earnest.

Mar. My company at present may be spar'd;
I will withdraw, and seek some other place,
Where I may do more service... [*Exit.*

Cupr. I do believe you; in your looks appears
Noble resentment, and you now resolve
(I read it in your eyes) to fill the Throne,
And bless your longing People with your reign.

Sol. O torture not my brain with curs'd Ambition;
To which I always was averse; but now
Much more than ever, since my lab'ring Soul
Is wholly taken up with thoughts of Love.

Cupr. Why 'tis your Love that I design to further;
The Visir stands betwixt your hopes and you:
Nor can you ever hurt a hair of his,
While *Mahomet* is able to protect him.

Sol. So you have often said.

Cupr. And 'tis too true;
Wherefore you either must contentedly
Forego your Mistress, or dethrone your Brother.

Sol. Why should he suffer for the Visirs fault?

My

My Brother's not my Rival . . .

Cupr. Say you so?

He is e'er this, unless my trusty Agent
Has plaid me false . . .

[*Aside.*

Sol. Retire, my worthy Friend;
Give me a moments thought, and I will follow,
And then impart my final resolution.

Cupr. Farewel, my Lord . . .; I see I have him sure;
For if my arguments prove ineffectual,
My project cannot fail; it matters not
Tho' I want Rhet'rick, since my stratagem
Will amply make amends for that defect. [*Exit.*

Sol. Forego my Love? No . . . sooner shall the
frame

Of Nature be unravel'd . . . yet my Soul
Shrinks at the horror of my Brothers fate;
And 'tis my first endeavour to complete
My happiness without disturbing his.
But if it be decreed that either he
Must quit his Throne, or I that charming maid;
My choice is made; it will be less unnat'ral
To break the tie of kindred than of Love.

Enter the Kisser Aga.

But see, here comes the Messenger of death.
I fear I am betray'd.

Kiss. My Lord, your ear;
Can you not guess my business?

Sol. Guessing, Sir,
Is not my talent; pray explain yourself,
And I may apprehend.

Kiss. I hear of late
You are grown the Sultans Rival in his pleasures.

Sol. Spare your preambles, and without more
preface

Speak your thoughts boldly; say in short you came
To give me notice of approaching death.

Kiss. Your fears are groundless: True, I know
your fault,

And

And must, my Lord, upbraid you for your rashness;
But not one drop of your illustrious blood
Shall through my information e'er be spilt.

Sol. Ha!

Kisl. Nay more; I came to proffer you my service;

And am so far from enterprising ought
Against your life, that I will stake my own
To make you happy.

Sol. You have so o'erpower'd me
With unexpected kindness, that my tongue
Is mute, and speech too scanty to express
My inward gratitude... I cannot thank you.

Kisl. Nor ought you pay your thanks 'till I deserve 'em,

Which I e'er long will do, for if my int'rest
In the Seraglio be worth desiring,
You may command it: She for whom you sigh.
She shall be yours; and sure that lovely maid
As much excels the Sultans other Beauties
As you the Sultan.

Sol. I can hold no longer;
My struggling gratitude must have some vent;
And since in words it cannot, thus it speaks,
And thus, and thus... [Hugs him.]

Kisl. Reserve your raptures for your Mistress's ear,

Whose beauty for your sake I will conceal
From *Mahomet*; mean while we may have leisure
For consultation, and contrive the means
To bring her to your arms... Your noble carriage,
And more than Princely qualities command
The service and respect of all that know you.
Therefore if any obstacle there be
Which may be prejudicial to your Love,
Tell it me, Sir, that I with timely care
May labour to remove it.

Sol. There is a dreadful one;

The

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 45

The Visir is my Rival.

Kisl. This goes well. [*Aside.*]

The Visir? Sure you have been mis-inform'd.

Sol. This Letter will convince you, which just now

I intercepted . . .

Kisl. Give it me, my Lord; [*Sol gives the Letter.*]
That I with this may prove his bold presumption,
And to his face confront him . . . Doubt not, Sir,
But I with threats shall force him to desist.

Enter Pyrrhus behind.

Sol. Now, *Mahomet*, thou art again secure;
I shall not need thy pow'r. [*Aside.*]

Pyr. What do I see?

My Friend in consultation with my Rival?

Sol. Words cannot utter
How much your generosity affects me;
You have this minute liv'd an age of Friendship;
And I will study to deserve your kindness.
Farewell . . . and be, if possible, as happy,
As you would make the grateful *Solyman*. [*Exit.*]

Kisl. That's very possible . . . Ha! here, my Lord?
You come in time . . .

Pyr. To witness to your falsehood.
Could I have thought I ever should have cause
T'upbraid your breach of faith?

Kisl. Nor have you now.

Pyr. Why do you shift the accusation from you?
Are you not false?

Kisl. I am, but not to you.
No, Sir . . . I could not give a better proof
Of my unviolated fidelity,
Than by this seeming falsehood . . . to you seeming.
But real to the Prince. For by the help
Of this pretended kindness I've recover'd
Your Letter, and disarm'd him of the pow'r
To do you mischief. [*Gives him the Letter.*]

Pyr. I apprehend, and must with shame applaud
Thy

Thy wit, and bleſs thy unexampled Friendſhip.

Kiſt. But what's yet more; I have by this remov'd
All that could make your Rival formidable.

Now I have laid his jealousie aſleep,

Which otherwiſe might have prov'd fatal to us.

And now perſuaded of my zeal to ſerve him,

What e'er I do for you, he will applaud

As done for him, and I ſhall have his thanks

For carrying on your int'reſt; nay yet more,

He will be wholly guided by my counſel,

And move as I direct him: Nay perhaps

His and *Maramas* cunning may be uſeful

To further our deſign, and you promote

Your int'reſt by th' aſſiſtance of your Rival.

Pyr. That ever I ſhould once ſuſpect ſuch truth,

Such wond'rous friendſhip! But thy plot was
wrought

Too fine for my dull ſight: . . . Canſt thou forgive
me?

Kiſt. My Lord, I cannot blame you;

If, when you heard and ſaw what paſs'd between
us,

Your good opinion of my truth was ſtagger'd,

E're you knew all . . . But come, no more of this;

Droop not, brave Sir, Fortune is yet your own,

And all theſe difficulties will e're long

Shed kinder influence, inhance your joys,

And only ſerve t'improve your happineſs.

Pyr. O! Bleſſings on thee, whoſe reviving words

Have rais'd me from the depth of black deſpair;

And once more giv'n me the delightful proſpect

Of my approaching bliſs . . . And now methinks

The clouds of our miſfortunes break away;

And ſpight of all the dangers which have threaten'd,

My Genius whispers I ſhall yet be happy.

And ſtill the more I think, my hopes riſe higher:

The lovely Creature's mine, I have her here;

Forever mine, . . O bleſſings inexpressible!

The

The bare reversion of which is better
Than the possession of all other pleasures . . .

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Where is that saucy Slave , that dares controul

My pleasures , and infringe my best prerogative ?
Ha ! Villain , have I found thee ? Tell me quickly !
How didst thou dare to keep the charming *Abra* ,
That miracle of beauty , from my sight ?

Kisl. Discover'd ! This unlook'd for accident
Has so amaz'd me , that I'm thunder-struck
And know not what to answer . . . [*Aside.*

Mah. What , speechless ?

Kisl. I must confess , your Majesty has much
Surpriz'd me by this unexpected question.
She whom you speak of is this day arriv'd ;
And therefore not yet fit t'appear before you ,
And shew her beauty at the best advantage.
Nor did I ever yet receive commands
To bring your charming Slaves to your embraces
Just at their first arrival.

Mah. But I hear

This is a Beauty of such uncommon excellence ,
That none who ever shone within my Court
Could match her dazzling brightness ; and if so
Thou shouldst have brought me the transporting
news

Of her arrival , with as great impatience
As if th' inferior Monarchs of the world
Were all unanimously come to lay
Their Scepters at my Footstool , and resign
The yet unconquer'd Globe . . .

Pyr. O give me patience. [*Aside.*

Kisl. Most mighty Emperor . . .

Mah. Peace , formal Slave ;
I have not time to hear thy dull excuses ;
Be dumb , and listen to my strict command.
I charge thee bring that lovely , charming maid
Into

Into the pleasant Grotto near the Palace;
 Ler her attend me there . . . Look thou obey me,
 Or by my hopes and boiling expectation
 Thy life shall answer it.

Pyr. Dread Sir, I hear
 The fury of the murm'ring populace
 Is ris'n so high, that they begin to threaten
 Your sacred life; and the seditious Soldiers
 Talk of revolting.

Mah. Most audacious traitors! . . .
 Be it your care to quell their mutiny;
 They shall not rob me of a moments pleasure.
 No... first I'll go where Love and Beauty call me;
 Then put on Majesty, and be all Monarch;
 Awe the presumptuous Rebels with my frowns,
 And look them into duty... As they say
 That celebrated King, the mighty *Jove*,
 Fatigu'd with Empire left his Throne above;
 And for a while enjoy'd the sweets of Love.
 Then tow'ring high to his sublime abode,
 Shook earth and seas with his Imperial Nod,
 Return'd to thund'ring, and resum'd the God.

[*Exit.*

Pyr. Sure 'twas a dream, and my deluding fancy
 Has scar'd me with a vision... Say, my Friend,
 Am I awake? And was the Sultan here?

Kis. Alas! he was . . .

Pyr. Then all, it seems, was real,
 And I'm the very wretch that Fate design'd.
 No... 'Tis impossible... It cannot be..
 Why but a moment since I was most happy,
 Secure of future ills... O! no... I was not...
 Then, then I dream'd, and fed on airy hopes,
 Which my own flatt'ring wishes form'd... But now
 Fortune has rous'd me from that pleasing sleep,
 To make me feel, and througly understand
 Substantial mis'ry... But I'll not complain;
 Women and cowards rail at their misfortunes...

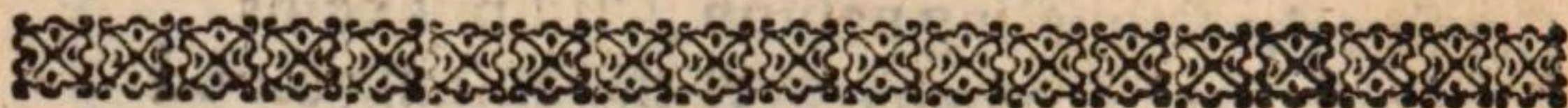
I will curb in my grief, and in my breast
Confine the struggling passion, 'till my veins
Are burst, and from my eyes the gushing blood
Start out instead of tears.

Kis. Capricious chance!
How swift a turn was this! ... Just as your hopes
Were elevated to the highest pitch,
And bore you to the clouds; they strait retreated;
And left you to despair.

Pyr. Ay, there's the torment.
So I have heard with equal suddenness
Ebbing prodigiously the Sea withdrew;
And quite defenceless left the scaly race.
The Dolphins which ere while with wanton pride
Spread their broad fins, and lash'd the foaming tide;
Vainly assay'd to suck the faithless flood
With heaving gills, and tumbled in the mud.
And whales which with their trunks the stars could
reach,
Now flounc'd and panted on the slimy beach.
So have my hopes, whose waves ere while ran
o'er,
And to the skies my tow'ring wishes bore,
Retir'd, and left me gasping on the shore.

[Exit]





A C T I V.

S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *A pleasant Grotto.*

Enter Solyman.

S O L Y M A N.

WHither will love and furious jealousy
Hurry my resolution? Certain death
I know attends me, should the trembling leaves,
Or the least murmur of my breath betray me.
Yet here I'll hide my self, and here unseen
Observe, and listen to the Sultan's courtship;
And see how he can move that cruel Beauty.
Vain hopes! ... His pow'r will force what she denies.
And yet, my Friend the *Kisler's* project cheers me,
Who promises to bring her to the Sultan
With six more virgins, who for youth and beauty
May challenge all but her; them he adorns
With all th' embellishments that art can give,
That *Mahomet* by such variety
Of objects may be puzzled in his choice;
And all to help my love ... Hark! They approach.
[Retires.]

Enter the Kisler Aga with Abra.

Kisl. Compose your self, dear Madam, dry your
eyes,
And smoothe our looks; your grief must be conceal'd.
Should you appear in tears before the Sultan,

p

You

You would inspire him with a jealous rage,
Which may perhaps prove fatal to us all.

Abr. I'll do my best endeavour, tho' I fear
My sorrows are too great to be dissembled.

Enter Eunuchs with six Women of the Seraglio: The Kisser places them with Abra. Then enter Mahomet, and seats himself.

A Symphony of soft Musick, after
which this Song.

Happy Monarchs who with beauty
Tiresome cares of State beguile;
Whose fair Subjects pay their duty
In consenting looks and smiles.
Who from the noisie Battle comes,
From the shrill Trumpets clangor, and the thund'ring
drums;
With Loves soft accents to compose
His Passion, ruffled by his foes.
And happy she, whose eyes can dart,
A killing shaft to reach his heart:
For sure more glory can no Female have,
Than she whose charms this Conqueror can enslave;
Who the Worlds Lord her sighing captive views,
And in their mighty Monarch all Mankind subdues.

[After the Song, the Sultan rises, and singles out
Abra: Eunuchs go off with the rest of the Women:
The Kisser retires to a corner of the Stage.

Mah. How comes it, Fair-one, that your down-
cast looks

Speak you uneasie and dissatisfy'd
 With that high honour, which your beauty claims,
 And which my love confers? Believe me, Maid,
 Not one of those, whom for your sake I slighted,
 Would with indiff'rence have receiv'd my passion:
 Excess of joy would make their charms more florid,
 And pride would redden in their flushing faces,
 Glow in their checks, and sparkle in their eyes.
 But discontent sits low'ring on your brow,
 And by the coldness of your air you seem
 To disapprove my choice.

Abr. Your pardon, Sir,
 If conscious of my own unworthiness,
 And dead to all ambition, I appear
 The less transported with your Royal favours.
 My want of merit mortifies my pride;
 Nor can I with full satisfaction wear
 Those honours which I never can deserve.

Mah. Or rather conscious of your matchless
 worth,
 You rate your beauty at so high a value,
 That nothing human, in your tow'ring thoughts,
 Is worthy to possess it.

Abr. Sacred Sir....

Mah. Or else in pity to your captive Monarch
 You strive to cloud your brightness, and restrain
 The lightning of your eyes, lest on the spot
 Its force should flash me dead... But 'tis in vain...
 You cannot check the killing darts of love;
 Spight of your self you please, and in one moment
 The glory of your conquest is compleated.

Abr. Confound me not with shame, nor call up all
 The blood that warms my trembling heart, to fill
 My cheeks with blushes.

Mah. Why it matters not;
 Whether you blush, or weep, or smile, or frown;
 You always charm; nor can you coin your face
 To an unpleasing shape... Therefore no more

Of little doubts and fears ; this very hour
You shall be happy in your Sov'raigns arms,

Abr. O never, Sir.

Mah. Ha ! never ? Who am I ?

Abr. What have I said ? Forgive me, Royal Sir ;
My tongue bely'd my thoughts ... But I recall
Those words ; I am your Slave , and must obey.

Mah. My Slave ! and must obey ! No , think not,
Fair-one ,

That I resolve to ravish like a Tyrant ,
What your coy virgin modestly denies.
I will forget the Monarch , and lay by
My Royalty ; then court you like a Slave ;
Sigh at your feet , and woo you to compliance,

Abr. Forbid it Fate , that Sov'reign Majesty
Should so far be degraded , as to stoop
Beneath the lowest and most abject wretch
That ever bore misfortune.

Mah. Ha ! no more ,
No more o' that , my love ; why I am Fortune ,
And whosoe'er I smile on must be happy.
Therefore enlarge thy wishes , and demand
Whatever happiness thy thoughts can form ;
And by our Prophet's Soul I swear to grant it.

Abr. Then thus , Sir , prostrate at your Royal
feet [Kneels.

I humbly crave no other boon than this ;
Restore me to my self , and (so may all
Your joys be crown'd) dismiss me from your Court.

Mah. Not for the Empire of ten thousand Worlds ...
My oath , however solemn , binds me not

T' impossibilities ... What ? Live without thee ?

As well thou may'st desire me to forego

My Soul , my self , and live without my life.

But tell me , stubborn Fair , what have you seen

For which you thus decline your happiness ,

And keep me at this distance ? Speak , what is it

That makes you thus averse to love and glory ?

54 ABRA-MULE: or,

Abr. O question me no more... I dare not speak.

Mah. What do you fear? My presence cannot awe you?

To you I am no Monarch.

Abr. I'm a virgin.

Mah. Well.

Abr. And prize my honour dearer than my life.

Mah. Make you no difference then between the actions

Of Kings and common Men? By my embraces
Your virtue is not fully'd, but ennobled
Above its native worth; as my effigies
Stamp'd on my Coin adds value to the metal.

Abr. O do not, Sir, delude me with false arguing;
The greatest Monarchs actions cannot make
Virtue of vice; as by your Royal image
Silver's not chang'd to Gold, nor brass to Silver.
Therefore I beg you, Sir... [Kneels.

Mah. Rise, Empress, rise...
For from this moment be that title thine;
Such beauty join'd with such transcendent virtue
Deserves no less... Here, take her to thy care.

[To the Kisser.
Droop not, fair Excellence; your chastity
Shall not be violated... Holy rites
Shall make us one, and justifie our pleasures.
Let some of the attending Eunuchs wait

[To the Kisser.
On her to her Apartment, but return
Thy self, and instantly attend me here.

[Exit Kiss. with Abr.
Prodigious change! That a licentious Monarch
Who many years with boundless luxury
Has rioted on beauty, should at last
Become as very a sighing, whining lover,
As e'er Romance or Poetry could form!

Re-enter the Kisser-Aga.
Prepare my Royal presents, and attend

The

The beauteous *Abra* with Imperial Robes;
And let her have for her peculiar residence
One of the Sultaneſs's rich Apartments.

Kiſt. Your Maſteſty ſhall be obey'd.

Mah. To-morrow

I'll viſit her, and reinforce my ſuit.

'Till now I knew not what it was to love;

My looſe deſires deſerv'd a fouler name.

But this fair charmer has refin'd my Paſſions,

And with her virtue taught me to admire

The beauties of the Mind: Therefore for her

I will endure the tedious toil of courtſhip.

Let me be happy in this am'rous Siege;

And I'll forgive the Fates the loſs of *Buda*.

And ſure I ſhall ſucceed: She's more than mortal,

If ſhe reſiſt me; when the charms of Empire

Shall join their forces, her great Soul to move,

With all the ſoft artillery of love. [*Exit.*

Kiſt. So! now 'tis finiſh'd... Cruel Deſtiny,

Thou haſt done thy worſt, and I deſie thee now.

Enter Pyrrhus.

Pyr. O Friend...

Kiſt. My Lord?

Pyr. Why doſt thou ſpeak ſo coldly?

Canſt thou not call me Friend?

Kiſt. I cannot.

Pyr. Why?

Kiſt. Becauſe it is not juſt you ſhould be mine
Unleſs I could be yours.

Pyr. Why art thou not?

Kiſt. I would be.

Pyr. Then thou art.

Kiſt. But cruel Fortune...

Pyr. Why Friendſhip is above the reach of Fortune,
Not to be rated from the blind events

Of giddy chance... But thou haſt ſpoken this

Only to wave the horror of my fate,

And mollifie my Sentence... But no more;

Pronounce my doom, for I can bear it now...
 And yet thou needst not; thy despairing looks
 Have told me all the tragick tale already.

Kisl. My Lord, I would advise you to be calm;
 Summon the force of reason to your aid;
 And think no more of this unhappy Beauty.

Pyr. Alas! Thou know'st not what thou wouldst
 advise;

My Love is grown essential to my Soul;
 And can no more be shaken off than that.
 'Tis no wild sudden start of youthful blood;
 But utterly disclaims the name of *Passion*,
 And is the great and regular desire
 Of happiness implanted in us all;
 That spring which turns the universal wheel
 Of human actions... Therefore talk no more
 Of that... But, as thou sayst, I will be calm;
 And not disparage with undecent sorrow
 My great misfortunes... But proceed, my Friend,
 And tell the circumstances of my Fate.

Kisl. I have not leisure now, I must be gone
 With speed to execute the Sultans orders;
 But as we go I will inform you all.

Pyr. Yet e're thou stir, I will prevail with thee
 To grant me one request.

Kisl. What's that, my Lord?

Pyr. To let me see her, e're I leave the world.

Kisl. Ah! Sir, why would you urge your fate,
 and mine?

Pyr. Not for the World, no not for the enjoyment
 Of her I love, would I the least endanger
 The safety of my Friend...
 Of thee I only beg to be directed
 To her apartment; I alone will dare
 The anger of the Sultan.

Kisl. I have thought on't,
 And you shall go.

Pyr. Now blessings on thy head.

Kisl.

Kisl. But you must condescend to be disguis'd,
Put on a *Negros* gloomy face, and take
An Eunuchs dress.

Pyr. O any thing, my Friend...
I've heard the Pow'rs themselves of old for love
For less than mine have left their starry Thrones,
And hid their dazzling forms in brutal shapes;
Less charming were the Beauties which they sought,
And more their condescension.

Kisl. Mahomet
Will not renew his visit'till to-morrow;
Wherefore to-day you may with little hazard
In that disguise be brought to her apartment.

Pyr. For me there is no danger of discov'ry;
Since nought remains but death, and sure despair.

Kisl. No, I have yet some faint remains of hope,
Perhaps I may inflame with jealousy
The Sultane's proud, imperious spirit
To such a height, that her unbounded rage
Ev'n now may furnish her with means to part them.
[*Exeunt.*]

Solyman from his covert.

'Tis well... My love is in a hopeful way...
The Sultan burns, and languishes like me;
And tho' he wants her love, he has her person,
And may complete his wishes when he pleases.
The Visier, tho' he wants her person, yet
Enjoys her love; only th' abandon'd *Solyman*,
Curs'd with ill stars, born in a luckless minute,
Has nothing of the lover, but the torment.
And yet, to make me more contemptible,
I am become the sport of a curs'd slave;
Abus'd and cheated by that hellish Eunuch.
Confusion! I want patience to endure
A thought of this... Must I be made their engine?
Their under tool, to truckle to my Rival?
O! I shall burst with fury, if my Friends,
Whom I appointed to attend me here,

58 ABRA-MULE: or,

Come not to my relief . . . I must go seek them
To vent my rage, and ease my burden'd Soul.

Enter Haly and Cuproli.

O you are come in time to my assistance,
To help me . . .

Cupr. What?

Sol. Curse.

Hal. Curse whom?

Sol. The Sultan, Visier, *Kisler*, all the world.

Cupr. The provocation?

Sol. I want breath to tell you;

Unless you'll help me to discharge my fury,
By thund'ring death and vengeance on their heads.

Hal. Then you have lost your Mistress.

Sol. Past recovery.

Cupr. What, is she dead? . . .

Sol. She is to me.

Cupr. The Sultan has enjoy'd her?

Sol. No; but he is resolv'd.

Cupr. And you stand here,

And bravely bid us curse him . . . Is't not so?

Sol. Ha!

Cupr. My Lord, I wear a sword to do you service;
But for that womanish valour, noise and railing...
Your pardon, Sir . . . 'Tis not a Soldiers talent.

Hal. Is it a time to curse in this nice juncture,
When niggard Fate allows you not a day
To manage an affair of such importance?

You must, before to-morrows dawn, depose
Your Brother, or for ever lose your Mistress.

Sol. What I have heard and seen has wrought more
with me

Than all that you can urge . . . Yes, I've resolv'd
T'ascend the Throne; and you can witness for me,
That I've been tender of my Brothers Fate;
And drove it to the last extremity,
Before I would consent to act this violence.
But now his doom is fix'd; propose the means.

Cupr.

Cupr. The Vifirs ruin smoothes the way to his.
You must begin with him.

Hal. At your desire
The threat'ning Army will surround the Palace,
And with one gen'ral voice demand his head.

Sol. No . . . I've more artfully contriv'd his death...
He is the Armys Idol; and besides
Such violent proceedings may be dang'rous:
But I will order matters with such conduct,
That *Mahomet* shall of his own accord
Pronounce his Fav'rites doom, and by his ruin
Be instrumental to his own destruction.

Cupr. That were indeed a masterly contrivance.

Sol. The Vifir, aided by that other Friend,
The *Kisler Aga*, has with him agreed
To visit his lov'd *Abra* in disguise:
And apprehends no danger of discov'ry,
Because the Sultan, 'till to-morrow morning,
Resolves t' absent himself from her apartment.
Now I will plant my Spies t' observe their motions,
And give me notice when they are secure:
And then you know there are a thousand ways
To give the Sultan secret intimation
Of this design: He, fir'd with jealous rage,
Will fly to her apartment, and surprize them
Perhaps in their embraces . . . Then what follows
Your selves may guess.

Cupr. This cannot fail; let's instantly about it.

Sol. Yes, I'll dispatch... And e're the Sun has finish'd
One revolution more, he shall behold
A greater in this Empire . . . Beauteous *Abra*!
Sure never were there charms like thine, on which
The Fate of this great Monarchy depends.
Let dull Astrologers foretel the doom
Of Kingdoms from the Stars, & with their Schemes
And calculations cheat the giddy crowd:
More ruling is the aspect of thy beauty,

Than

Than that of those bright Orbs... To States and
Empires

More fatal influence flashes from thy eyes,
Than all those glitt'ring balls that light the skies.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Changes to a magnificent
Apartment.*

*Abra and Zaida. Imperial Robes lying on
the Table.*

A B R A.

Sure, my dear *Zaida*, such ill Planets rul'd
My birth, that 't is above the pow'r of Fortune
To make me happy...

Why was I singled out from all my Sex
To be this gaudy wretch? to be advanc'd
To this great Empire; when so many Millions
Would be transported with those envy'd honours
Which she has heedlessly misplac'd on me,
For all this grandeur serves but to refine
My woes, and dignifie my great misfortunes:
These sparkling Gems, and chains of Orient Pearl,
This glitt'ring gold, and these gay costly robes
Serve only to enrich and gild my mis'ries,
And make me wretched with more pomp & splen-
dor.

Zaid. Be comforted, dear Madam; time perhaps
Will reconcile you to Imperial greatness,
And make these heavy robes of State sit easie.

Enter the Kisser Aga, and Pyrrhus in disguise.
But see the *Kisser* comes, your kind assister;
Perhaps he brings you comfort from your Lord...

Ah!

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 61

Ah! no... He comes attended with a Slave;
I fear some fatal message from the Sultan.

[The Kisser comes forward.]

Abr. Ah! Sir, what tidings now? Tell me,
what hope?

How is my Lord?

Pyr. Embracing her.] Beyond expression bless'd,
While thus he clasps the most elaborate pattern
Of human excellence... Thou all perfection...
My life... My Soul...

Abr. O! ...

[Swoons]

Zaid. She faints...

[Physician:]

Pyr. Stand off; my love will prove the best
The warmth of glowing kisses shall infuse
Fresh spirits, and renew the sprightly motion
Of her unactive pulses... Speak, my love,
'Tis I, thy *Pyrrhus*... Sure my voice will raise thee:
Wake from thy trance, lift up thy heavy lids,
And bless me with the lustre of thy eyes.

Abr. 'Tis he himself, my dear, my only Lord...
And now the conflict of tumultuous passions,
Which quite o'erpower'd my Soul, & bore me from
my self,

Is sunk into a calm... Doubt, hope, and fear
Are vanish'd, and have wholly left my breast
To fierce transporting joy... Too well I know
The lines of that ador'd majestic face
To be deceiv'd; nor can the pow'r of art
Disguise thee from my love...

Pyr. Thou kindest, faithfulest of all thy sex;
I almost fear'd that this vile servile dress,
And th'artificial *Negro* in my face, [me,
Would hide me ev'n from thee; & make thee loath
Fly my embraces, and disown my arms.
And 'tis indeed prepost'rous, while I join
This grim complexion with that charming face;
Throw my black arms about thy snowy neck,
And fully thus its whiteness... O my love,

Suits

Suits this base habit with those Royal robes ;
Or a great Empress with an abject Slave ?

Abr. Yet are our Souls well pair'd , & fit each other ;
No matter for the outside ; and believe me
Thou charm'st me more , my Love , in this disguise ,
Than once thou did'st when deck'd in shining
armour ,

And all the dreadful gaiety of war ,
Thou cam'st to pour thy thunder on my foes ;
And rescue me from those curs'd ravishers.
Tho' then , when I beheld thy wondrous port ,
Gen'rous compassion mix'd with awful Majesty ;
I in a moment gaz'd my Soul away ,
And languish'd , sigh'd , and dy'd upon the object.

Pyr. What was my transport then ? When first I
saw thee

Trembling , and in confusion , pale and redd'ning
By turns , when all thy charms were in a hurry ;
And the retreating , and returning blood
Surpriz'd me with vicissitude of beauty.
How did my heart... But 'tis unutterable ;
No words of rapture can express my passion ,
Nor how I since have lov'd. And yet 'tis pleasant
To think and recollect our past delights.
I may look backward then , forward I dare not ;...
For 'tis a gloomy prospect ; and my Soul
Starts at the horror...

Abr. O... h.

Pyr. Why do you sigh ?

Abr. Can you ask ?

[question

Pyr. 'Tis true indeed , our woes have made that
Impertinent... Well... you may weep your fill...
I'll not deny you your sad share of grief ;
It is your due , and 'twould be great injustice
To bar you of your right... But speak , my love ,
Didst thou not say I rescu'd thee ?

Abr. You did.

Pyr. I rescu'd thee indeed... But oh ! ... for whom ?

I have but won thee from less pow'rful foes
To yield thee to a greater ; and from him
How shall I rescue thee ? . . .

Abr. Some kind Pow'r instruct you.

Pyr. No, they have still been deaf to all my pray'rs;
Cross'd my designs, and frown'd upon my love.
I am as weak, and helpless as thy self;
And all that I can do is now to join
My tears with thine, to sob upon thy breast;
And vent my sorrows in unmanly wailing. [ever...

Abr. Since then 'tis doom'd that we must part for

Pyr Ha! part forever! Let me think on that! ...
Eternal separation... racking thought!

'Tis not to be endur'd... Can I bear this?

To lose thee now, when I've so long pursu'd thee
Through the dark mazes of uncertain chance?

When by long custom, and an age of love

Thou'rt rooted and ingrafted in my heart?

Or can I think with patience that another

Rifles thy charms, and dies... No, I'll not bear it,

But fly this very moment to thy rescue;

Tear off this slavish, this disgraceful habit,

And put on armour; lead my conqu'ring troops

Against my Master; and by force of arms

Compel the lawless Tyrant to resign thee. [passion

Kisl. My Lord, you rave; your fierce, unbridled

Transports you into frenzy; else you would not

Talk with such heat of things impossible.

Pyr. Ah! cruel Friend, why wouldst thou stop
my madness

With ill-tim'd reason? While my rage was hot

I was insensible of my misfortunes;

But now I'm cool my festring sorrows smart,

And I'm relaps'd into a Coward... Oh

Bear me, my Love, support me on thy bosom;

Or I shall sink beneath my pond'rous woes,

And at thy feet expire...

Abr. Alas! my Lord, if your great martial spirit
Be

Be quite unmann'd, and melted into softness;
 How shall a poor weak womans tender Soul
 Bear up beneath the pressing weight of sorrow?
 Your torments all are trebled in my breast;
 And I have far more need of you to prop
 My sinking body... Oh! ... My boding heart
 Tells me, my Lord, these are our last embraces,
 And we shall never, never meet again.

Pyr. Then... to prevent it... We will never part...
 This is my fix'd and final resolution.

Abr. What means my Love?

Pyr. Mean?... Canst thou ask the question?...
 Thou wouldst not have me leave thee...

Abr. Not leave me?

Pyr. No.

Abr. You shall, you must.

Pyr. Is't possible?

Do I hear this from thee?

Abr. Alas! he raves...

[you are:]
 Call home your thoughts, my Lord; think where
 You die, if you're discover'd.

Pyr. Death is certain,
 Whether I stay or no... For canst thou think
 I will survive that hour (Oh! hold my brain!...)
 Which yields thy beauties to the Sultans bed?
 Oh! never... Death then either way is certain...
 But by the desp'rate choice which now I make,
 The few remaining minutes of my life
 Shall all be spent in gazing on thy charms,
 In kisses and embraces... 'Till to-morrow
 The Sultan will be absent; this (tho' short)
 Is better than an age of vulgar life.
 Thus shall I manage to the best advantage
 Each precious moment... Ev'n in deaths last pangs
 My closing eyes shall view thee; and my ears
 Drink in the Musick of thy charming accents:
 Thy dear lov'd name shall cool upon my lips
 The last, or die unfinish'd on my tongue.

Abr.

Abr. Nay, then indeed I am completely wretched;
 Since I am forc'd to beg in vain for that
 Which, if obtain'd, is worse than death ... O fly,
 Fly, my dear Lord... Since your own life is valu'd
 At nothing by you, let my danger wake you;
 Think how you can endure to see me die.

Pyr. I know the Sultans love will save thy life;
 He'd sooner stab himself than thee... Too well
 I know thy pow'r to apprehend that danger.

Abr. What shall I do to save him? Yet in pity
 To me, consider what I must endure,
 To see thee in thy last convulsive agonies;
 Strangled by impious hands before my face,
 Gasping for life, and sobbing out thy soul...
 Oh! Horror! ... Dismal image! ... Speak you,
 Sir ...

[To the Kisser.

Persuade him from this frenzy ... Sure you will,
 Unless, like him you too have lost your senses;
 Quite doz'd and stupify'd with our misfortunes.

Kiss. My Lord, you must comply; & let our pray'rs
 Divert you from this desp'rate resolution.
 For tho' that Fair one may be safe, your self
 And Friend must both inevitably perish.

Pyr. My Friend! ... Oh! whither have my
 thoughts been wandring,
 That I should be regardless of thy safety?
 That thought indeed has broke my firm resolves...
 And now I go... It cannot, will not be...

My Soul is quite unable to command
 My body, or my body to obey...
 Go? Leave such excellence? ... No; rather banish
 All reason, common sense, and be a villain,
 Be any thing, do, suffer any thing,

Rather than part ... Again at this distraction? ...
 What! Be a Villain? ... Insupportable ...

O pardon me, my Friend ... And lest I should
 Relapse again, sound Villain in my ears ...

Yes... I am conquer'd now... I'd sooner suffer

E

Death,

66 ABRA-MULE: or,

Death, fire, racks, wheels, impalements, ev'n
the pangs

Of losing her; nay, after that, of life, [passion
Than wrong my Friend... And lest impetuous
Again should blind my reason, I will go

This minute ... Yet ... once more ... one last
embrace ...

And then ... farewell... for ever ...

[Just as he is going off.

Enter Mahomet attended.

Mah. Ha! so familiar! clasp'd in their embraces.
Just as I was inform'd... But is it possible?

Is this my choicest Fav'rite? ... Art thou *Pyrrhus*?

Pyr. Sultan, I am.

Mah. Prodigious insolence! ...

Presum'st thou then to brave me to my face,

And thus avow thy black ingratitude?

Dost thou not blush? ... But thou dost well to screen

Thy impudence with *Ethiopian* night;

That black complexion suits thy guilty mind,

And th'ignominious habit of a Slave

Becomes thee well... A Gen'ral's warlike dress

Disguis'd thee most... This is thy proper garb,

And well befits thy base, degen'rate Soul.

Pyr. I tell thee, Sultan, this unkingly railing
Reflects more scandal on thy self, than me.

How canst thou brand me with that hateful vice

Which I disdain to name? Me who have prop'd

Thy sinking Throne, and crown'd thy Arms with
conquest.

Ev'n by this act for which thou now upbraid'st me,

I wrong thee not; for know the beauteous *Abra*

Has long been mine before she saw thy Court.

And if thou force her from me, I retort

That nauseous word, and tell thee, thou'rt
ungrateful. [Creature thine?

Mah. Thine, Villain, thine? That lovely
By what... But I'll not parly with my Slave;

Away

Away to death with that audacious traitor ;
Whose unexampled boldness so amaz'd me ,
That I'd almost forgot I was a Monarch.
Quick instantly , dispatch . . . I will not hear him.

Abra. O spare him , save him , spare your
Heros life ;
His love . . .

Mah. Dar'st thou , ungrateful , intercede ?
Did not thy charms protect thee , thou shou'dst
bleed.

But tho' thy Beauty fires me , yet I hate thee !
And know , 'tis more love of my self than thee ,
That saves thee from my fury.

Abr. Barb'rous Tyrant . . .
O pardon , Sir , that heedless , rash expression . . .
You are all that's good , majestick , great & noble ;
I will embrace and kiss your Royal feet ,
Do any thing to save his precious life.

Mah. Fool that thou art by this fond intercession
To wing his Fate . . . Why , for thy sake he dies :
Nor can st thou study more effectually
To plead against him , than by pleading for him.

Abr. Will nothing mollifie that flinty heart ?
Unless you instantly reverse his Sentence ,
No promises nor threats , no racks nor crowns
Shall urge me to comply with your desires.
But if . . .

Mah. Speak on , for I can listen now.

Pyr. I charge thee hold ; I bar that fatal compact . . .
Think'st thou to save my life by this compliance ?
No , no , my love . . . The thought of that will end me
Sooner than his commands ; then thou wilt be
My murd'refs , & my dying breath shall curse thee.

Mah. Confusion ! . . . How he trifles with my fury !
Away , ye Villains , bear him to his death ;
And let that hellish Slave , his base accomplice ,
[*Points to the Kisser.*
The abetter of his treasons , share his fate.

Off, traitress...

Abr. Yes, I'll leave thee, Tyrant, Monster,

[Rising, drops a Letter.]

Shun thy loath'd fight, and fly from the most hated
To the most lov'd of Men... O my dear Lord!

Thus will I grow for ever to thy breast,
And die with thee; his rage shall never part us.

Mah. Give me a dagger... I'll defer no longer
My just revenge... No, Serpents, I'll not part you;
But join you closer, nail you to each other...

Ha! stay a moment... This may discover more.

[Just going to stab'em, spies the Letter.]

'Tis that detested Villain's character...

Curse on your kindness... Ha! Another Rival!

Another Rival mention'd in this Letter...

Where will my tortures end? But yet 'twas lucky
I stab'd 'em not before I spy'd this paper?

Then had this unknown Traitor 'scap'd my ven-
geance.

Abr. So he shall stil for me; I'll ne'er discover him.

Mah. Why, dost thou love him too?...

Abr. No... He's of all Mankind, except thy self,
The utmost object of my scorn and hate;
But I will shelter him from thy revenge,
To make him instrumental to my own.

Mah. I understand thee not, thou talk'st in
riddles...

What e'er thou mean'st, I scorn thy foolish threats.
But I shall yet unfold this mystery;

Since she persists so obstinate, speak thou; *[To Pyr.]*
Thou wilt not sure protect thy hated Rival.

Pyr. Yes, since I can no more be injur'd by him,
I'll shield him from thy fury... My great Soul
Disdains to stoop to such a mean revenge.

Nor will I stain my honour at my death,
By such a base and cowardly impeachment.

Mah. So resolute!... Yet we shall find a way...
Let him be rack'd, 'till he reveal this secret.

Pyr.

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 69

Pyr. The rack! How I despise thy feeble menaces!
I thought thou had'st known me better, than to think
That torments can unhinge my resolution.

Abr. O cruelty!... I cannot bear that thought...
Your other Rival is...

Pyr. O hold...
Thou may'st perhaps repent this rash discov'ry...
Besides, I know and see it in his eyes,
His rage is now so high, that this impeachment
From thee, or any other but my self,
Will not prevent the torments, he has threaten'd.

Mah. Thou counsell'st well; I take thee at thy
word;
Nothing shall do it, but thy own confession,
Which, spight of thee, racks shall at last extort.

Abr. He has no sense of manly bravery,
But thinks all Souls as little as his own.

Mah. I thank thee... Thou dost well to rail away
My foolish qualms of Love which curb'd my ven-
geance;
And let my fury loose to blast you both.
Again at their embraces... Oh distraction!
Guards seize 'em both, and drag 'em both to
death...

Come back, ye Slaves, he dies that touches her;
Where is thy fury now?

Abr. Why think'st thou, Tyrant,
To gain my favour by thy foolish mercy?
My death had pleas'd me more.

Mah. I know it, Sorc'refs;
Therefore thou shalt not die... No, I've resolv'd
At once to satiate my revenge, and love.
Tear 'em asunder, and then bear her hence.

Abr. Farewel my Love; when thy great Soul
has left

Thy tortur'd body, stay a moment for me,
Hover a while in this inferior region;
I shall o'ertake thee soon... Then we'll defie

This haughty Tyrants rage, and mount together.
[Exit.

Mah. Guards, execute your orders on those
Slaves...

Pyr. Without reluctance I embrace my doom;
But should indeed deserve the odious brand
Of foul ingratitude, should I conceal
Your danger; for you're still my Royal Master,
Tho' Love has made this fatal breach between us.
And thus submissive I implore your pardon. [Kneels
For all th' indecent words my rage has utter'd.
Be careful of your safety... I suspect
Some form'd design against your Government;
And still (ev'n since I've known you for my rival)
Have labour'd to prevent it. Think not this
A base submission to prolong my life;
I would not now accept of such a favour.

Mah. 'Tis false... But think not thou shalt thus
disarm [order'd;
My vengeance... Guards, do as you first were
Let him, as I commanded, bear the rack;
He well deserves it, if for nothing else,
Yet for this faucy love... His crime's the same
With his who rival'd the great thunderer:
Therefore it is but but just his punishment
Should be the same which that rash fool endur'd.
O were it in my pow'r to make his pains
As lasting too; like that, this bold *Ixion*
Should suffer in a circle of fresh woe;
A round of still returning torment feel,
And groan out ages on the racking wheel. [Exit.

Pyr. See her no more! O harsh decree of Fate!
And then to think what will become of her,
Left to a Tyrants rage... That's double torture...

Offic. My Lord, we must obey the Sultans order,
By leading you to death.

Pyr. Ha! well remember'd!
My Soul was so entirely taken up

With

With thoughts of her, that lost in contemplation,
I swear I had forgot I was to die...

Nor is it strange... I've more than dy'd already,
Have born a far more cruel separation
Than that of Soul and body... O my torment!...
O haste, and bear me to the rack for ease.

Offic. Your mightiness must share a milder Fate.

[*To the Kisser.*

Pyr. My Friend to die!... Then once more I'm a
coward...

This weight of woe falls heavier on my Soul,
Than all I yet have suffer'd... O my Friend,
Am I the curs'd occasion of thy death?
Have I betray'd thy innocence to ruin?
The tortures of a thousand wheels and engines
Are downy beds of ease, and soft repose,
To that soul-racking thought.

Kiss. My Lord, you wrong me,
While you with such concern resent my death.
Your sorrow calls me coward... but unjustly...
I have a Soul that scorns the fear of dying.

Pyr. O wond'rous courage!
But still I'm curst the more, by being the ruin
Of so much worth... I could, without regret,
In my own person die a thousand deaths;
But thus to die in thee is insupportable.

Offic. My Lords, we must dispatch; for all those
Bassas,
Whose heads the raging multitude demanded,
Must suffer with you.

Pyr. Ha! not bear the rack?

Offic. No, my Lord.

Pyr. No, 'tis not just they should... I am their
Gen'ral,

And by superior eminence demand
A larger share of Fate... Nor is it fit
They should aspire to rival me in death.
Come on... I'll strip off this vile, less'ning habit,

And deck my self with all the pomp of war;
 Then, as it is my duty, head my Soldiers
 To this our last, but far most glorious conflict.
 Methinks I'm more at ease; now death approaches;
 Secure of any future separation
 From her I love...

We soon shall meet, never to part again...
 In that my hopes are center'd; and by that
 Imaginariion wound so high, that now
 My Soul, intent on paradise and her,
 Ev'n on the rack its firmness shall maintain;
 Allwrapt in thought, and negligent of pain.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T. V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Solyman and Haly.

S O L Y M A N.

CHuse to be tortur'd, rather than discover
 His mortal foe? What frenzy has possess'd thee?

Hal. My Lord, I cannot wonder
 That such amazing generosity
 Exceeds belief; but that you are conceal'd
 From *Mahomet* by the Visier, is as true
 As that I have your promise to succeed him.

Sol. O matchless instance of heroick virtue!
 But if the greatness of his Soul be tinctur'd
 With the least mixture of humanity,
 I shall be yet impeach'd... He's more than heroe,
 If having felt the torments of the rack,
 He still persist t' endure those ling'ring pains
 To death it self; and all to save the life
 Of his most cruel and invet'rate foe;
 'Tis not to be conceiv'd; he must betray me,
 And ruin yet attends me.

Hal.

Hal. To prevent it,
 You must with all imaginable speed
 Disarm your Brother of the pow'r to hurt you;
 And with your best address and resolution
 Push on your great design, and ripen Fate,
 This very moment the *Divan* is sitting
 In secret consultation, to dethrone
 The Sultan; and in less than half an hour
 The black deposing *Fetfa* will be sign'd.

Enter Cuproli.

But *Cuproli* appears; his haste and looks
 Speak it already done.

Cupr. Hail, mighty *Solyman*!
 Great Monarch, hail... I come with full Commission
 To greet thee by that title... Kneel, my Friend.

[*Both kneel.*

Thus we salute you Emperor, and thus
 Present the homage of the whole *Divan*.

Sol. Rise, worthy Friends; and, with my charm-
 ing Empress,
 Still share my heart... But say, how fares the Visier?
 E'er this he has impeach'd me... Is't not so?

Cupr. O fear not him... No human force can
 shake him

When he has once resolv'd...

Sol. Not all the lying legends of antiquity
 Can shew a Heroe that e'er suffer'd more
 For his dear Country, or his dearer Friend,
 Than he has for his greatest Enemy.
 To him I owe my life, my love, and Empire;
 To him, whose life and honour I betray'd.
 This unexampled brav'ry so affects me,
 That I could weep for his untimely fall;
 And curse my self, the Author of his ruin.
 But is he dead?

Cupr. 'Tis sure he cannot live;
 But whether he has yet expir'd, I know not.

Sol. If there remain a possibility

Of saving him, I'll instantly give orders
 To have his life preserv'd, and all means us'd
 To heal his wounds; and wish 'twere in my pow'r
 To make such worth immortal... [Exit Solyman.

Cupr. Your commands
 Will come too late; spight of your care he dies:
 And by his fall I rise to all those honours
 To which my restless Soul has long aspir'd.
 At length, my Friend, I've reach'd the glorious goal
 And now methinks the charms of greatness seem
 More amiable than ever: The bright object,
 Drawn nearer to me, ravishes my sight,
 And I'm transported with excess of pleasure.

Hal. Suspend your raptures 'till you've gain'd the
 prize.

Cupr. O! I'm secure; as fully satisfy'd
 As if I had receiv'd the great Commission.

Hal. Then you are sure t'obtain the grant of it
 From Solyman?

Cupr. Most certain.

Hal. Has he promis'd?

Cupr. No; but you know we two divide his heart,
 He can deny us nothing.

Hal. Perhaps he can.

Cupr. Why?

Hal. Because it is not in his pow'r to give
 The same degree of honour to us both.

Cupr. But he has store of honours to dispose of.

Hal. But not of equal value.

Cupr. Ha! What mean'st thou?

Hal. Only to let you see that 'tis yet possible
 You may be disappointed.

Cupr. Why? Your reason?

Hal. Because the new made Sultan, to my know-
 ledge,

Has giv'n his Royal promise to another.

Cupr. Thou hast not plaid me false?

Hal. No, I'm not false to you; I've only been

True

True to my self . . . that's all.

Cupr. Thou hast not gain'd
The Vifiers office, sure?

Hal. I have.

Cupr. Amazement!
Art thou a Friend?

Hal. A true one to my self.

Cupr. Infamous villain! . . . But thou triflest with me;
No man, I'm certain, has a greater share
Of *Solymans* affections than my self.

Hal. I grant it . . . Not a greater, but as great:
We two are equal sharers of his heart;
And I, by speaking first, have gain'd my point.
Tho' that be but a small advantage o'er thee,
Yet when both sides are at an even poise
A grain will turn the ballance.

Cupr. Treach'rous miscreant!
False, undermining traitor! . . . Hast thou then
Deceiv'd my honest, unsuspecting heart?
Why didst thou not discover thy pretensions
Before?

Hal. Because I then had lost my aim.
Such a discov'ry had dissolv'd the tie
Of our Cabal, and made a breach between us.
But now by soothing thee with flatt'ring hopes,
And seeming well contented with that honour
Which you allotted for me, I improv'd
All your endeavours to my own advantage;
And gain'd that dignity by your assistance,
Which you expected to have gain'd by mine.

Cupr. Hast thou the front to glory in thy falsehood?
The worst of falsehood, to supplant thy Friend?

Hal. My Friend! . . . Why, fool, should such
notorious villains

As thou and I usurp that sacred title?
Friendship is still accompany'd with virtue,
And always lodg'd in great and gen'rous minds:
But 'tis a stranger to such breasts as ours.

True, we can join in factions and cabals,
 And form conspiracies; but still the bond
 Which holds our mercenary Souls together
 Is our own int'rest... How couldst thou expect
 Friendship in me? When thou long since hast known
 That I'm as very a villain as thy self. [flame

Cupr. Thou need'st not by provoking words en-
 My fury higher; that's superfluous folly:
 Th' untufferable injury thou hast done me
 Calls loudly for revenge... I'll pay it home; [Draws.
 Once more I'll make the Visirs office vacant,
 And through thy heart...

Hal. Be not too confident; [Draws.
 You'll find that *Solyman* has not conferr'd
 That office on a Person who wants power
 Or courage to defendit. [Fight,

Cupr. Thou hast conquer'd...
 I have my death.

Hal. Both conquer'd, and both conqu'rors:
 Thou hast return'd the fatal wound I gave thee;
 And, loaded with the weight of all my crimes,
 I sink with thee, never to rise again.

Cupr. How dismal does approaching death appear
 To Souls oppress'd with guilt? E're this I fear
 The Visier's dead...
 And no forgiveness can be hop'd from him.
 Yet 'twould abate the hell within my breast,
 To have my pardon seal'd by that brave Man,
 And that fair innocence whom we have wrong'd.
 But see... She comes... Let us, with our last breath,
 Confess our villanies, and die before her,
 Mourning our crimes, and gasping for her pardon.

Enter Abra with Guards, and Laida.

Abr. Death's busie ev'ry where... Thro' all the
 Court

I meet with nought but hurry and confusion...
 This way I heard the noise of clashing swords;
 And now my fancy is so full of death,

That

That all its horrors are familiar to me.
Perhaps my Lord has taken his advantage
Of this disorder; and some lucky accident
Giv'n him an opportunity t'escape
By force of arms... Ha! What dire object's this?--
What are you?... Speak... If you have breath to
tell me.

Cupr. O Empress! ... O thou injur'd innocence;
In us behold the authors of your woes
Dying, and with their latest breath confessing
Their unexampled villanies...

Abr. What mean you?...

Hal. By our contrivance you were first discover'd
To *Mahomet*; and from that fatal source
Flow'd all your mis'ries...

Cupr. By our instigation
The am'rous *Solyman* depos'd his Brother,
And brought the gallant *Visir* to his end.

Abr. Then he is dead... O execrable Villains!...

Cupr. All that we now petition is your pardon...
Slight not our groans, and penitential tears.

Abr. If my forgiveness will allay your pains,
You have it.. For my vengeance reaches not
Beyond the grave...

Hal. The joys above...

[Dies.]

Cupr. For ever crown you.

[Dies.]

Abr. Remove 'em from my sight...

[The Guards carry the bodies off.]

These faithful Soldiers, [Gen'ral
Whom love and rev'rence for their murder'd
Have thus inspir'd to serve me for his sake,
And free me from confinement, contrary
To *Mahomet's* commands, who strictly charg'd them
To guard me safe on forfeit of their lives;
These very faithful Soldiers may perhaps
Be further instrumental to the justice
Which I have vow'd... For can I think with patience
Can I reflect upon the barb'rous usage,

F

The

The cruel torments which have been inflicted
 Upon the best of Men? Can I reflect
 Upon his cracking joints, and broken limbs;
 And all that sad variety of pains,
 Which he, distended on the cursed engine,
 O'er all his mangled body groaning felt? ...
 O! can I think on this, and be content
 With tears, & vain complainings? ... Those indeed
 Serve to relax less miseries... But now
 Nothing but just revenge can ease my Soul.

Enter Solyman with Janizaries.

Sol. Forgive me, Madam, that I again presume
 Unsent for, to intrude into your presence...
 Trembling & doubtful I with dread approach you;
 Fearing your frowns, yet hoping that the zeal
 Which I have shewn to serve you will, at least,
 Procure my pardon... Furious *Mahomet*,
 Who threaten'd you with rape, and horrid torture,
 Is for your sake thrown from the regal seat;
 I've rescu'd you from his tyrannick cruelty,
 And now am come with humblest adoration,
 To lay a kinder Monarch at your feet.

Abr. Fate has in part prevented my revenge;
 But I must further it... [*Aside.*]

My Lord, I freely own your gen'rous love
 Merits the best return that I can make;
 Nor would I prove ungrateful... True, I own
 I lov'd the Visir with excess of passion:
 But since a cruel Tyrants lawless doom
 Has snatch'd him from my arms, why should I waste
 My youthful bloom, and pine my self away
 In fruitless grief? Why rather should I not
 Receive a gen'rous Prince to my embraces,
 Whose Kingly qualities so well deserve
 More charms than I can give?

Sol. O extasie of joy!... Transporting sounds!

Abr. But yet, my Lord, I cannot disengage
 My self from that dear Man, 'till I have seen

His

His death reveng'd, and ample justice done
On all his foes. That debt I must discharge,
Before I can transfer my love on you.

Sol. Why I've already taken ample vengeance
On *Mahomet* . . . Is not the loss of Empire
Sufficient punishment?

Enter Marama.

Mar. O fly, my Lord,
Or stand upon your guard . . . Fierce *Mahomet*,
Inform'd of what has pass'd in the *Divan*,
By the loud triumphs of the shouting Soldiers;
Who ev'ry where resound your name to heav'n;
With fury in his eyes is posting hither
With a strong guard to seize the beauteous Empress.
But when he finds you here, you must expect
A sharp encounter . . . His despair and rage
Will prompt him to prodigious acts of valour.

Sol. I dread him not; the courage of my Soldiers
Forbids my fear.

Omn. We'll die for *Solyman*.

Enter Mahomet with Janizaries.

Mah. Astonishment! Am I again prevented?
Can I not from the universal wreck
Of all my fortunes save one precious Jewel?
Was't not enough . . . Ha! Villain, is it thou?
Th' unnatural usurper of my Throne?
Art thou that hated rival, whom 'till now
The partial Fates have shelter'd from my vengeance
But think not yet t'escape . . . Thou hast not here,
The rebel multitude to aid thy treason.
But with these few of my yet loyal subjects,
I'll on this spot chastise thy insolence.
Behold me, Traitor, see this injur'd face,
And tremble at my justice.

Sol. Sure thou think'st, [threats,
Vain, desp'rate Prince, t'un-king me with thy
And puff me from my Throne with blust'ring
words,

But thou wilt find I am too firmly seated...
 And you, who dare oppose your lawful Sov'reign
 By publick voice elected, and acknowledg'd
 By all the Army, and the whole *Divan*;
 Urge not your fates, by clinging round the ruins
 Of that abandon'd Monarch; but in time
 Forsake him, and implore the Royal mercy,
 Or I will use you as the worst of Traitors..

Mah. Resign that single Beauty to my arms,
 And thou shalt undisturb'd enjoy the Empire.

Sol. Resign her? ... No... I sooner would forego
 My Crown... For know, 'twas Love, and not
 ambition

That rais'd me to Imperial dignity:
 And had I never rivall'd thee in Love,
 I never had in Empire.

Mah. Then no more
 Of parly... Come fall on my loyal Soldiers,
 And if we conquer you shall share the World.

Prepare to fight. Mahomets *Janizaries* revolt.
 Deserted! left by all! ... No... This is mine,
 My faithful subject still... My sword is yet
 No Traitor, but proves loyal to the last.

[*Kills two of the Janizaries, and continues fighting*

Sol. I charge you hurt him not... On your
 allegiance

Take him alive... So... Guard him safe to prison...
 Away with him...

[*Mah. is disarm'd and taken*

Mah. Yes, lead me to my prison:
 Kind Fate e're long will give me my release.
 For thee, thou traitor, did not rage and hate
 Inspire me more to curse, than pity thee,
 I could bewail thee, rather than my self.
 For oh! thou'rt enter'd on a world of mis'ry;
 And soon with me wilt find, by dire experience,
 No Government can e'er be safe, that's founded
 On lust, on murder, and despotick pow'r.

'Tis not in lawless strength to turn and manage,

This

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 81

This cumb'rous and unwieldy bulk of Empire :
Which, like the restless Sea, still works and tosses
Vex'd with continual change and revolution.

How few of my unhappy Successors
Will 'scape my Fate! ... Ev'n while we keep the
Throne

We fear those Subjects threats, on whom we }
frown;

Infringe their liberty, and lose our own :
And hourly prove, by arbitrary sway,
That he's the greatest Slave, whom none but
Slaves obey. [Exit guarded.

Sol. How am I hurry'd on, and plunge in guilt! ..
Distracting horror! ... But I'll think no more on't ..
Away, ye gloomy thoughts, and leave my Soul
To bliss and raptures inconceivable.

O come, my Love; delay my joys no longer,
Or I shall die with ardent expectation.

Abr. No... my vow'd vengeance is not yet
completed;

One of the Vipers foes remains unpunish'd.
For well I know that thou, injurious Prince,
Hast been the curst contriver of his death.

And think not that thy boundless pow'r and
greatness

Shall disappoint my justice... By one stroke

From all thy wrongs my virtue thus I free,

And kill my self to be reveng'd on thee.

[Stabs her self. *Sol.* wrenches the dagger from her.

Sol. Death and despair! Is this the consummation
Of all my hopes? These my expected raptures? ...

O 'twas too truly aim'd... The cursed steel

Has made its way through the soft snowy breast,

And the warm life-blood bubbles from the wound.

Abr. No... You've prevented me... I've only raz'd

The surface of the skin... But 'tis in vain;

Still death is in my pow'r, and shall yet free me

From violence and oppression.

Sol. Now by Honour,
By all that's just and good, you wrong my virtue;
I am no Ravisher, no *Mahomet*;
Not your chaste Soul can start with more abhorrence
At such inhuman crimes . . . Some dreadful curse,
If possible, more dreadful than your hate,
Light on me, if I ever use my pow'r
To seize by force what you deny to love.

Abr. And may that curse be trebled on this head,
If ever I comply with the desires
Of any second Lord; and think not, Sir,
That I with base ingratitude requite
The noble, gen'rous promise you have made me;
This vow, which I repeat, has long been on me,
And, if I would, I cannot now be yours.

Enter Pyrrhus with an Officer

Offic. Your Orders, Royal Sir, came not too late,
The Visir lives; . . .
And see he comes to thank you.

Pyr. Gratitude
Must yield to Love... My Soul! . . . [*Embracing.*

Abr. My dearest Lord,
Is't possible, and can I think it true
That you're again restor'd to my embraces?
Tis so . . . he lives . . .

Pyr. O unexpected blessing!

Sol. Villains, Traitors,
How gain'd he entrance?

Offic. By your own command. . .

Sol. 'Tis false . . . Thou ly'st . . . True, I dispatch'd
my orders

To save his life, but not to bring him hither.

Offic. Forgive the error of your Slave, I knew not
His presence would offend you . . .

Sol. Offend me? Can there be a greater plague
Than rival love... [*Guards offer to part 'em.*
Away, ye impious ruffians,
Touch 'em not for your lives; you now obey

LOVE AND EMPIRE. 83

A virtuous Lover, not a lustful Tyrant.
Yet hear, ye fond ones; ... 'Tis not, 'tis not
prudent

To tempt me... These embraces may be fatal...

[*They separate.*]

Pyr. My Lord, my Emperor...

Sol. E're thou proceed,

Say by what miracle thou hast recover'd

The torments of the rack? For thou appear'st

Unhurt, as if no violence had been offer'd.

Offic. My Lord, none has been offer'd; this
great Man

Has ever had the Soldiers hearts; and that

Has now preserv'd him: For those Officers

Whom *Mahomet* entrusted with his fate,

Hearing the joyfull multitude, with shouts

Resound your name, and seeing all things tend

To this great revolution, gladly took

The opportunity, and for his sake

Deferr'd the execution of their orders,

Hoping this sudden change of government

Would prove a means to save him. The success

Has crown'd their hopes. Just at that happy
juncture

Your welcom orders came to have him sav'd.

Abr. Is then his safety owing to your goodness?

[*To Solymán.*]

And did you hold me in suspense so long,

Only to make your bounty more surprizing?

I understand it now... O, sacred Sir,

May blessings ever crown your Princely head.

I know you still design'd we should be happy

In mutual love... Alas! your looks are chang'd

To terror, and you sternly menace death...

Ah! do not, do not fright me, Sir, again;

I tremble at your frowns... Still you are angry,

And some deep thought is rolling in your breast,

Fatal, I fear, to us.... Yet, O my Lord,

If we must die ...

Sol. No ; you shall live , and share
My favours ; he my Friend , and you my Empress.

Pyr. To those who love like us , 'tis certain death
To part , and if you separate , you kill.

O do not , by this after-act of cruelty {virtuous,
Resume your gen'rous grant ; but as you're
Compleat the justice which you have begun ,
And yield her to my arms.

Sol. Yet , yet beware , and urge me not too far...
'Tis dang'rous tamp'ring with a Princes fury ;...

Forego her ? Quit her ? Yield her to my rival ?

What ? Have I suffer'd so much racking pain ,

Involv'd my self in so much guilt & horror ,

And made my self so curst... to make thee happy ?

Must I have no reward for all my toil ?

And thou enjoy ...

Unheard of insolence ! ...

Abr. Then we are lost again , and must endure
The torments of a second separation.

Pyr. Why , 'tisth' ingenious malice of our fate
Thusto refine , and vary on our woes ;

To raise us from despair , and give us hopes ,

Only to plunge us in the gulf again ,

And makes us doubly wretched ... Yet while life

Remains , I cannot totally despair.

O Sir , if Passion has not quite unman'd you ,

With patience hear a suit which all just Kings

Will grant , and none but Tyrants can deny.

And you , my Friends , if I have any here ,

Kneel with me all ; that with united pray'rs

We may o'erpow'r him , and his resolution ,

Oppress'd with multitudes , be forc'd to yield.

[All kneel.

Sol. Treason , conspiracy .. Rise , Traitors , rise ;

He dies that kneels... 'Tis treason to petition. [All rise

What , my *Marama* too ? ... Art thou confed'rate

Against thy Sov'raign ? Am I thus abandon'd ?

Not

Not one to own my cause ? .. Go , call my Friends,
Haly and *Cuprolì* , to my assistance...

They will not sure desert me. ..

Offic. Royal Sir ,

'Till now we fear'd to tell you that your Friends
 Are by each other slain , in single combat ,
 Contending for the *Vifirs* office:

Sol. Ha !

Say'st thou ? What slain ? And by each others hands!
 More horror still ! ... But let me pause a little...

My Friends were Villains... And this dreadful in-
 stance

Of justice strikes into my lab'ring Soul
 Stinging remorse ; and spight of all endeavours
 To drown its cries , Reason will now be heard.

Pyr. See , he relents , his resolution staggers...
 Now , now my Love...

Abr. What is it , Sir , that troubles
 Your Royal breast ?
 May nothing discompose it ; and however
 You shall dispose of my poor Lord , and me ,
 Let all be easie there . . .

Sol. For this last goodness ,
 If possible , I love thee more than ever ;
 How then can I resign thee ?

Ab. If your love
 Be virtuous and sincere , you will resign me.

Sol. Impossible ! Thou talk'st of contradictions...
 Or thus , if to forego thee be a proof
 Of true affection... let my rival shew it.

Pyr. I would , by all my hopes , if you were
Pyrrhus ,
 And were I *Solyman*.

Sol. Why , what's the difference ?

Abr. Did I not swear ? Did I not tell you , Sir ,
 That if I would , I cannot now be yours ?

Sol. Thou didst... Oh ! Curst remembrance ! ...

Abr. And have I not your Royal Oath and pro-
 mise ,

That

That you will never force me to your bed?

Sol. O name it not... My honest Soul abhors
The very mention of so damn'd a villany.

Pyr. And will you then defraud us of each other;
Without the least advantage to your self,
Only to make us wretched?...

Sol. No... Since she never can be mine, 'twill
prove

Some satisfaction to my tortur'd Soul
To think she's not anothers.

Pyr. Those expressions
Perhaps might well besit a Tyrants mouth;
But sure a just and virtuous Prince can take
No pleasure in th' unmerited afflictions
Of those who never wrong'd him...

Sol. 'Tis not to be withstood... The strength of
reason

Presses upon me with resistless force...
I never can possess her... but by violence;
And that my nature shrinks at... Shall I then
Barb'rously ruin the most perfect pair
That ever Nature fram'd? To whom I owe
My life?

And one of whom far more than life I love?
Shall I with brutal rage destroy such excellence,
Without the least faint prospect of advantage,
Unless it be to brand my name with infamy,
And write my self upon immortal record
A villain, and a Tyrant?... No; I'll perish first.

Abr. How indignation flashes from his eyes!
Unless he speedily pronounce our doom,
Fear will dispatch me, and prevent his Sentence.

Sol. But how to part with her?... There, there's
the difficulty...

It cannot be... Cannot?... O false delusion...
O fallacy of thought!... True, it exceeds
My pow'r, to cease to love... But tho' a wretch,
Scorch'd in a fever, cannot cease to thirst,

Yet

Yet may he throw the baneful draught away ;
Or beg some Friend to bind his desp'rate arms :
May chuse the present mis'ry, to avoid
A greater in reversion ; and endure
The cravings of unsatisfy'd desire.

I can resign her then... Tho' with strong tortures,
Reluctant strugglings, and convulsive pangs...
Take, take her... hold... ! if you regard your lives,
[*They offer to embrace.*

Or dread my just revenge, forbear your fondness...
Nor plague me with your thanks... For if she speaks
[*They offer to kneel.*

I may relapse again... And Oh ! be cautious,
Rash, inconfid'rate pair, be sure t'avoid
My presence; never let me see you more...
For if you do ... You may bewail your folly;
Be yet divided from each others arms,
Be curst, and rage, and burn in vain, as I do. [*Exit.*

Pyr. He's gone... The great debate at last is
ended...

And now we safely may indulge our love.
O my hearts joy, who can express my happiness,
Or stretch imagination to conceive
The raptures of my Soul ?

Abr. None, none but I
Who share the mighty transport, can conceive it
Nor can ev'n I express it.

Pyr. Speak thou, *Zaida*;
Allay this vast excess of boundless pleasure,
And bring us back to common sense again.

Zaid. I fear indeed I shall allay your pleasure...
Your Friend, my Lord...

Pyr. O, were my Friend in danger,
Ev'n now I could not be entirely happy :
But he is safe... My int'rest in the Soldiers,
Which sav'd me from the rack, preserv'd his life.

Zaid. Then you are blest'd indeed ; and I with joy
Equal to yours congratulate your happiness.

Enter

Enter the Kifler Aga.

Kifl. Hearing the welcom news of your success;
I come, my Lord, to share your satisfaction.

Pyr. The bus'ness of my life shall be to thank thee.
'Tis fit at present we consult our safety;
Dispatch with all imaginable speed,
And leave the Court this night.

Kifl. 'Tis true, you cannot
Be too secure... Tho' now there is no danger...
For *Solyman* already is involv'd
In State affairs; on ev'ry side surrounded
With thronging Counsellors and busie crowds:
And now the care of a distracted Empire,
Just at his first accession to the Throne,
Will take up all his Soul, and cure perhaps
The torments of his love.

Pyr. I would not have him wretched. ... O my
Friend,
Behold th' impartial hand of Justice! ... *Mahomes*
(Tho' I were most ungrateful not to mourn
His fall) has suffer'd, by the loss of Empire;
The punishment due to injurious Tyrants.
Haly and *Cuproli* by death have met
The villains just reward... Ev'n *Solyman*;
Tho' good and gen'rous in his temper, feels
The dire effects of deviating from virtue.
We only, who with innocence unshaken
Have stood th' assaults of Fortune, now are happy.
For tho' the worst of Men, by high permission
A while may flourish, and the best endure
The sharpest trials of exploring mis'ry;
Yet let mankind from these examples learn,
That pow'rful villany at last shall mourn;
And injur'd virtue triumph in its turn.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.

THE
MAN OF MODE,

OR,

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER.

A

COMEDY:

By Sir GEORGE ETHEREGE.



LONDON.

Printed for the Company of Booksellers.

MAVON MOD

2. FOPPING FLEETER

COMEDY

By GEORGE ETHERAGE

The villainous Tyrants
Whom I have by death have met
The villains I have by death have met
The good and honest men
The virtuous and the true
We only have been taken
Have been taken
For the sake of the nation
A while we have been taken
The nation has been taken
You have been taken
And we have been taken



[Excerpt from]

LONDON

Printed for the Company of Bookellers.

PROLOGUE.

By Sir Car Scroope Baronet.

Like dancers on the ropes poor Poets fare,
Most perish young, the rest in danger are;
This (one wou'd think) shou'd make our Authors warry;
But Gamester-like the giddy fools miscarry.
A lucky hand or two so tempts 'em on,
They cannot leave off Play till they're undone.
With modest fears a Muse does first begin,
Like a young wench newly entic'd to sin:
But tickl'd once with praise, by her good will,
The wanton fool wou'd never more lie still.
'Tis an old mistress you'll meet here to-night
Whose charms you once have lookt on with delight.
But now of late such dirty drabs have known you,
A Muse o' th' better sort's asham'd to own you.
Nature well drawn and wit must now give place
To gawdy nonsense and to dull grimace:
Nor is it strange that you shou'd like so much
That kind of wit, for most of yours is such.
But I'm afraid that while to France we go,
To bring you home fine dressees, dance and show:
The stage like you will but more foppish grow.
Of foreign wares why shou'd we fetch the scum,
When we can be so richly serv'd at home?
For Heav'n be thank'd 'tis not so wise an age,
But your own follies may supply the stage.
Tho' often plow'd, there's no great fear the soil
Should barren grow by the too frequent toil;
While at your doors are to be daily found,
Such loads of dung-hill to manure the ground.
'Tis by your follies that we Players thrive,
As the Physicians by diseases live.
And as each year some new distemper reigns,
Whose friendly poison helps t'increase their gains:

So among you there starts up every day,
Some new unheard of fool for us to play.
Then for your own sakes be not too severe,
Nor what you all admire at home, damn here.
Since each is fond of his own ugly face,
Why shou'd you, when we hold it, break the glass?

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. DORIMANT,

MR. MEDLEY;

OLD BELLAIR,

Gentlemen.

YOUNG BELLAIR,

SIR FOPLING FLUTTER.

LADY TOWNLEY,

EMILIA,

MRS. LOVEIT,

BELLINDA,

Gentlewomen.

LADY WOODVIL, &

HARRIET her Daughter.

Pert, and Busy, Waiting-Women.

A Shoemaker.

An Orange woman.

Three Slovenly Bullies.

Two Chairmen:

Mr. Smirk, a Parson.

Handy, a Valet de Chambre.

Pages, Footmen, &c.



T H E
M A N O F M O D E;
O R,
Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER.



A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

*A Dressing Room, a Table covered
with a Toilet, Cloaths laid ready.*

*Enter Dorimant in his gown and slippers, with
a Note in his hand made up, repeating verses.*

DORIMANT.

Now for some Ages had the pride of Spain,
Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain.
[Then looking on the Note.
For Mrs. Loveit.

What a dull insipid thing is a billet-doux written in cold
A 3 blood

6 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

blood, after the heat of the business is over? It is a tax upon good-nature, which I have here been labouring to pay, and have done it; but with as much regret, as ever Fanatick paid the Royal Aid, or Church-duties. 'Twill have the same fate I know that all my Notes to her have had of late, 'twill not be thought kind enough. Faith Women are i'the right, when they jealously examine our Letters, for in them we always first discover our decay of passion, .. Hay! Who waits? ...

Enter Handy.

Handy. Sir

Dor. Call a Footman.

Handy. None of 'em are come yet.

Dor. Dogs! will they ever lie snoring a-bed till noon?

Handy. 'Tis all one, Sir; if they're up, you indulge 'em so, they're ever poaching after whores all the morning.

Dor. Take notice henceforward who's wanting in his duty; the next clap he gets he shall rot for an example ... What vermin are those chattering without?

Handy. Foggy Nan the orange Woman, and swearing Tom the Shoemaker,

Dor. Go, call in that over grown jade with the flasket of guts before her; fruit is refreshing in a morning.

[*Exit Handy*]

It is not that I love you less

Than when before your feet I lay. [*Enter Or. Wom.*]

How now double-tripe, what news do you bring?

Or Wom. News! Here's the best fruit has come to Town t'year. Gad I was up before four a clock this morning, and bought all the choice i'the market.

Dor. The nasty refuse of your shop ...

Or. Wom. You need not make mouths at it; I assure you 'tis all cull'd ware.

Dor.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 7

Dor. The Citizens buy better on a Holiday; in their walk to Totnam.

Or. Wom. Good or bad, 'tis all one; I never knew you commend any thing. Lord wou'd the Ladies had heard you talk of 'em as I have done. Here bid your Man give me an Angel. [*Sets down the Fruit.*]

Dor. Give the Bawd her fruit again.

Or. Wom. Well, on my conscience, there never was the like of you... God's my life, I had almost forgot to tell you, there is a young Gentlewoman lately come to Town with her mother, that is so taken with you..

Dor. Is she handsome?

Or. Wom. Nay, Gad there are few finer Women, I tell you but so; and a hugeous fortune they say. Here, eat this Peach, it comes from the stone, 'tis better than any Newington y'have tasted.

Dor. [*taking the Peach.*] This fine Woman, I'll lay my life, is some awkward ill fashion'd Country toad, who not having above four dozen of black hairs on her head, has adorn'd her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore front of the King's box, at an old Play.

Or. Wom. Gad you'd change your note quickly if you did but see her.

Dor. How came she to know me?

Or. Wom. She saw you yesterday at the *Change*: she told me, you came and fool'd with the Woman at the next shop.

Dor. I remember there was a Mask observ'd me indeed. Fool'd did she say?

Or. Wom. Ay, I vow she told me twenty things you said too, and acted with her head, and with her body, so like you...

Enter Medley.

Medley. *Dorimant* my life, my joy, my darling sin how dost thou?

8 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Or. Wom. Lord, what a filthy trick these men have got of kissing one another! [*She spits.*

Med. Why do you suffer this cart load of scandal to come near you; and make your neighbours think you so improvident to need a Baw'd?

Or. Wom. Good, now we shall have it, you did but want him to help you, come pay me for my fruit.

Med. Make us thankful for it hufwife, Bawds are as much out of fashion as Gentlemen Ushers; none but old formal Ladies use the one, and none but foppish old stagers employ the other: go, you are an insignificant brandy bottle.

Dor. Nay, there you wrong her, three quarts of canary is her business.

Or. Wom. What you please Gentlemen.

Dor. To him, give him as good as he brings.

Or. Wom. Hang him, there's not such another heathen in the Town again, except it be the Shoemaker without.

Med. I shall see you hold up your hand at the Bar next Sessions for murder, hufwife; that Shoemaker can take his oath, you are in fee with the Doctors to sell green fruit to the Gentry; that the crudities may breed diseases.

Or. Wom. Pray give me my money.

Dor. Not a penny; when you bring the Gentlewoman hither you spoke of, you shall be paid.

Or. Wom. The Gentlewoman! the Gentlewoman! may be as honest as your Sisters for ought as I know. Pray pay me, Mr. *Dorimant*, and do not abuse me so; I have an honest way of living, you know it.

Med. Was there ever such a resty Bawd?

Dor. Some jade tricks she has, but she makes amends when she's in good humour. Come, tell me the Ladys name, and *Handy* shall pay you.

Or. Wom. I must not, she forbid me.

Dor. That's a sure sign she wou'd have you.

Med.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 3

Med. Where does she live?

Or. Wom. They lodge at my house.

Med. Nay, then she's in a hopeful way.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Medly*, say your pleasure of me, but take heed how you affront my house. God's my life, in a hopeful way!

Dor. Prithee, peace: what kind of Woman's the mother?

Or. Wom. A goodly grave Gentlewoman. Lord how she talks against the wild young men o'the town! As for your part she thinks you an arrant Devil; shou'd she see you, on my conscience she wou'd look if you had not a cloven foot.

Dor. Does she know me?

Or. Wom. Only by hearsay; a thousand horrid stories have been told her of you, and she believes 'em all.

Med. By the character, this should be the famous *Lady Woodvil*, and her daughter *Harriet*.

Or. Wom. The Devil's in him for guessing, I think.

Dor. Do you know 'em?

Med. Both very well, the mother's a great admirer of the forms and civilities of the last age.

Dor. An antiquated Beauty may be allow'd to be out of humour at the freedoms of the present. This is a good account of the mother; pray what is the daughter?

Med. Why, first she's an heiress vastly rich.

Dor. And handsome?

Med. What alteration a twelve-month may have bred in her I know not; but a year ago she was the beautifullest creature I ever saw; a fine, easie, clean shape, light brown hair in abundance; her features regular, her complexion clear and lively, large wanton eyes; but above all, a mouth that has made me kiss it a thousand times in imagination; teeth white and even, and pretty pouting lips, with a little moisture ever hanging on them, that look like the province rose fresh on the bush, 'ere the morning Sun has quite drawn up the dew.

Dor. Rapture, meer rapture!

10 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Or. Wom. Nay, gad he tells you true, she's a delicate creature.

Dor. Has she wit?

Med. More than is usual in her sex, and as much malice. Then she's as wild as you'd wish her, and has a demureness in her looks, that makes it so surprising

Dor. Flesh and blood cannot hear this and not long to know her.

Med. I wonder what makes her mother bring her up to Town; an old doating Keeper cannot be more jealous of his Mistress.

Or. Wom. She made me laugh yesterday; there was a Judge came to visit 'em, and the old man she told me did so stare upon her, and when he saluted her smack'd so heartily; who wou'd think it of 'em?

Med. God a mercy Judge.

Dor. Do 'em right, the Gentlemen of the long Robe have not been wanting by their good examples, to countenance the crying sin o'the nation.

Med. Come, on with your trappings, 'tis later than you imagine.

Dor. Call in the Shoemaker, *Handy*.

Or. Wom. Good Mr. *Dorimant* pay me; Gad I had rather give you my fruit than stay to be abus'd by that foul mouth'd rogue; what you Gentlemen say it matters not much, but such a dirty fellow does one more disgrace.

Dor. Give her ten shillings; and be sure you tell the young Gentlewoman I must be acquainted with her.

Or. Wom. Now do you long to be tempting this pretty Creature. Well, Heavens mend you.

Med. Farewel Bogg... [*Ex. Or. Woman and Handy.*] *Dorimant*, when did you see your *pis aller* as you call her, Mrs. *Loveit*?

Dor. Not these two days.

Med. And how stand affairs between you?

Dor. There has been great patching of late; much
ado

SR. FOPLING FLUTTER II

ado we make a shift to hang together.

Med. I wonder how her mighty spirit bears it.

Dor. Ill enough on all conscience; I never knew so violent a creature.

Med. She's the most passionate in her Love, and the most extravagant in her Jealousie of any Woman I ever heard of. What Note is that?

Dor. An excuse I am going to send her for the neglect I am guilty of.

Med. Prithee read it.

Dor. No, but if you'll take the pains, you may.

Medley reads.

I never was a Lover of business, but now I have a just reason to hate it, since it has kept me these two days from seeing you. I intend to wait upon you in the afternoon, and in the pleasure of your conversation, forget all I have suffer'd during this tedious absence.

This business of yours *Dorimant* has been with a vizard at the Play-house; I have had an eye on you. If some malicious body shou'd betray you, this kind Note wou'd hardly make your peace with her.

Dor. I desire no better.

Med. Why, wou'd her knowledge of it oblige you?

Dor. Most infinitely. Next to the coming to a good understanding with a new Mistress, I love a quarrel with an old one; but the Devil's in't, there has been such a calm in my affairs of late, I have not had the pleasure of making a Woman so much as break her fan, to be fullen, or forswear her self these three days.

Med. A very great misfortune! Let me see, I love mischief well enough to forward this business my self; I'll about it presently, and though I know the truth of what y've done will set her a raving, I'll heighten it a little with invention, leave her in a fit o'the Mother

12 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

ther, and be here again before y^rare ready.

Dor. Pray stay, you may spare your self the labour; the business is undertaken already, by one who will manage it with as much address, and I think with a little more malice than you can.

Med. Who iⁿ the Devils name can this be!

Dor. Why the vizard, that very vizard you saw me with.

Med. Does she love mischief so well, as to betray her self to spight another?

Dor. Not so neither, *Medley*, I will make you comprehend the mystery. This masque for a farther confirmation of what I have been these two days swearing to her, made me yesterday at the Play-house make her a promise, before her face, utterly to break off with *Loveit*; and because she tenders my reputation, and wou^d not have me do a barbarous thing, has contriv^d a way to give me a handsome occasion.

Med. Very good.

Dor. She intends about an hour before me, this afternoon, to make *Loveit* a visit, and having the priviledge, by reason of a profess^d friendship between^{em}, to talk of her concerns...

Med. Is she a friend?

Dor. Oh, an intimate friend!

Med. Better and better, pray proceed.

Dor. She means insensibly to insinuate a discourse of me, and artificially raise her^r jealousy to such a height, that transported with the first motions of her passion, she shall fly upon me with all the fury imaginable, as soon as ever I enter: the quarrel being thus happily begun, I am to play my part, confess and justify all my roguery, swear her impertinence & ill humour makes her intolerable, tax her with the next fop that comes into my head, and in a huff march away, slight her and leave her to be taken by whosoever thinks it worth his time to lie down before her.

Med.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 13

Med. This vizard is a spark, and has a genius that makes her worthy of your self, *Dorimant*.

Enter Handy, Schoomaker, and Footman.

Dor. You rogue there, who sneak like a dog that has flung down a dish, if you do not mend your waiting, I'll uncase you, and turn you loose to the wheel of fortune. *Handy*, seal this, and let him run with it presently. [*Exit Handy and Footman.*

Med. Since y'are resolv'd on a quarrel, why do you send her this kind note?

Dor. To keep her at home in order to the business. How now you drunken sot? [*To the Shoemaker.*

Shoom. 'Zbud, you have no reason to talk, I have not had a bottle of sack of yours in my belly this fortnight.

Med. The Orange Woman says, your neighbours take notice what a heathen you are, and design to inform the Bishop, and have you burn'd for an Atheist.

Shoom. Damn her, dung-hill, if her husband does not remove her, she stinks so, the Parish intend to indite him for a nuisance.

Med. I advise you like a friend, reform your life; you have brought the envy of the world upon you, by living above your self: whoring and swearing are vices too gentile for a Shoemaker.

Shoom. 'Zbud, I think you men of quality will grow as unreasonable as the Women; you wou'd ingross the sins o'the nation; poor folks can no sooner be wicked, but th'are rail'd at by their betters.

Dor. Sirrah, I'll have you stand i'the pillory for this libel.

Shoom. Some of you deserve it, I'm sure; there are so many of 'em, that our journey men now adays instead of harmless ballads, sing nothing but your damn'd lampoons.

Dor. Our Lampoons, you rogue?

Shoom

14 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Shoom. Nay, good Master, why shou'd not you write your own commentaries, as well as *Cæsar*?

Med. The raskal's read, I perceive.

Shoom. You know the old proverb, ale and history.

Dor. Draw on my shoes, Sirrah.

Shoom. Here's a shoe.

Dor. Sits with more wrinkles than there are in an angry bullies forehead.

Shoom. 'Zbud, as smooth as your mistresses skin does upon her; so, strike your foot in home 'Zbud, if e're a Monsieur of 'em all make more fashionable ware, I'll be content to have my ears whip'd off with my own paring knife.

Med. And serv'd up in a ragoust, instead of coxcombs, to a company of french Shoormakers for a collation.

Shoom. Hold, hold, damn 'em catterpillars, let 'em feed upon cabbage. Come Master, your health this morning next my heart now.

Dor. Go, get you home, and govern your family better; do not let your Wife follow you to the alehouse, beat your whore, and lead you home in triumph.

Shoom. 'Zbud, there's never a man i'th' Town lives more like a Gentleman, with his Wife, than I do. I never mind her motions, she never inquires into mine, we speak one'to another civilly, hate one another heartily, and because 'tis vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed.

Dor. Give him half a crown.

Med. Not without he will promise to be bloody drunk.

Shoom. Tope's the word i'the eye of the world, for my Masters honour, *Robin*.

Dor. Do not debauch my Servants, Sirrah.

Shoom. I only tip him the wink, he knows an alehouse from a hovel. [Exit Shoemaker.

Dor. My cloaths quickly.

Med. Where shall we dine to-day?

Dor. Where you will; here comes a good third man.

Enter Bellair.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 15

Bell. Your Servant, Gentlemen.

Med. Gentle Sir; how will you answer this visit to your honorable Mistress? 'tis not her interest you shou'd keep company with men of sense, who will be talking reason.

Bell. I do not fear her pardon, do you but grant me yours, for my neglect of late.

Med. Though y've made us miserable by the want of your good company; to shew you I am free from all resentment, may the beautiful cause of our misfortune, give you all the joys happy Lovers have shar'd ever since the world began.

Bell. You wish me in Heaven, but you believe me on my journey to Hell.

Med. You have a good strong faith, and that may contribute much toward your salvation. I confess I am but of an untoward constitution, apt to have doubts and scruples, and in Love they are no less distracting than in Religion. Were I so near marriage, I should cry out by fits as I ride in my coach, cuckold, cuckold, with no less fury than the mad fanatick does glory in *Bethlem*.

Bell. Because Religion makes some run mad, must I live an Atheist?

Med. Is it not great indiscretion for a man of credit, who may have money enough on his word, to go and deal with Jews; who for little sums make men enter into Bonds, and give judgments?

Bell. Preach no more on this text, I am determin'd, and there is no hope of my conversion.

Dor. Leave your unnecessary fiddling; a wasp that's buzzing about a mans nose at dinner, is not more troublesome than thou art.

[To Handy who is fiddling about him.

Hand. You love to have your cloaths hang just, Sir.

Dor. I love to be well dress'd, Sir; and think it no scandal to my understanding.

Hand. Will you use the essence, or orange flower-water?

Dor

16 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I will smell as I do to-day, no offence to the Ladies noses.

Hand. Your pleasure, Sir.

Dor. That a mans excellency should lie in neatly tying of a ribbond, or a cravat! how careful's Nature in furnishing the world with necessary coxcombs!

Bell. That's a mighty pretty suit of yours, *Dorimant*.

Dor. I am glad't has your approbation.

Bell. No man in 'Town has a better fancy in his cloaths than you have.

Dor. You will make me have an opinion of my Genius.

Med. There is a great Critick I hear in these matters lately arriv'd piping hot from *Paris*.

Bell. Sir *Fopling Flutter* you mean?

Med. The same.

Bell. He thinks himself the pattern of modern Gallantry.

Dor. He is indeed the patern of modern foppery.

Med. He was yesterday at the Play, with a pair of Gloves up to his elbows, and a Periwig more exactly curl'd then a Ladies head newly dress'd for a ball.

Bell. What a pretty lisp he has!

Dor. Ho, that he affects in imitation of the people of quality in *France*.

Med. His head stands, for the most part, on one side, and his looks are more languishing than a Ladies, when she loll's at stretch in her coach, or leans her head carelessly against the side of a box i'the Play-house.

Dor. He is a person indeed of great acquired follies.

Med. He is like many others, beholding to his education for making him so eminent a coxcomb. Many a fool had been lost to the world, had their indulgent parents wisely bestow'd neither learning nor good breeding on 'em.

Bell. He has been, as the sparkish word is, brisk upon the Ladies already; he was yesterday at my aunt
Town-

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER 17

Townleys, and gave *Mrs. Loveit* a catalogue of his good qualities, under the character of a compleat Gentleman, who according to *Sir Fopling*, ought to dress well, dance well, fence well, have a genius for love-letters, an agreeable voice for a chamber, be very amorous, something discreet, but not over constant.

Med. Pretty ingredients to make an accomplish'd person.

Dor. I am glad he pitcht upon *Loveit*.

Bell. How so?

Dor. I wanted a Fop to lay to her charge, and this is as pat as may be.

Bell. I am confident she loves no man but you.

Dor. The good fortune were enough to make me vain, but that I am in my nature modest.

Bell. Hark you *Dorimant*. With your leave *M. Medley*, 'tis only a secret concerning a fair Lady.

Med. Your good breeding Sir, gives you too much trouble, you might have whisper'd without all this ceremony.

Bell. How stand your affairs with *Bellinda* of late?
[To *Dorimant*.

Dor. She's a little jilting baggage.

Bell. Nay, I believe her false enough, but she's ne'er the worse for your purpose. She was with you yesterday in a disguise at the Play.

Dor. There we fell out, and resolv'd never to speak to one another more.

Bell. The occasion?

Dor. Want of courage to meet me at the place appointed. These young women apprehend loving, as much as the young men do fighting at first; but once enter'd, like them too, they all turn bullies straight.

Enter Handy to Bellair.

Handy. Sir, Your man without desires to speak with you. B *Bell.*

Bell. Gentlemen, I'll return immediately. [*Ex. Bellair.*]

Med. A very pretty fellow this.

Dor. He's handsome, well bred, and by much the most tolerable of all the young men that do not abound in wit.

Med. Ever well dress'd, always complaisant, and seldom impertinent. You and he are grown very intimate I see.

Dor. It is our mutual interest to be so; it makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favorably of my reputation; it makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person.

Med. What was that whisper?

Dor. A thing which he wou'd fain have known, but I did not think it fit to tell him; it might have frightened him from his honourable intentions of marrying.

Med. *Emilia*, give her her due, has the best reputation of any young woman about the Town, who has beauty enough to provoke detraction; her carriage is unaffected, her discourse modest, not at all censorious, nor pretending, like the counterfeits of the age.

Dor. She's a discreet Maid; and I believe nothing can corrupt her but a husband.

Med. A husband?

Dor. Yes, a husband; I have known many Women make a difficulty of losing a maidenhead, who have afterwards made none of making a cuckold.

Med. This prudent consideration I am apt to think has made you confirm poor *Bellair* in the desperate resolution he has taken.

Dor. Indeed the little hope I found there was of her, in the state she was in, has made me, by my advice, contribute something towards the changing of her condition. [*Enter Bellair.*] Dear *Bellair*, by Heavens I thought we had lost thee; men in love are never to be reckon'd on when we wou'd form a company.

Bell.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 19

Bell. *Dorimant*, I am undone, my man has brought the most surprising news i'the world.

Dor. Some strange misfortune is befalln your love?

Bell. My Father came to Town last night, and lodges i'the very house where *Emilia* lies.

Med. Does he know it is with her you are in love?

Bell. He knows I love, but knows not whom, without some officious sot has betray'd me.

Dor. Your Aunt *Townly* is your confident, and favours the business.

Bell. I do not apprehend any ill office from her. I have received a letter, in which I am commanded by my Father to meet him at my Aunts this afternoon: he tells me farther, he has made a match for me, and bids me resolve to be obedient to his will, or expect to be disinherited.

Med. Now's your time, *Bellair*; never had Lover such an opportunity of giving a generous proof of his passion.

Bell. As how I pray?

Med. Why, hang an estate, marry *Emilia* out of hand, and provoke your Father to do what he threatens. 'Tis but despising a coach, humbling your self to a pair of goloshoes, being out of countenance when you meet your friends, pointed at and pitied where ever you go, by all the amorous fops that know you, and your fame will be immortal.

Bell. I cou'd find in my heart to resolve not to marry at all.

Dor. Fie, fie, that would spoil a good jest, and disappoint the well-natur'd Town of an occasion of laughing at you.

Bell. The storm I have so long expected, hangs o'er my head, and begins to pour down upon me; I am on the rack, and can have no rest till I'm satisfied in what I fear; where do you dine?

Dor. At *Longs*, or *Lockets*.

20 THE MAN OF MODE, or,

Med. At Longs let it be.

Bell. I'll run and see *Emilia*, and inform my self how matters stand; if my misfortunes are not so great as to make me unfit for company, I'll be with you.

[*Exit Bellair.*

Enter a Footman with a Letter.

Footm. Here's a Letter, Sir. [*To Dorimant.*

Dor. The superscription's right; For M. *Dorimant*.

Med. Let's see, the very scrawl and spelling of a true-bred Whore.

Dor. I know the hand, the stile is admirable I assure you.

Med. Prethee read it.

Dor. *Reads.*

I told a you you dud not love me, if you dud, you wou'd have seen me again e're now; I have no money and am very mallicolly. Pray send me a guynie too see the Operies.

Your Servant to command,

Molly.

Med. Pray let the Whore have a favourable answer, that she may spark it in a box, and do honour to her profession.

Dor. She shall, and perk up i'the face of Quality. Is the coach at the door?

Hand. You did not bid me send for it.

Dor. Eternal Blockhead! Hay sot...

[*Handy offers to go out.*

Hand. Did you call me, Sir?

Dor. I hope you have no just exception to the name, Sir?

Hand. I have fence, Sir.

Dor. Not so much as a fly in winter.... How did you come, *Medley*?

Hand

Med. In a chair.

Footm. You may have a hackney coach if you please, Sir

Dor. I may ride the Elephant if I please, Sir? call another chair, and let my coach follow to Longs.

Be calm ye great Parents, &c. [*Ex. singing*



A C T. I I.

S C E N E I.

Lady Townley and Emilia.

Lady Townley.

I Was afraid, *Emilia*, all had been discover'd.

Emil. I tremble with the apprehension still.

Town. That my brother should take lodgings i'the very house where you lie!

Emil. 'Twas lucky, we had timely notice to warn the people to be secret. He seems to be a mighty good humour'd old man.

Town. He ever had a notable smerking way with him.

Emil. He calls me rogue, tells me he can't abide me, and does so bepat me...

Town. On my word you are much in his favour then.

Emil. He has been very inquisitive I am told about my Family, my reputation, and my fortune.

Town. I am confident he does not i'the least suspect you are the woman his son's in love with.

Emil. What shou'd make him then inform himself so particularly of me?

Town. He was always of a very loving temper himself: it may be he has a doating fit upon him, who knows?

22 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Emil. It cannot be. [*Enter Young Bellair.*

Town. Here comes my nephew. Where did you leave your Father?

Y. Bell. Writing a note within. *Emilia*, this early visit looks as if some kind jealousy wou'd not let you rest at home.

Emil. The knowledge I have of my rival, gives me a little cause to fear your constancy.

Y. Bell. My constancy! I vow...

Emil. Do not vow... Our love is frail as is our life, and full as little in our power; and are you sure you shall out live this day?

Y. Bell. I am not: but when we are in perfect health, 'twere an idle thing to fright our selves with the thoughts of sudden death.

Town. Pray what has past between you and your Father i'the garden?

Y. Bell. He's firm in his resolution, tells me I must marry *Mrs. Harriet*, or swears he'll marry himself, and disinherit me. When I saw I could not prevail with him to be more indulgent, I dissembled an Obedience to his will, which has compos'd his passion, and will give us time, & I hope opportunity to deceive him.

[*Enter Old Bellair, with a Note in his hand.*

Town. Peace, here he comes.

Old Bell. *Harry*, take this, and let your man carry it for me to *Mr. Fourbes* chamber, my Lawyer i'the Temple. Neighbour, a dod I am glad to see thee here, [*To Emilia.*] Make much of her, sister, she's one of the best of your acquaintance, I like her countenance and her behaviour well, she has a modesty that is not common i'this Age, a dod, she has.

Town. I know her value, Brother, and esteem her accordingly.

Old Bell. Advise her to wear a little more mirth in her face, a dod she's too serious.

Town. The fault is very excusable in a young Woman.

Old Bell. Nay, a dod I like her ne'er the worse; a melancholy Beauty has her charms: I love a pretty sad-

nels in a face, which varies now and then, like changeable colours, into a smile.

Town. Methinks you speak very feelingly Brother.

Old Bell. I am but five and fifty, sister, you know, an age not altogether unsensible! Cheer up sweet heart; [*To Emilia.*] I have a secret to tell thee, may chance to make thee merry; we three will make collation together anon. I'the mean time mum; I can't abide you... Go! I, can't abide you [*Enter Young Bellair.*] Harry, Come, you must along with me to my Lady Woodvills. I am going to slip the boy at a mistress.

Y. Bell. At a wife, Sir you wou'd say.

Old Bell. You need not look so grum, Sir; a wife is no curse when she brings the blessing of a good estate with her: but an idle town flurt, with a painted face, a rotten reputation, and a crasie fortune, a/dod is the devil and all; and such a one I hear you are in league with...

Y. Bell. I cannot help detraction, Sir.

Old Bell. Out, a pise o'their breeches, there are keeping fools enough for such flaunting baggages; and they are e'en too good for 'em. Remember night, [*To Emilia.*] go y'are rogue, y'are a rogue; fare you well; fare you well. Come, come, come, along, Sir.

[*Ex. Old and Y. Bellair.*]

Town. On my word the old man comes on apace; I'll lay my life he's smitten.

Emil. This is nothing but the pleasantness of his humour.

Town. I know him better than you; let it work, it may prove lucky.

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Medley has sent to know whether a visit will not be troublesome this afternoon.

Town. Send him word, his visits never are so.

24 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Emilia. He's a very pleasant man.

Town. He's a very necessary man among us Women; he's not scandalous i'the least, perpetually contriving to bring good company together, and always ready to stop up a gap at ombre; then he knows all the little news i'the Town.

Emilia. I love to hear him talk o'the Intrigues; let 'em be never so dull in themselves, he'll make 'em pleasant i'the relation.

Town. But he improves things so much, one can take no measure of the truth from him. Mr. *Dorimant* swears a flea or a maggot is not made more monstrous by a magnifying glais, than a story is by his telling it.

Enter Medley.

Emilia. Hold, here he comes.

Town. Mr. *Medley*.

Med. Your Servant, Madam.

Town. You have made your self a stranger of late.

Emilia. I believe you took a surfeit of ombre last time you were here.

Med. Indeed I had my belly-full of that tarmagant Lady Dealer; there never was so unſatiabſe a carder; an old gleeker never lov'd to ſit to't like her. I have plaid with her now at leaſt a dozen times, till ſhe's worn out all her fine complexion, and her tour wou'd keep in curl no longer.

Town. Blame her not poor Woman, ſhe loves nothing ſo well as a black ace.

Med. The pleaſure I have ſeen her in when ſhe has had hope in drawing for a matadore.

Emilia. 'Tis as pretty ſport to her, as perſuading masks off is to you to make diſcoveries.

Town. Pray where's your friend, Mr. *Dorimant*?

Med. Solliciting his affairs, he's a man of great employment, has more Miſtreſſes now depending, than the moſt eminent Lawyer in *England* has cauſes.

Emi-

SR. FOPLING FLUTTER. 25

Emilia. Here has been Mrs. Loveit, so uneasie and out of humour these two days

Town. How strangely Love and Jealousie rage in that poor Woman!

Med. She cou'd not have pick'd out a Devil upon earth so proper to torment her; he has made her break a dozen or two of fans already, tear half a score points in pieces, and destroy hoods and knots without number.

Town. We heard of a pleasant serenade he gave her t'other night.

Med. A Danish serenade with kettle drums, and trumpets.

Emilia. Oh barbarous!

Med. What, you are of the number of the Ladies, whose ears are grown so delicate since our Operas, you can be charm'd with nothing but flute doux, and french hoboyes.

Emilia. Leave your raillery, and tell us, is there any new wit come forth, songs, novels?

Med. A very pretty piece of gallantry, by an eminent Author, call'd *The diversions of Bruxells*, very necessary to be read by all old Ladies who are desirous to improve themselves at questions and commands, blind-mans buff, and the like fashionable recreations...

Emilia. Oh ridiculous!

Med. Then there is the art of affectation, written by a late Beauty of quality, teaching you how to draw up your breasts, stretch up your neck, to thrust out your breech, to play with your head, to toss up your nose, to bite your lips, to turn up your eyes, to speak in a silly soft tone of a voice, and use all the foolish french words, that will infallibly make your person and conversation charming; with a short apologie at the latter end, in the behalf of young Ladies. who notoriously wash, and paint, though they have naturally good complexions.

Emilia. What a deal of stuff you tell us?

26 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Med. Such as the Town affords, Madam. The *Russians* hearing the great respect we have for foreign dancing, have lately sent over some of their best ballandins, who are now practising a famous ballet, which will be suddenly danc'd at the *Bear-garden*.

Town. Pray forbear your idle stories, and give us an account of the state of Love, as it now stands.

Med. Truly there has been some revolutions in those affairs, great chopping and changing among the old, and some new Lovers, whom malice, indiscretion, and misfortune, have luckily brought into play.

Town. What think you of walking into the next room, and sitting down, before you engage in this business?

Med. I'll wait upon you, and I hope (though Women are commonly unreasonable) by the plenty of scandal I shall discover, to give you very good content, Ladies.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mrs. Loveit and Pert.

Mrs. Loveit putting up a Letter, then pulling out her pocket glass, and looking in it.

Loveit. *Pert.*

Pert. Madam.

Loveit. I hate my self, I look so ill to-day.

Pert. Hate the wicked cause on't, that base man *Mr. Dorimant*, who makes you torment and vex your self continually.

Loveit. He is to blame indeed.

Pert. To blame! to be two days without sending, writing, or coming near you, contrary to his oath and covenant! 'Twas to much purpose to make him swear;

I'll

I'll lay my life there's not an article but he has broken; talk'd to the Vizards i'the pit, waited upon the Ladies from the boxes to their coaches; gone behind the Scenes, and fawn'd upon those little insignificant creatures, the Players: 'tis impossible for a man of his in constant temper to forbear I'm sure.

Loveit. I know he's a Devil, but he has something of the Angel yet undetac'd in him, which makes him so charming and agreeable, that I must love him be he never so wicked.

Pert. I little thought, Madam, too see your spirit tamed to this degree, who banish'd poor Mr. *Lackwit*, but for taking up another Ladies fan in your presence.

Lov. My knowing of such odious tools, contributes to the making me love *Dorimant* the better.

Pert. Your knowing of Mr. *Dorimant*, in my mind, shou'd rather make you hate all mankind.

Lov. So it does, besides himself.

Pert. Pray, what excuse does he make in his Letter?

Lov. He has had business.

Pert. Business in general terms wou'd not have been a currant excuse for another; a modish man is always very busie when he's in pursuit of a new Mistress.

Lov. Some Fop has brib'd you to rail at him; he had business; I will believe it, and will forgive him.

Pert. You may forgive him any thing; but I shall never forgive him his turning me into ridicule, as I hear he does.

Lov. I perceive you are of the number of those fools his wit has made his enemies.

Pert. I am of the number of those he's pleas'd to railly, Madam; and if we may believe M. *Wagfan*, and Mr. *Caperwell*, he sometimes makes merry with your self too, among his laughing companions.

Lov. Blockheads are as malicious to witty men, as ugly women are to the handsome; 'tis their interest, and they make it their business to defame 'em.

Pert. I wish Mr. *Dorimant* wou'd not make it his business to defame you.

Lov.

28 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Lov. Shou'd he, I had rather be made infamous by him, than owe my reputation to the dull discretion of those Fops you talk of. *Bellinda!* [*running to her.*

Enter Belinda.

Bel. My dear.

Lov. You have been unkind of late.

Bel. Do not say unkind, say unhappy!

Lov. I cou'd chide you, where have you been these two days?

Bel. Pity me rather my dear, where I have been so tired with two or three country Gentlewomen, whose conversation has been more unsufferable than a country fiddle.

Loveit. Are they relations?

Bel. No, Welch acquaintance I made when I was last year at St. Winefreds. They have asked me a thousand questions of the modes and intrigues of the Town, and I have told 'em almost as many things for news, that hardly were so, when their gowns were in fashion.

Lov. Provoking creatures, how cou'd you endure 'em?

Bel. [*Aside.*] Now to carry on my plot; nothing but Love cou'd make me capable of so much falsehood; 'Tis time to begin, lest *Dorimant* shou'd come before her jealousy has stung her [*Laughs, and then speaks on.* I was yesterday at a Play with 'em, where I was fain to shew 'em the living, as the Man at *Westminster* does the dead. That is Mrs. such a one, admired for her beauty, this is Mr. such a one, cry'd up for a Wit; that is sparkish Mr. such a one, who keeps reverend Mrs. such a one; and there sits fine Mrs. such a one, who was lately cast off by my Lord such a one.

Lov. Did you see *Dorimant* there?

Bel. I did, and imagine you were there with him, and have no mind to own it.

Lov. What shou'd make you think so?

Bel.

Sr. FOPPING FLUTTER. 29

Bel. A Lady mask'd in a pretty deshabbie, whom *Dorimant* entertain'd, with more respect than the Gallants do a common vizard.

Lov. *Dorimant* at the Play entertaining a Mask! oh heavens!

Bel. Good!

[*Aside.*

[*Aside.*

Lov. Did he stay all the while?

Bel. 'Till the Play was done, and then led her out; which confirms me it was you.

Lov. Traytor!

Pert. Now you may believe he had business, and you may forgive him too.

Lov. Ingrateful, perjur'd man!

Bel. You seem so much concern'd, my dear, I fear I have told you unawares what I had better have conceal'd for your quiet.

Lov. What manner of shape had she?

Bel. Tall and slender, her motions were very gentle; certainly she must be some person of condition.

Lov. Shame and confusion be ever in her face when she shows it.

Bel. I shou'd blame your discretion for loving that wild man, my dear; but they say he has a way so bewitching, that few can defend their hearts who know him.

Lov. I will tear him from mine, or die i'the attempt!

Bel. Be more moderate.

Lov. Wou'd I had daggers, darts or poison'd arrows in my breast, so I cou'd but remove the thoughts of him from thence.

Bel. Fie, fie, your transports are too violent, my dear; this may be but an accidental gallantry, and 'tis likely ended at her coach.

Pert. Shou'd it proceed farther, let your comfort be; the conduct *Mr. Dorimant* affects, will quickly make you know your rival; ten to one let you see her ruin'd, her reputation expos'd to the Town, a happiness none will envy her but your self, Madam.

Lov.

30 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Lov. Who e're she be, all the harm I wish her, is, may she love him as well as I do, and may he give her as much cause to hate him.

Pert. Never doubt the latter end of your curse, Madam!

Lov. May all the passions that are rais'd by neglected love, jealousy, indignation, spight and thirst of revenge, eternally rage in her soul, as they do now in mine.

[*Walks up and down with a distracted air.*

Enter a Page.

Page. Madam, Mr. Dorimant ...

Loveit. I will not see him.

Page. I told him you were within, Madam.

Loveit. Say you ly'd, say I'm busie, shut the door; say any thing.

Page. He's here, Madam.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. They taste of death who do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradise approach alive.

What, dancing the galloping nag without a fiddle?

[*To Loveit.*

[*Offers to catch her by the hand, she flings away and walks on, he pursuing her.*

I fear this restlessness of the body, Madam, proceeds from an unquietness of the mind. What unlucky accident puts you out of humour? a point-ill-washed, knots spoil'd i'the making up, hair shaded awry, or some other little mistake in setting you in order?

Pert. A trifle in my opinion, Sir, more inconsiderable than any you mention.

Dor. Oh Mrs. *Pert*, I never knew you fullen enough to be silent; come, let me know the business.

Pert. The business, Sir, is the business that has taken you up these two days; how have I seen you laugh at men of business, and now to become a man of business your self!

Dor.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 31

Dor. We are not masters of our own affections; our Inclinations daily alter; now we love pleasure, and anon we shall doat on business. Humane frailty will have it so, and who can help it?

Lov. Faithless, inhumane, barbarous man...

Dor. Good, now the alarm strikes...

Lov. Without sence of Love, of Honour, or of gratitude, Tell me, for I will know, what Devil mask'd she was, you were with at the Play yesterday?

Dor. Faith, I resolv'd as much as you, but the Devil was obstinate, and wou'd not tell me.

Lov. False in this as in your vows to me, you do know!

Dor. The truth is, I did all I cou'd to know.

Lov. And dare you own it to my face? Hell and furies! [Tears her Fan in pieces.

Dor. Spare your fan, Madam, you are growing hot, and will want it to cool you.

Lov. Horrour and distraction seize you, sorrow and remorse gnaw your soul, and punish all your perjuries to me... [Weeps.

Dor. So Thunder breaks the clouds in twain,
And makes a passage for the rain. [To Belinda.

Belinda, you are the Devil that have rais'd this storm; you were at the Play yesterday, and have been making discoveries to your dear.

Bel. Y'are the most mistaken Man i'the world.

Dor. It must be so, and, here I vow revenge; resolve to pursue, and persecute you more impertinently than ever any loving Fop did his Mistress; hunt you i'the Park, trace you i'the Mall, dog you in every visit you make, haunt you at the Plays, and i'the drawing room, hang my nose in your neck, and talk to you whether you will or no; and ever look upon you with such dying eyes, till your friends grow jealous of me, send you out of Town, and the world suspect your reputation. [In a lower voice.

At my Lady Townley's when we go from hence.

[He looks kindly on Belinda.

Be! I'll meet you there.

Dor. Enough.

Lov. Stand off, you sha' not stare upon her so.

[*Pushing Dorimant away.*]

Dor. Good! There's one made jealous already.

Lov. Is this the constancy you vow'd?

Dor. Constancy at my years! 'tis not a vertue in season; you might as well expect the fruit the autumn ripens, i'the spring.

Lov. Monstrous principle!

Dor. Youth has a long journey to go, Madam, shou'd I have set up my rest at the first Inn I lodg'd at, I shou'd never have arriv'd at the happiness I now enjoy.

Lov. Dissembler, damn'd dissembler!

Dor. I am so, I confess, good nature, and good manners corrupt me. I am honest in my inclinations, and wou'd not, wer't not to avoid offence, make a Lady a little in years believe I think her young, wilfully mistake Art for Nature, and seem as fond of a thing I am weary of, as when I doated on't in earnest.

Lov. False man.

Dor. True woman.

Lov. Now you begin to show your self!

Dor. Love gilds us over, and makes us show fine things to one another for a time, but soon the Gold wears off, and then again the native brass appears.

Lov. Think on your oaths, your vows and protestations. Perjur'd man!

Dor. I made 'em when I was in love.

Lov. And therefore ought they not to bind? Oh impious!

Dor. What we swear at such a time may be a certain proof of a present passion; but to say truth, in Love there is no security to be given for the future.

Lov. Horrid, and ingrateful! Be gone, and never see me more.

Dor. I am not one of those troublesome coxcombs, who, because they were once well receiv'd, take the pri-

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 33

priviledge to plague a woman with their Love ever after: I shall obey you, Madam, though I do my self some violence. [*He offers to go, & Loveit pulls him back,*

Lov. Come back, you sha' not go. Cou'd you have the ill-nature to offer it?

Dor. When Love grows diseas'd, the best thing we can do is to put it to a violent death; I cannot endure the torture of a lingring and consumptive passion.

Lov. Can you think mine sickly?

Dor. Oh! 'tis desperately ill! what worse symptoms are there, than your being always uneasie when I visit you, your picking quarrels with me on slight occasions; and in my absence kindly listning to the impertinences of every fashionable fool that talks to you?

Lov. What fashionable fool can you lay to my charge?

Dor. Why the very Cock-fool of all those Fools, Sir *Fopling Flutter*.

Lov. I never saw him in my life, but once.

Dor. The worse woman you, at first sight to put on all your charms, to entertain him with that softness in your voice, and all that wanton kindness in your eyes, you so notoriously affect, when you design a conquest.

Lov. So damn'd a lie did never malice yet invent. Who told you this?

Dor. No matter. That ever I shou'd love a Woman that can doat on a senseless caper, a tawdry french riband, and a formal cravat!

Lov. You make me mad.

Dor. A guilty conscience may do much. Go on, be the game mistress o'the Town, and enter all our young Fops, as fast as they come from travel.

Lov. Base and scurrilous!

Dor. A fine mortifying reputation 'twill be for a woman of your pride, wit, and quality!

Lov. This jealousy's a meer pretence, a cursed trick of your own devising; I know you.

Dor. Believe it and all the ill of me you can: I wou'd not have a Woman have the least good thought of me,

34 THE MAN OF MODE, or;
that can think well of *Fopling*. Farewel, fall to, and
much good may do you with your coxcomb.

Lov. Stay, oh stay, and I will tell you all.

Dor. I have been told too much already.

[*Ex.* *Dorimant.*

Lov. Call him again.

Pert. E'en let him go, a fair riddance.

Lov. Run I say, call him again, I will have him call'd

Pert. The Devil shou'd carry him away first, were
it my concern. [*Ex.* *Pert.*

Bel. H'as frightened me from the very thoughts of
loving men; for Heav'n's sake my dear, do not discover
what I told you; I dread his tongue as much as you
ought to have done his friendship.

Enter Pert.

Pert. He's gone, Madam.

Lov. Lightning blast him.

Pert. When I told him you desired him to come
back, he smil'd, made a mouth at me, flung into his
coach, and said...

Lov. What did he say?

Pert. Drive away, and then repeated verses.

Lov. Wou'd I had made a contract to be a witch
when first I entertain'd this greater Devil, monster,
Barbarian. I could tear my self in pieces. Revenge,
nothing but revenge can ease me; Plague, War, famine,
fire, all that can bring universal ruin and misery on
mankind, with joy I'd perish to have you in my power
but this moment. [*Ex.* *Loveit.*

Pert. Follow Madam, leave her not in this outra-
gious passion. [*Pert gathers up the things.*

Bel. H'as given me the proof which I desired of his
Love; but 'tis a proof of his ill-nature too. I wish I
had not seen him use her so: I sigh to think that *Dori-*
mant may be one day as faithless, and unkind to me.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT



A C T I I I.

SCENE *Lady Woodvils Lodgings.*

Enter Harriet, and Busy her Woman.

BUSY.

Dear Madam let me set that curl in order.

Har. Let me alone, I will shake 'em all out of order.

Busy. Will you never leave this wildness?

Har. Torment me not.

Busy. Look! there's a knot falling off.

Har. Let it drop.

Busy. But one pin, dear Madam.

Har. How do I dayly suffer under thy officious fingers?

Busy. Ah the difference that is between you and my Lady *Dapper*! How uneasy she is if the least thing be amiss about her!

Har. She is indeed most exact! nothing is ever wanting to make her ugliness remarkable!

Busy. Jeering people say so!

Har. Her powdering, painting, and her patching never fail in publick to draw the tongues and eyes of all the men upon her.

Busy. She is indeed a little too pretending.

Har. That Women should set up for beauty as much in spite of nature, as some men have done for wit!

Busy. I hope without offence, one may endeavour to make ones self agreeable.

Har. Not, when'tis impossible. Women then ought to be no more fond of dressing, than Fools should be of talking. Hoods and modesty, masques and silence,

36 THE MAN OF MODE; or,
things that shadow and conceal; they should think of
nothing else.

Busy. Jesu! Madam, what will your mother think is
become of you? For Heav'n's sake go in again.

Har. I won't!

Busy. This is the extravagant'st thing that ever you did
in your life, to leave her and the Gentleman who is to
be your Husband.

Har. My Husband! hast thou so little wit to think
I spoke what I meant when I over-joy'd her in the
country, with a low courtfy, and what you please, Madam,
I shall ever be obedient?

Busy. Nay, I know not, you have so many fetches.

Har. And this was one, to get her up to London!
nothing else I assure thee.

Busy. Well, the man, in my mind, is a fine man.

Har. The man indeed wears his cloaths fashionably!
and has a pretty negligent way with him, very Courtly,
and much affected; he bows, and talks, and smiles so
agreeably as he thinks.

Busy. I never saw any thing so gentile!

Har. Varnish'd over with good breeding, many a
blockhead makes a tolerable show.

Busy. I wonder you do not like him.

Har. I think I might be brought to endure him, and
that is all a reasonable Woman should expect in a husband.
But there is duty i'the case, ... and like the haughty
Merab, I find much aversion in my stubborn mind,
Which is bred by being promis'd and design'd.

Busy. I wish you do not design your own ruin! I
partly guess your inclinations, Madam ... that Mr *Dori-*
mant ...

Har. Leave your prating, and sing some foolish Song
or other.

Busy. I will, the Song you love so well ever since
you saw Mr. *Dorimant*.

S O N G

S O N G.

*When first Amintas charm'd my heart ,
My heedless Sheep began to stray ;
The Wolves soon stole the greatest part ,
And all will now be made a prey.*

*Ah , let not Love your thoughts possess ,
'Tis fatal to a Shepherdess ;
The dang'rous passion you must shun ,
Or else like me , be quite undone.*

Har. Shall I be paid down by a covetous parent for a purchase? I need no land; no I'll lay my self out all in love. It is decreed...

Enter Y. Bellair.

Y. Bell. What generous resolution are you making, Madam?

Har. Only to be disobedient, Sir.

Y. Bell. Let me join hands with you in that...

Har. With all my heart, I never thought I should have given you mine so willingly. Here I *Harriet*...

Y. Bell. And I *Harry*...

Har. Do solemnly protest...

Y. Bell. And vow...

Har. That I with you...

Y. Bell. And I with you...

Both. Will never marry...

Har. A match!

Y. Bell. And no match! How do you like this in-difference now?

Har. You expect I should take it ill I see!

Y. Bell. 'Tis not unnatural for you Women to be a little

38 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

little angry, you miss a conquest, though you wou'd flight the poor man were he in your power.

Har. There are some it may be have an eye like *Bart'lowmew*, big enough for the whole fair, but I am not of the number; and you may keep your ginger-bread, 'twill be more acceptable to the Lady, whose dear image it wears, Sir.

Y. Bell. I must confess, Madam, you came a day after the fair.

Har. You own then you are in love...

Y. Bell. I do.

Har. The confidence is generous, and in return I could almost find in my heart to let you know my inclinations.

Y. Bell. Are you in love?

Har. Yes, with this dear Town, to that degree, I can scarce endure the Country in landschapes and in hangings.

Y. Bell. What a dreadful thing 'twould be to be hurried back to *Hampshire*!

Har. Ah... name it not!...

Y. Bell. As for us, I find we shall agree well enough. Wou'd we cou'd do something to deceive the grave people!

Har. Could we delay their quick proceeding, 'twere well: a reprieve is a good step towards the getting of a Pardon.

Y. Bell. If we give over the game, we are undone: what think you of playing it on booty?

Har. What do you mean?

Y. Bell. Pretend to be in love with one another: 'twill make some dilatory excuses, we may feign, pass the better.

Har. Let us do't, if it but for the dear pleasure of dissembling.

Y. Bell. Can you play your part?

Har. I know not what it is to love, but I have made pretty remarks by being now and then where Lovers meet. Where did you leave their gravities?

Y. Bell. I'th' next room! your Mother was censuring our modern gallants.

Enter Old Bellair, and Lady Woodvil.

Har. Peace! Here they come; I will lean against this wall, and look bashfully down upon my Fan, while you, like an amorous Spark, modishly entertain me.

L. Wood. Never go about to excuse 'em; come, come, it was not so when I was a young Woman.

O. Bell. A dod, they're something disrespectful...

L. Wood. Quality was then consider'd, and not railly'd by every fleering Fellow.

O. Bell. Youth will have its jest, a dod it will.

L. Wood. 'Tis good breeding now to be civil to none but Players, and Exchange Women, they are treated by 'em as much above their condition, as others are below theirs.

O. Bell. Out, a pise on 'em, talk no more, the Rogues ha' got an ill habit of preferring beauty; no matter where they find it.

L. Wood. See your son, and my daughter, they have improv'd their acquaintance since they were within.

O. Bell. A dod methinks they have! Let's keep back, and observe.

Y. Bell. Now for a look and gestures that may persuade 'em I'm saying all the passionate things imaginable...

Har. Your head a little more on one side, ease your self on your left leg, and play with your right hand.

Y. Bell. Thus, is it not?

Har. Now set your right leg firm on the ground, adjust your belt, then look about you.

Y. Bell. A little exercising will make me perfect.

Har. Smile, and turn to me again very sparkish!

Y. Bell. Will you take your turn, and be instructed?

Har. With all my heart.

40 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Y. Bell. At one motion play your fan, roul your eyes, and then settle a kind look upon me.

Har. So.

Y. Bell. Now spread your fan, look down upon it, and tell the sticks with a finger.

Har. Very modish.

Y. Bell. Clap your hand up to your bosom, hold down your Gown; shrug a little, draw up your breasts, and let 'em fall again, gently, with a sigh or two, &c.

Har. By the good instructions you give, I suspect you for one of those malicious observers, who watch peoples eyes, and from innocent looks, make scandalous conclusions.

Y. Bell. I know some indeed, who out of meer love to mischief, are as vigilant as jealousy it self, and will give you an account of every glance that passes at a Play, and i'th' Circle.

Har. 'Twill not be amiss now to seem a little pleasant.

Y. Bell. Clap your fan then in both your hands, snatch it to your mouth, smile, and with a lively motion fling your body a little forwards. So...now spread it; fall back on the sudden, cover your face with it, and break out into a loud laughter...take up! look grave, and fall a fanning of your self...admirably well acted.

Har. I think I am pretty apt at these matters!

O. Bell. A dod, I like this well.

L. Wood. This promises something.

O. Bell. Come! there is love i'th' case, a dod there is, or will be; what say you, young Lady?

Har. All in good time; Sir; you expected we should fall to, and love as game-cocks fight, as soon as we are set together; a dod, y'are unreasonable!

O. Bell. A dod, firrah, I like thy wit well.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The coach is at the door, Madam.

O. Bell.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 41.

O. Bell. Go, get you and take the air together.

L. Wood. Will not you go with us?

O. Bell. Out, a pize; A dod I ha' business, and cannot.
We shall meet at night at my sister Townleys.

Y. Bell. He's going to Emilia. [*Aside.*] I overheard
him talk of a collation. [*Exeunt*

S C E N E I I.

*Enter L. Townley, Emilia, and Mr.
Medley.*

L. TOWNLEY.

I Pity the young Lovers, we last talk'd of, though
to say truth, their conduct has been so indiscreet, they
deserve to be unfortunate.

Med. Y've had an exact account, from the great
Lady i'th' box, down to the little Orange-wench.

Emil. Y'are a living Libel, a breathing Lampoon; I
wonder you are not torn in pieces.

Med. What think you of setting up an Office of in-
telligence for these matters? the project may get money.

L. Town. You would have great dealings with country
Ladies.

Med. More than *Muddiman* has with their husbands.

Enter Bellinda.

L. Town. Bellinda, what has been become of you
we have not seen you here of late with your friend
Mrs. Loveit.

Bell. Dear creature, I left her but now, so sadly
afflicted.

L. Town. With her old distemper, jealousy?

Med. Dorimant has plaid her some new prank.

Bell. Well that *Dorimant* is certainly the worst man
breathing. Emil.

42 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Emil. I once thought so.

Bell. And do you not think so still?

Emil. No, indeed!

Bell. Oh Jesu!

Emil. The Town does him a great deal of injury, and I will never believe what it says of a man I do not know, again for his sake.

Bell. You make me wonder!

L. Town. He's a very well-bred man.

Bell. But strangely ill-natur'd.

Emil. Then he's a very witty man.

Bell. But a man of no principles.

Med. Your man of principles is a very fine thing indeed!

Bell. To be preferr'd to men of parts by Women who have regard to their reputation and quiet. Well were I minded to play the fool, he shou'd be the last man I'd think of.

Med. He has been the first in many Ladies favours, though you are so severe, Madam.

L. Town. What he may be for a Lover I know not, but he's a very pleasant acquaintance I am sure.

Bell. Had you seen him use Mrs. Loveit as I have done, you wou'd never endure him more...

Emil. What, he has quarrel'd with her again!

Bell. Upon the flightest occasion; he's jealous of Sir Fopling.

L. Town. She never saw him in her life but yesterday, and that was here.

Emil. On my conscience! he's the only man in Town, that's her aversion: how horribly out of humour she was all the while he talk'd to her!

Bell. And some body has wickedly told him..

Emil. Here he comes.

Enter Dorimant.

Mad. Dorimant! you are luckily come to justify your self... here's a Lady ...

Bell.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 43

Bell. Has a word or two to say to you from a disconsolate person.

Dor. You tender your reputation too much I know, Madam, to whisper with me before this good company.

Bell. To serve Mrs. *Loveit*, I'll make a bold venture.

Dor. Here's *Medley*, the very spirit of scandal.

Bell. No matter!

Emil. 'Tis something your are unwilling to hear Mr *Dorimant*.

L. Town. Tell him, *Bellinda*, whether he will or no!

Bell. Mrs. *Loveit*... [aloud.

Dor. Softly; these are laughers, you do not know 'em.

Bell. In a word y've made me hate you, which I thought you never could have done. [To *Dor.* apart.

Dor. In obeying your commands.

Bell. 'Twas a cruel part you play'd! how cou'd you act it?

Dor. Nothing is cruel to a man who could kill himself to please you. Remember five a - clock to morrow morning.

Bell. I tremble when you name it.

Dor. Be sure you come,

Bell. I sha' not.

Dor. Swear you will!

Bell. I dare not.

Dor. Swear I say.

Bell. By my life! by all the happiness I hope for...

Dor. You will.

Bell. I will

Dor. Kind.

Bell. I am glad I've sworn, I vow I think I should ha' fail'd you else.

Dor. Surprizingly kind! In what temper did you leave *Loveit*?

Bell. Her raving was prettily over, and she began to be in a brave way of defying you, and all your works. Where have you been since you went from thence?

Dor.

44 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I look'd in at the Play.

Bell. I have promis'd and must return to her agen.

Dor. Persuade her to walk in the Mall this evening.

Bell. She hates the place and will not come.

Dor. Do all you can to prevail with her.

Bell. For what purpose?

Dor. Sir *Fopling* will be here anon; I'll prepare him to set upon her there before me.

Bell. You persecute her too much, but I'll do all you'll ha' me.

Dor. Tell her plainly, 'tis grow so dull a business, I can drudge on no longer. [aloud.

Emil. There are afflictions in Love, Mr. *Dorimant*.

Dor. You Women make 'em, who are commonly as unreasonable in that as you are at Play; without the advantage be on your side, a man can never quietly give over when he's weary.

Med. If you would play without being obliged to complaisance, *Dorimant*, you should play in publick places.

Dor. Ordinairies were a very good thing for that; but Gentlemen do not of late frequent 'em: the deep play is now in private houses.

[*Belinda* offering to steal away.

L. Town. *Bellinda*, are you leaving us so soon?

Bell. I am to go to the Park with Mrs. *Loveit*, Madam... [*Ex. Bellinda.*

L. Town. This confidence will go nigh to spoil this young Creature.

Med. 'Twill do her good, Madam; Young men who are brought up under practising Lawyers, prove the abler Council, when they come to be call'd to the Bar themselves.

Dor. The Town has been very favourable to you this afternoon, my Lady *Townley*, you use to have an ambaras of chairs and coaches at your door, an uproar of footmen in your hall, and a noise of fools above here.

L. Town. Indeed my house is the general rendezvouze,
and

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 45

and next to the Play-honse is the common refuge of all the young idle people.

Emil. Company is a very good thing, Madam, but I wonder you do not love it a little more chosen.

L. Town. 'Tis good to have an universal taste; we should love wit, but for variety, be able to divert ourselves with the extravagancies of those who want it.

Med. Fools will make you laugh,

Emil. For once or twice; but the repetition of their folly after a visit or two grows tedious and unsufferable.

L. Town. You are a little too delicate, *Emilia*.

Enter a Page.

Page. Sir *Fopling Flutter*, Madam, desires to know if you are to be seen.

L. Town. Here's the freshest fool in Town, and one who has not cloy'd you yet. Page!

Pag Madam!

L. Town. Desire him to wa'k up.

Dor. Do not you fall on him, *Medley*, and snub him. Sooth him up in his extravagance! he will shew the better.

Med You know I have a natural indulgence for Fools and need not this caution, Sir!

Enter Sir Fopling Flutter, with his Page after him.

Sr. Fop. Page! Wait without. Madam, [*To L. Town.*] I kiss your hands, I see yesterday was nothing of chance, the *belles assemblées* form themselves here every day. Lady, your servant; [*To Emilia.*] *Dorimant*, let me embrace thee; without lying I have not met with any of my acquaintance, who retain so much of *Paris* as thou dost; the very air thou hadst when the Marquise mistook thee i'th *Tuilleries*, and cry'd hey Chevalier, and then begg'd thy pardon.

Dor.

46 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. I would fain wear in fashion as long as I can, Sir, 'tis a thing to be valu'd in men as well as bawbles.

Sr. Fop. Thou art a man of wit, and understand'st the Town: prithee let thee and I be intimate; there is no living without making some good man the confident of our pleasures.

Dor. 'Tis true; but there is no man so improper for such a business as I am.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! why hast thou so modest an opinion of thy self?

Dor. Why first, I cou'd never keep a secret in my life; and then there is no charin so intallibly makes me fall in love with a Woman as my knowing a friend loves her. I deal honestly with you.

Sr. Fop. Thy humour's very gallant, or let me perish; I knew a French Count so like thee.

T. Town. Wit I perceive has more power over you than beauty, Sir *Fopling*, else you would not have let this Lady stand so long neglected.

Sr. Fop. A thousand pardons, Madam, [*To Emilia.*] some civilitie's due of course upon the metting a long absent friend. The eclat of so much beauty I confess ought to have charm'd me sooner.

Emil. The brillian of so much good language, Sir, has much more power than the little beauty I can boast.

Sr. Fop. I never saw any thing prettier than this high work on your point d'Espagne...

Emil. 'Tis not so rich as point *de Venise*...

Sr. Fop. Not altogether, but looks cooler, and is more proper for the season. *Dorimant*, is not that *Medley*?

Dor. The same, Sir.

Sr. Fop. Forgive me, Sir, in this ambaras of civilities, I could not come to have you in my arms sooner. You understand an equipage the best of any man in Town, I hear.

Med. By my own you would not guess it.

Sr. Fop. There are Criticks who do not write, Sir.

Med.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 47

Med. Our peevish Poets will scarce allow it.

Sr. Fop. Dam 'em, they'll allow no man wit, who does not play the fool like themselves and show it. Have you taken notice of the Callesh I brought over?

Med. O yes! 't has quite another air, than th'English makes.

Sr. Fop. 'Tis as easily known from an English Turn-bril, as an Inns of Court-man is from one of us.

Dor. Truly there is a bel-air in calashes as well as men.

Med. But there are few so delicate to observe it.

Sr. Fop. The world is generally very grossier here indeed.

L. Town. He's very fine.

Emil. Extream proper.

Sr. Fop. A slight suit I made to appear in at my first arrival, not worthy your consideration; Ladies.

Dor. The pantaloon is very well mounted.

Sr. Fop. The tassels are new and pretty.

Med. I never saw a coat better cut.

Sr. Fop. It makes me show long-waisted, and I think slender.

Dor. That's the shape our Ladies doat on.

Med. Your breech though is a handful too high in my eye, Sir Fopling.

Sr. Fop. Peace, Medley, I have wisht it lower a thousand times, but a pox on't, 'twill not be.

L. Town. His gloves are well fring'd, large and graceful.

Sr. Fop. I was always eminent for being bien ganté.

Emil. He wears nothing but what are originals of the most famous hands in Paris.

Sr. Fop. You are in the right, Madam.

L. Town. The suit?

Sr. Fop. Barroy.

Emil. The garniture?

Sr. Fop. Le Gras...

Med. The Shoes?

Sr. Fop. Piquear.

48 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Dor. The perriwig?

Sr. Fop. Chedreux.

Town. and *Emil.* The gloves?

Sr. Fop. Orangerie! You know the smell, Ladies! *Dorimant*, I could find in my heart for an amusement, to have a gallantry with some of our English Ladies.

Dor. 'Tis a thing no less necessary to confirm the reputation of your wit, than a duel will be to satisfy the Town of your courage.

Sr. Fop. Here was a Woman yesterday...

Dor. Mistress Loveit.

Sr. Fop. You have nam'd her!

Dor. You cannot pitch on a better for your purpose.

Sr. Fop. Prithee! what is she?

Dor. A person of quality, and one who has a rest of reputation enough to make the conquest considerable: besides, I hear, she likes you too.

Sr. Fop. Methoughts she seem'd though very reserv'd, and uneasy all the time I entertain'd her.

Dor. Grimace and affectation: you will see her i'th' mall to-night.

Sr. Fop. Prithee, let thee and I take the air together.

Dor. I am engag'd to *Medley*, but I'll meet you at Saint James's, and give you some information, upon the which you may regulate your proceedings.

Sr. Fop. All the world will be in the Park to-night; Ladies, 'twere pity to keep so much beauty longer within doors, and rob the ring of all those charms that should adorn it.... Hely Page.

Enter Page, and goes out again.

See that all my people be ready. *Dorimant* à revoir.

Med. A fine mett'l'd coxcomb.

Dor. Brisk and insipid...

Med. Pert and dull.

Emil. However you despise him, Gentlemen, I'll lay my life he passes for a wit with many.

Dor.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 49

Dor. That may very well be : Nature hath her cheats, stuns a brain, and puts sophisticate dulness often on the tasteless multitude for true wit and good humour. Medley, come.

Med. I must go a little way, I will meet you i'the mail.

Dor. I'll walk through the garden thither, we shall meet anon and bow. [To the Women.

L. Town. Not to-night ! we are engag'd about a business, the knowledge of which may make you laugh hereafter.

Med. Your servant, Ladies.

Dor. A revoir, as Sir Fopling says...[Ex. Med. & Dor.

L. Town. The old Man will be here immediately.

Emil. Let's expect him i'th' garden...

L. Town. Go, you are a rogue.

Emil. I can't abide you.

[Exeunt]

SCENE III.

The Mail.

Enter Harriet, Y. Bellair, she pulling him.

HARRIET.

Come along.

Y. Bell. And leave your mother.

Har. *Busie* will be sent with a hue and cry after us; but that's no matter.

Y. Bell. 'Twill look strangely in me.

Har. She'll believe it a freak of mine, and never blame your manners.

Y. Bell. What reverend acquaintance is that she has met?

Har. A fellow-Beauty of the last Kings time, though by the ruins you would hardly guess it. [Exeunt.

[Enter Dorimant and crosses the stage.

D

Enter

Enter Y. Bellair and Harriet.

Y. Bell. By this time your Mother is in a fine taking.

Har. If your Friend Mr. *Dorimant* were but here now, that she might find me talking with him.

Y. Bell. She does not know him, but dreads him, I hear, of all mankind.

Har. She concludes if he does but speak to a Woman she's undone, is on her knees every day to pray Heav'n defend me from him.

Y. Bell. You do not apprehend him so much as she does.

Har. I never saw any thing in him that was frightfull.

Y. Bell. On the contrary, have you not observed something extream delightfull in his Wit and person?

Har. He's agreeable and pleasant I must own; but he does so much affect being so, he displeases me.

Y. Bell. Lord, Madam, all he does and says, is so easie, and so natural.

Har. Some mens verses seem so to the unskilful, but labour i'the one, and affectation i'the other to the judicious plainly appear.

Y. Bell. I never heard him accus'd of affectation before.

Enter Dorimant and stares upon her.

Har. It passes on the easie Town, who are favourably pleas'd in him to call't humour.

[*Ex. Y. Bellair and Harriet.*

Dor. 'Tis she! it must be she, that lovely hair, that easie shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which *Medley* spoke of; I'll follow the Lottery, and put in for a Prize with my friend *Bellair*.

[*Ex. Dor repeating.*

In love the Victors from the vanquish'd fly;

They fly that wound, and they pursue that die.

Enter

Enter Y. Bellair, and Harriet, and after them Dorimant standing at a distance.

Y. Bell. Most people prefer *high Park* to this place.

Har. It has the better reputation I confess: but I abominate the dull diversions there, the formal bows, the affected smiles; the silly by-words, and amorous twivers, in passing; here one meets with a little conversation now and then.

Y. Bell. These conversations have been fatal to some of your sex, Madam.

Har. It may be so because some who want temper have been undone by gaming, must others who have it, wholly deny themselves the pleasure of play?

Dor. Trust me, it were unreasonable, Madam.

[Coming up gently, and bowing to her.

Har. Lord! who's this? *[She starts and looks grave.*

Y. Bell. Dorimant.

Dor. Is this the woman your Father would have you marry!

Y. Bell. It is.

Dor. Her name?

Y. Bell. Harriet.

Dor. I am not mistaken, she's handsome.

Y. Bell. Talk to her, her wit is better than her face; we were wishing for you but now.

Dor. Overcast with seriousness o'the sudden! *[To Harriet.]* A thousand smiles were shining in that face but now; I never saw so quick a change of weather.

Har. I feel as great a change within; *[Aside.]* but he shall never know it.

Dor. You were talking of play, Madam, pray what may be your stint?

Har. A little harmless discourse in publick walks, or at most an appointment in a box bare fac'd at the Play-

house; you are for masks, and private meetings, where women engage for all they are worth I hear.

Dor. I have been us'd to deep play, but I can make one at small game, when I like my gamester well.

Har. And be so unconcern'd you'll ha' no pleasure in't.

Dor. Where there is a considerable sum to be won, the hope of drawing people in, makes every trifle considerable.

Har. The sordidness of men's natures I know makes 'em willing to flatter and comply with the rich, though they are sure never to be the better for 'em.

Dor. 'Tis in their power to do us good, and we despair not but at some time or other they may be willing.

Har. To men who have far'd in this Town like you, 'twould be a great mortification to live on hope. Could you keep a lent for a Mistress?

Dor. In expectation of a happy Easter; and though time be very precious, think forty days well lost, to gain your favour.

Har. Mr. Bellair, let us walk; 'tis time to leave him: men grow dull when they begin to be particular.

Dor. Y'are mistaken, flattery will not ensue, though I know y'are greedy of the praises of the whole mail.

Har. You do me wrong.

Dor. I do not; as I follow'd you, I observ'd how you were pleas'd when the *Fops* cry'd she's handsome, very handsome, by God she is, and whisper'd aloud your name; the thousand several forms you put your face into; then to make your self more agreeable how wantonly you play'd with your head, flung back your locks, and look'd smilingly over your shoulder at 'em.

Har. I do not go begging the mens as you do the Ladies good liking with a sly softness in your looks, and a gentle slowness in your bows, as you pass by 'em...as thus Sir...[*Acts him.*] Is not this like you?

Enter

Enter Lady Woodvil and Busy.

Y. Bell. Your mother, Madam.

[Pulls Har. She composes her self

L. Wood. Ah my dear child Harriet.

Busy. Now is she so pleas'd with finding her agen, she cannot chide her.

L. Wood. Come away!

Dor. 'Tis now but high mail, Madam, the most entertaining time of all the evening.

Har. I would fain see that Dorimant, mother, you so cry out of, for a monster, he's in the Mail I hear.

L. Wood. Come away then! the plague is here, and you should dread the infection.

Y. Bell. You may be misinform'd of the Gentleman.

L. Wood. Oh no! I hope you do not know him. He is the Prince of all the Devils in the Town, delights in nothing but in rapes and riots.

Dor. If you did but hear him speak, Madam.

L. Wood. Oh! he has a tongue they say would tempt the Angels to a second fall.

Enter Sir Fopling with his equipage, six foot-men, and a Page.

Sr. Fop. Hey, Champaine, Norman, La Rose, La Fleur, La Tour, La Verdure. Dorimant.

L. Wood. Here, here he is among this rout, he names him; come away Harriet, come away.

[Ex. L. Wood. Har Busy and Y. Bell.

Dor This fools coming has spoil'd all; she's gone, but she has left a pleasing image of her self behind that wanders in my soul... It must not settle there.

Sr. Fop. What reverie is this? speak man.

Dor. Snatch'd from my self how far behind

Already I behold the shore!

Enter Medley.

Med. *Dorimant*, a discovery! I met with *Bellair*.

Dor. You can tell me no news, Sir I know all.

Med. How do you like the daughter?

Dor. You never came so near truth in your life, as you did in her description.

Med. What think you of the Mother?

Dor. What ever I think of her, she thinks very well of me, I find.

Med. Did she know you?

Dor. She did not; whether she does now or no, I know not. Here was a pleasant Scene towards, when in came Sir *Fopling*, mustering up his equipage, and at the latter end nam'd me, and frighted her away.

Med. *Loveit* and *Bellinda* are not far off, I saw 'em alight at *St. James's*.

Dor. Sr. *Fopling*, hark you, a word or two, [*Whispers.*] look you do not want assurance.

Sr. *Fop.* I never do on these occasions.

Dor. Walk on, we must not be seen together, make your advantage of what I have told you, the next turn you will meet the Lady.

Sr. *Fop.* Hey... Follow me all.

[*Ex. Sr. Fop. & his equipage.*]

Dor. *Medley*, you shall see good sport anon between *Loveit* and this *Fopling*.

Med. I thought there was something toward by that whisper!

Dor. You know a worthy principle of hers?

Med. Not to be so much as civil to a man who speaks to her in the presence of him she professes to love.

Dor. I have encourag'd *Fopling* to talk to her to-night.

Med. Now you are here, she will go nigh to beat him.

Dor. In the humour she's in, her love will make her do some very extravagant thing, doubtless.

Med.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 55

Med. What was *Bellinda's* business with you at my *Lady Townleys*?

Dor. To get me to meet *Loveit* here in order to an eclercisment; I made some difficulty of it, and have prepar'd this rancounter to make good my jealousy.

Med. Here they come!

Enter Lov. Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. I'll meet her and provoke her with a deal of dumb civility in passing by, then turn short and be behind her when *Sir Fopling* sets upon her...

See how unregarded now

That piece of beauty passes... [*Ex. Dor. and Med.*

Bell. How wonderful respectfully he bow'd!

Pert. He's always over-mannerly when he has done a mischief.

Bell. Methoughts indeed at the same time he had a strange despising countenance.

Pert. The unlucky look he thinks becomes him.

Bell. I was afraid you would have spoke to him, my dear.

Lov. I would have di'd first; he shall no more find me the loving fool he has done.

Bell. You love him still?

Lov. No.

Pert. I wish you did not.

Lov. I do not, and I will have you think so: What made you hale me to this odious place, *Bellinda*?

Bell. I hate to be hulch'd up in a coach; walking is much better.

Lov. Would we could meet *Sir Fopling* now.

Bell. Lord! would you not avoid him?

Lov. I would make him all the advances that may be.

Bell. That would confirm *Dorimant's* suspicion, my dear.

Lov. He is not jealous; but I will make him so, and be reveng'd a way he little thinks on.

56 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bell. aside. If she should make him jealous, that may make him fond of her again: I must dissuade her from it. Lord! my dear, this will certainly make him hate you.

Lov. 'Twill 'make him uneasy though he does not care for me; I know the effects of jealousy on men of his proud temper.

Bell. 'Tis a fantastick remedy, its operations are dangerous and uncertain.

Lov. 'Tis the strongest cordial we can give dying Love, it often brings it back when ther's no sign of life remaining: But I design not so much the reviving his, as my revenge.

Enter Sir Fopling and his Equipage.

Sir Fop. Hey! bid the coach-man send home four of his horses, and bring the coach to *White-Hall*: I'll walk over the park... Madam, the honour of kissing your fair hands is a happiness I miss'd this afternoon at my Lady *Townleys*!

Lov. You were very obliging, *Sir Fopling*, the last time I saw you there.

Sir Fop. The preference was due to your wit & beauty Madam, your Servant, there never was so sweet an evening.

Bell. 'T has drawn all the rabble of the Town hither.

Sir Fop. 'Tis pity ther's not an order made, that none but the beau monde should walk here.

Lov. 'Twould add much to the beauty of the place: see what a sort of nasty fellows are coming.

Enter four ill fashion'd fellows, singing.

'Tis not for kisses alone, &c.

Lov. Fo! their perriwigs are scented with tobacco so strong...
Sir

Sir Fop. It overcomes our pulvilio... Methinks I smell the coffee house they come from.

1 Man. *Dorimants* convenient, Madam Loveit.

2 Man. I like the oylic... Buttock with her.

3 Man. What spruce prig is that?

1 Man. A caravan, lately come from *Paris*.

2 Man. Peace, they smoak.

There's something else to be done, &c.

[All of them coughing.

[Ex. singing

Enter Dorimant and Medley.

Dor. They're ingag'd...

Med. She entertains him as if she lik'd him.

Dor. Let us go forward... seem earnest in discourse and shew our selves. Then you shall see how she'll use him!

Bell. Yonder's *Dorimant*, My dear.

Lov. I see him, he comes insulting; but I will disappoint him in his expectation. *[Aside.*

To Sir Fopling. I like this pretty nice humour of yours, Sir Fopling: With what a loathing eye he look'd upon those fellows!

Sir Fop. I sat near one of 'em at a Play to-day, and was almost poison'd with a pair of cordivant gloves he wears...

Lov. Oh! filthy cordivant, how I hate the smell!

[Laughs in a loud affected way.

Sir Fop. Did you observe, Madam, how their cravats hung loose an inch from their neck, and what a frightful air it gave 'em?

Lov. Oh, I took particular notice of one that is always spruc'd up with a deal of dirty sky colour'd ribband.

Bell. That's one of the walking flajolets, who haunt the mail o'nights...

Lov. Oh! I remember him! H'has a hollow tooth, enough to spoil the sweetness of an evening.

58 THE MAN OF MODE, 67;

Sir Fop. I have seen the tallest walk the streets, with a dainty pair of boxes, neatly buckl'd on.

Lov. And a little Footboy at his heels, pocket high, with a flat-cap...a dirty face.

Sir Fop. And a snotty nose...

Lov. Oh...odious, there's many of my own sex with that *Holborn* equipage trigg to *Greys Inn-Walks*; and now and then travel hither on a Sunday.

Med. She takes no notice of you.

Dor. Damn her! I am jealous of a counter plot!

Lov. Your liveries are the finest, Sir *Fopling*... Oh that Page! that Page is the prettily'st drest... They are all Frenchmen.

Sir Fop. There's one damn'd English blockhead among 'em, you may know him by his *meine*.

Lov. Oh! that's he, that's he, what do you call him?

Sir Fop. Hey... I know not what to call him...

Lov. What's your name?

Footm. *John Trott*, Madam!

Sir Fop. O unsufferable! *Trott*, *Trott*, *Trott*! there's nothing so barbarous as the names of our English Servants. What Countryman are you, Sirrah?

Footm. *Hampshire*, Sir.

Sir Fop. Then, *Hampshire* be your name. Hey, *Hampshire*!

Lov. O That sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality!

Med. *Dorimant*, you look a little bashful on the matter!

Dor. She dissembles better than I thought she could have done.

Med. You have tempted her with too luscious a bait: she bites at the coxcomb.

Dor. She cannot fall from loving me to that?

Med. You begin to be jealous in earnest.

Dor. Of one I do not love...

Med. You did love her.

Dor. The fit has long been over...

Med

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 59

Med. But I have known men fall into dangerous relapses when they have found a woman inclining to another.

Dor. He guesses the secret of my heart! I am concern'd, but dare not show it, lest *Bellinda* should mistrust all I have done to gain her. [To himself.

Bell. [Aside.] I have watch'd his look, and find no alteration there. Did he love her, some signs of jealousy would have appear'd?

Dor. I hope this happy evening, Madam, has reconcil'd you to the scandalous Mail, we shall have you now hankering here agen...

Lov. Sir *Fopling*, will you walk...

Sir Fop. I am all obedience; Madam...

Lov. Come along then... and let's agree to be malicious on all the ill-fashion'd things we meet.

Sir Fop. We'll make a critick on the whole mail, Madam.

Lov. *Bellinda*, you shall engage...

Bell. To the reserve of our friends, my dear.

Lov. No! No exceptions...

Sir Fop. We'll sacrifice all to our diversion...

Lov. All... all...

Sir Fop. All.

Bell. All then let it be.

[Ex *Sir Fopling*, *Loveit*, *Bellinda*, & *Pert.* laughing.

Med. Would you had brought some more of your friends, *Dorimant*, to have been witnesses of *Sir Fopling's* disgrace, and your triumph...

Dor. 'Twere unreasonable to desire you not to laugh at me; but pray do not expose me to the Town this day or two.

Med. By that time you hope to have regain'd your credit.

Dor. I know she hates *Fopling*, and only makes use of him in hope to work me on agen; had it not been for some powerful considerations, which will be remov'd

60 THE MAN OF MODE, or,
to-morrow morning, I had made her pluck off this mask;
and shew the passion that lyes panting under.

Enter a Footman.

Med. Here comes a man from *Bellair*, with news of your last adventure.

Dor. I am glad he sent him. I long to know the consequence of our parting.

Footm. Sir, my Master desires you to come to my Lady Townleys presently, and bring Mr Medley with you. My Lady Woodvill and her daughter are there.

Med. Then all's well, *Dorimant*...

Footm. They have sent for the fiddles, and mean to dance! He bid me tell you, Sir, the old Lady does not know you, and would have you own your self to be Mr. *Courtage*. They are all prepar'd to receive you by that name.

Dor. That foppish admirer of quality, who flatters the very meat at honourable tables, and never offers love to a woman below a Lady grand-mother.

Med. You know the character you are to act, I see.

Dor. This is *Harriets* contrivance... Wild, witty, lovesome, beautiful and young... Come along *Medley*...

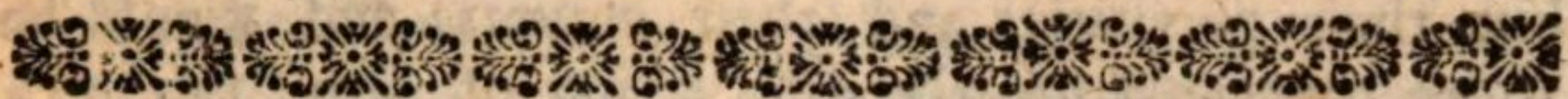
Med. This new woman would well supply the love of *Loveit*.

Dor. That business must not end so; before to-morrows Sun is set, I will revenge and clear it.

*And you and Loveit to her cost shall find,
I fathom all the depths of womankind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T



A C T I V.

THE SCENE opens with the fiddles playing a country dance.

Enter Dorimant, L. Woodvil, Young Bellair, and Mrs. Harriet, Old Bellair, and Emilia, Mr. Medley and L. Townly; as having just ended the dance.

OLD BELLAIR.

SO, so, so! a smart bout, a very smart bout, a-dod! L. Town. How do you like *Emilias* dancing, Brother?

O. Bell. Not at all, not at all.

L. Town. You speak not what you think, I am sure!

O. Bell. No matter for that, go, bid her dance no more, it don't become her, it don't become her, tell her I say so; A-dod I love her. [Aside.

Dor. [To L. Woodvill.] All people mingle now a days, Madam, and in publick places women of quality have the least respect show'd 'em.

L. Wood. I protest you say the truth, Mr. Courtage!

Dor. Forms and ceremonies, the only things that uphold quality and greatness, are now shamefully laid aside and neglected.

L. Wood. Well! this is not the womens age, let 'em think what they will; lewdness is the business now. Love was the business in my time.

Dor. The women indeed are little beholding to the young men of this age; they're generally only dull admirers

62 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

mirers of themselves, and make their court to nothing but their perriwigs and their cravats; and would be more concern'd for the disordering of 'em, tho' on a good occasion, than a young maid would be for the tumbling of her head or handkerchief.

L. Wood. I protest you hit 'em.

Dor. They are very assiduous to show themselves at Court well dress'd to the women of quality, but their business is with the stale mistresses of the Town, who are prepar'd to receive their lazy addresses, by industrious old lovers who have cast 'em off, and made 'em easy.

Har. He fits my mothers humour so well; a little more and she'll dance a kissing dance with him anon.

Med. Dutifully observ'd, Madam.

Dor. They pretend to be great criticks in beauty; by their talk you would think they lik'd no face, and yet can doat on an ill one, if it belong to a landress or a Taylors daughter: they cry a woman's past her prime at twenty, decay'd at four and twenty, old and unsufferable at thirty.

L. Wood. Unsufferable at thirty! That they are in the wrong, *M. Courtage*; at five and thirty, there are living proofs enough to convince 'em.

Dor. Ay Madam! ther's Mrs. *Setlooks*, Mrs *Droplip*, and my Lady *Lowd*! shew me among all our opening buds, a face that promises so much beauty as the remains of theirs.

L. Wood. The deprav'd appetite of this vicious age tastes nothing but green fruit, and loaths it when 'tis kindly ripen'd.

Dor. Else so many deserving women, Madam, would not be so untimely neglected.

L. Wood. I protest, Mr. *Courtage*, a dozen such good men as you, would be enough to atone for that wicked *Dorimant*, and all the under debauchees of the Town. What's the matter there?

[*Har. Emil. Young Bell. Med. Lady Town.*
break out into a laughter.

Sr. FOPLING FLUTTER. 63

Med. A pleasant mistake, Madam, that a Lady has made, occasions a little laughter.

O. Bell. Come, come, you keep 'em idle; they are impatient till the fiddles play again.

Dor. You are not weary, Madam?

L. Wood. One dance more; I cannot refuse you Mr. *Courtage*. [*They dance.*

[*After the dance, O. Bellair, singing and dancing up to Emilia*

Emil. You are very active, Sir.

O. Bell. A Dod, Sirrah; when I was a young fellow, I could ha' caper'd up to my womans gorget.

Dor. You are willing to rest your self, Madam...

L. Town. We'll walk into my chamber and sit down.

Med. Leave us, Mr. *Courtage*; he's a dancer, and the young Ladies are not weary yet.

L. Wood. We'll send him out again.

Har. If you do not quickly, I know where to send for Mr. *Dorimant*.

L. Wood. This girls head, Mr. *Courtage*, is ever running on that wild fellow.

Dor. 'Tis well you have got her a good husband, Madam, that will settle it.

[*Ex. L. Town. Wood. and Dorimant.*

O. Bell. to Emilia. [A-dod, sweet-heart be advis'd, and do not throw thy self away on a young idle fellow.

Emil. I have no such intention, Sir.

O. Bell. Have a little patience! Thou shalt have the man I spake of. A-dod, he loves thee, and will make a good husband, but no words...

Emil. But Sir...

O. Bell. No answer... out a pize! peace, and think on't.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Your company is desired within, Sir.

○.

64 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

O. Bell. I go, I go, good Mr. *Courtage*... Fare you well; Go! I'll see you no more. [To Emil.]

Emil. What have I done, Sir?

O. Bell. You are ugly; you are ugly! Is she not Mr. *Courtage*?

Emil. Better words or I sha'nt abide you.

O. Bell. Out a pize... a-dod, what does she say? Hit her a pat for me there. [Ex. Old Bellair.]

Med. You have charms for the whole family.

Dor. You'll spoil all with some unseasonable jest, *Medley*.

Med. You see I confine my tongue, and am content to be a bare spectator, much contrary to my nature.

Emil. Methinks, Mr. *Dorimant*, my Lady *Woodvil* is a little fond of you.

Dor. Would her daughter were.

Med. It may be you may find her so, try her, you have an opportunity.

Dor. And I will not lose it! *Bellair*, here's a Lady has something to say to you.

Y. Bell. I wait upon her. M. *Medley*, we have both business with you.

Dor. Get you all together then. [To Harriet.] That demure curt'sy is not amiss in jest, but do not think in earnest it becomes you.

Har. Affectation is catching I find; from your grave bow I got it.

Dor. Where had you all that scorn, and coldness in your look?

Har. From nature, Sir, pardon my want of art: I have not learnt those softnesses and languishings which now in faces are so much in fashion.

Dor. You need 'em not, you have a sweetness of your own, if you would but calm your frowns and let it settle.

Har. My eyes are wild and wandring like my passions, and cannot yet be ty'd to rules of charming.

Dor.

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Dor. Women indeed have commonly a method of managing those messengers of Love; now they will look as if they would kill, and anon they will look as if they were dying: They point and rebate their glances, the better to invite us.

Har. I like this variety well enough, but hate the set face that always looks as it would say, come love me. A woman, who at Plays makes the doux yeux to a whole audience, and at home cannot forbear 'em to her monkey.

Dor. Put on a gentle smile, and let me see how well it will become you.

Har. I am sorry my face does not please you as it is, but I shall not be complaisant and change it.

Dor. Though you are obstinate, I know 'tis capable of improvement, and shall do you justice, Madam, if I chance to be at Court, when the criticks of the circle pass their judgment; for thither you must come.

Har. And expect to be taken in pieces, have all my features examin'd, every motion censur'd, and on the whole be condemn'd to be but pretty, or a Beauty of the lowest rate. What think you?

Dor. The women, nay, the very Lovers who belong to the drawing-room will maliciously allow you more than that: they always grant what is apparent, that they may the better be believ'd, when they name conceal'd faults they cannot easily be disprov'd in.

Har. Beauty runs as great a risque expos'd at Court, as Wit does on the stage, where the ugly and the foolish, all are free to censure.

Dor. aside.] I love her, and dare not let her know it; I fear she has an ascendant o'er me, and may revenge the wrongs I have done her Sex. Think of making a party, Madam, Love will engage. [*To her.*

Har. You make me start! I did not think to have heard of Love from you.

Dor. I never knew what 't was to have a settled Ague
E yet,

yet, but now and then have had irregular fits.

Har. Take heed, sickness after long health is commonly more violent and dangerous.

Dor. I have took the infection from her, and feel the disease now spreading in me... [*Aside.*] Is the name of Love so frightful that you dare not stand it? [*To her.*

Har. 'Twill do little execution out of your mouth on me, I am sure.

Dor. It has been fatal...

Har. To some easy women; but we are not all born to one destiny. I was inform'd you use to laugh at Love and not make it.

Dor. The time has been, but now I must speak...

Har. If it be on that idle subject, I will put on my serious look, turn my head carelessly from you, drop my lip, let my eye lids fall, and hang half o'er my eyes... thus, while you buz a speech of an hour long in my ear, and I answer never a word: why do you not begin?

Dor. That the company may take notice how passionately I make advances of love, and how disdainfully you receive 'em!

Har. When your love's grown strong enough to make you hear being laugh'd at, I'll give you leave to trouble me with it. Till when pray forbear, Sir.

Enter Sir Fopling and others in Masks.

Dor. What's here, masquerades?

Har. I thought that toppery had been left off, and people might have been in private with a fiddle.

Dor. 'Tis endeavour'd to be kept on foot still, by some who find themselves the more acceptable, the less they are known.

Y. Bell. This must be Sir Fopling.

Med. That extraordinary habit shews it.

Y. Bell. What are the rest?

Med.

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Med. A company of French rascals, whom he pick'd up in *Paris*, and has brought over to be his dancing equipage, on these occasions. Make him own himself; a fool is very troublesome, when he presumes he is incognito.

Sir Fop. Do you know me? [*To Harriet.*

Har. Ten to one but I guess at you.

Sir Fop. Are you women as fond of a vizard, as we men are?

Har. I am very fond of a vizard that covers a face I do not like, Sir.

Y. Bell. Here are no masks you see, Sir, but those which came with you; this was intended a private meeting, but because you look like a gentleman, if you discover your self, and we know you to be such, you shall be welcome.

Sir Fop. Dear *Bellair*! [*Pulling of his mask.*

Med. *Sir Fopling*! how came you hither?

Sir Fop. Faith, as I was coming late from *White-Hall*, after the *Kings couchée*, one of my people told me he had heard fiddles at my *Lady Townleys*, and...

Dor. You need not say any more, Sir.

Sir Fop. *Dorimant*, let me kiss thee.

Dor. Hark you, *Sir Fopling*... [*Whispers.*

Sir Fop. Enough, enough, *Courtage*. A pretty kind of young woman that, *Medley*, I observ'd her in the mail more *veillée* than our English women commonly are; prithee what is she?

Med. The most noted Coquette in Town; beware of her.

Sir Fop. Let her be what she will, I know how to take my measures: in *Paris* the mode is to flatter the prude, laugh at the faux-prude, make serious love to the demi-prude, and only railly at the coquette. *Medley*, what think you?

Med. That for all this smattering of the Mathematicks, you may be out in your judgment at tennis.

Sir Fop. What a *coc à l'asne* is this? I talk of women, and thou answer'st tennis.

Med. Mistakes will be for want of apprehension.

Sir Fop. I am very glad of the acquaintance I have with this family.

Med. My Lady truly is a good woman.

Sir Fop. Ah! *Dorimant*, *Courtage* I would say, would thou hadst spent the last winter in *Paris* with me. When thou wer't there *La Cornue* and *Sallies* were the only habitudes we had; a Comedian would have been a *bonne-fortune*. No stranger ever pass'd his time so well as I did some months before I came over. I was well receiv'd in a dozen families, where all the women of quality us'd to come to visit. I have intrigues to tell thee, more pleasant, than ever thou read'st in a novel.

Har. Write 'em, Sir, and oblige us women; our Language wants such little stories.

Sir Fop. Writing, Madam's a mechanick part of wit; A Gentleman should never go beyond a Song or a Billet.

Har. *Bussy* was a Gentleman.

Sir Fop. Who *d'Ambois*?

Med. Was there ever such a brisk blockhead?

Har. Not *d'Ambois*, Sir, but *Rabutin*; he who writ the loves of *France*.

Sir Fop. That may be, Madam, many Gentlemen do things that are below 'em. Damn your Authors, *Courtage*, Women are the prettiest things we can fool away our time with.

Har. I hope you have wear'd your self to-night at court, Sir, and I will not think of fooling with any body here.

Sir Fop. I cannot complain of my Fortune there Madam... *Dorimant*...

Dor. Again!

Sir Fop. *Courtage*, a pox on't, I have something to tell thee. When I had made my court within, I came out

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out and flung my self upon the matt under the state i'th' outward room, i'th' midst of half a dozen Beauties who were withdrawn to jeer among themselves, as they call'd it.

Dor. Did you know 'em?

Sir Fop. Not one of 'em by heavens; not I, but they were all your friends.

Dor. How are you sure of that?

Sir Fop. Why, we laugh'd at all the Town; spar'd no body but your self: they found me a man for their purpose.

Dor. I know you are malicious to your power.

Sir Fop. And faith I had occasion to shew it, for I never saw more gaping fools at a Ball or on a Lirth-day.

Dor. You learn'd who the women were.

Sir Fop. No matter; they frequent the drawing room.

Dor. And entertain themselves pleasantly at the expence of all the fops who come there?

Sir Fop. That's their bus'ness. Faith I sifted 'em, and find they have a sort of wit among them ... Ah filthy.

[Pinches a tallow candle.

Dor. Look, he has been pinching the tallow candle.

Sir Fop. How can you breath in a room where there's grease frying! *Dorimant* thou art intimate with my Lady, advise her, for her own sake and the good company that comes hither, to burn wax lights.

Har. What are these masquerades who stand so obsequiously at a distance?

Sir Fop. A set of Balladins, whom I pick'd out of the best in *France* and brought over, with a flute-douce or two, my Servants; they shall entertain you.

Har. I had rather see you dance your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. And I had rather do it ... all the company knows it ... but Madam...

Med. Come, come, no excuses, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns *Medley*...

70 THE MAN OF MODE ; or,

Med. Like a woman I find you must be struggled with before one brings you to what you desire.

Har. Can he dance? [*Aside.*

Emil. And fence, and sing to, if you'll believe him.

Dor. He has no more excellence in his heels than in his head. He went to *Paris* a plain bashful English block-head, and is return'd a fine undertaking *French Fopp*.

Med. I cannot prevail.

Sir Fop. Do not think it want of complaisance, Madam.

Har. You are too well-bred to want that, *Sir Fopling* I believe it want of power.

Sir Fop. By Heav'ns, and so it is. I have sat up so damn'd late, and drunk so curs'd hard since I came to this lewd Town, that I am fit for nothing but low dancing now, a Courant, a Borée, or a Minnuet: but *St. André* tells me, if I will but be regular, in one month I shall rise again. Pox on this debauchery.

[*Endeavours at a Caper.*

Emil. I have heard your dancing much commended

Sir Fop. It had the good fortune to please in *Paris*. I was judg'd to rise within an inch as high as the Basque, in an entry I danc'd there.

Har. I am mightily taken with this fool; let us sit: Here's a feat, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. At your feet, Madam; I can be no where so much at ease: by your leave gown.

Har. and Emil.] Ah! you'll spoil it.

Sir Fop. No matter; my cloaths are my creatures: I make 'em to make my court to you Ladies. Hey... Qu'on commence; to an English dancer English motions. [*Dance.*] I was forc'd to entertain this fellow, one of my set miscarrying... Oh horrid! leave your damn'd manner of dancing, and put on the French air: have you not a pattern before you... Pretty well; imitation in time may bring him to something.

After the dance enter O. Bellair, L. Woodvil and L. Townley.

O. Bell. Hey a dod! what have we here, a mumming?

L. Wood. Where's my daughter... *Harriet*?

Dor. Here, here, Madam! I know not but under these disguises there may be dangerous sparks, I gave the young Lady warning.

L. Wood. Lord! I am so oblig'd to you, Mr. *Courtage*.

Har. Lord how you admire this man!

L. Wood. What have you to except against him?

Har. He's a Fop.

L. Wood. He's not a *Dorimant*, a wild extravagant fellow of the times.

Har. He's a man made up of forms and common places, suckt out of the remaining lees of the last age.

L. Wood. He's so good a man that were you not engag'd...

L. Town. You'll have but little night to sleep in.

L. Wood. Lord! 'tis perfect day...

Dor. [*Aside.*] The hour is almost come, I appointed *Bellinda*, and I am not so foppishly in love here to forget I am flesh and blood yet. [*Aside.*]

L. Town. I am very sensible, Madam.

L. Wood. Lord, Madam!

Har. Look in what a struggle is my poor mother yonder.

Y. Bell. She has much ado to bring out the complement.

Dor. She strains hard for it.

Har. See, see! her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her under-lip trembling...

Dor. Now, now, she's in the very convulsions of her civility. [*Aside.*] 'Sdeath, I shall lose *Bellinda*: I must fright her hence, she'll be an hour in this fit of good

72 THE MAN OF MODE, or;
manners else. [To *L. Wood.*] Do you not know Sir
Fopling, Madam?

L. Wood. I have seen that face... Oh Heav'n, 'tis the
same we met in the mail, how came he here?

Dor. A Fiddle in this Town is a kind of fop-call;
no sooner it strikes up, but the house is besieg'd with
an army of masquerades straight.

L. Wood. Lord! I tremble, Mr. *Courtage*, for certain
Dorimant is in the company.

Dor. I cannot confidently say he is not; you had best
begon; I will wait upon you; your daughter is in the
hands of Mr. *Bellair*.

L. Wood. I'll see her before me. *Harriet*, come away

Y. Bell. Lights! Lights!

L. Town. Light down there.

O. Bell. A dod, it needs not...

Dor. Call my Lady *Woodvils* coach to the door, quickly.

O. Bell. Stay, Mr. *Medley*, let the young fellows do
that duty; we will drink a glass of wine together; 'tis
good after dancing. What mumming spark is that?

Med. He is not to be comprehended in few words.

Sir Fop. Hey! La Tour.

Med. Whither away, Sir *Fopling*?

Sir Fop. I have bus'ness with *Courtage*...

Med. He'll but put the Ladies into their coach and
come up again.

O. Bell. In the mean time I'll call for a bottle.

[*Ex. Old. Bell.*

Enter *Y. Bellair*.

Med. Where's *Dorimant*?

Y. Bell. Stolen home! he has had business waiting for
him there all this night, I believe, by an impatience I
observ'd in him.

Med. Very likely, 'tis but dissembling drunkenness,
rail.

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railing at his friends, and the kind soul will embrace the blessing, and forget the tedious expectation.

Sir Fop. I must speak with him before I sleep;

Y. Bell. Emilia and I are resolv'd on that business.

Med. Peace, here's your Father.

Enter Old Bellair, and Butler with a Bottle of Wine.

O. Bell. The Women are all gone to bed. Fill Boy!

Mr. Medley, begin a health.

Med. To Emilia. [Whispers.

O. Bell. Out a pize! she's a rogue, and I'll not pledge you.

Med. I know you will.

O. Bell. A dod, drink it then.

Sir Fop. Let us have the new Bachique.

O. Bell. A-dod, that's a hard word; What does it mean, Sir?

Med. A catch, or drinking Song.

O. Bell. Let us have it then.

Sir Fop. Fill the glasses round, and draw up in a Body. Hey! musick!

They Sing.

*The pleasures of Love and the joys of good wine,
To perfect our happiness wisely we joyn.*

We to beauty all day,

Give the Sovereign sway,

And her favourite Nymphs devoutly obey.

At the Plays we are constantly making our court,

And when they are ended we follow the sport;

To the mail and the park,

Where we love till 'tis dark:

Then sparkling Champaigne

Puts an end to their reign;

74 THE MAN OF MODE; or.

It quickly recovers,

Poor languishing Lovers,

Makes us frolick and gay, & drowns all our sorrow:

But alas! we relapse again on the morrow.

Let every man stand,

With his glass in his hand:

And briskly discharge at the word of command.

Here's a health to all those,

Whom to night we depose.

Wine and beauty by turns great souls should inspire.

Present all together; and now boys give fire...

O. Bell. A-dod, a pretty bus'ness and very merry.

Sir Fop. Hark you, Medley, let you and I take the fiddles, and go waken Dorimant.

Med. We shall do him a courtesy, if it be as I guess, For after the fatigue of this night, he'll quickly have his belly full; and be glad of an occasion to cry, take away, Handy.

Y. Bell. I'll go with you, and there we'll consult about affairs, Medley.

O. Bell. looks on his watch.] A-dod, 'tis fix a clock

Sir Fop. Let's away then.

O. Bell. Mr. Medley, my sister tells me you are an honest man. And a-dod I love you. Few words and hearty, that's the way with old Harry, old Harry.

Sir Fop. Light your flambeaux. Hey!

O. Bell. What does the man mean?

Med. 'Tis day, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. No matter; our Serenade will look the greater.

(Ex omnes.

SCENE II.

Dorimants Lodging, a Table, a Candle, a Toilet, &c. Handy tying up Linnen.

Enter Dorimant in his gown, and Bellinda.

DORIMANT.

Why will you be gone so soon?

Bell. Why did you stay out so late?

Dor. Call a chair, *Handy!* what makes you tremble so?

Bell. I have a thousand fears about me: have I not been seen think you?

Dor. By no body but my self and trusty *Handy*.

Bell. Where are all your people?

Dor. I have dispart'ed 'em on sleeveless errands. What does that sigh mean?

Bell. Can you be so unkind to ask me? ... well ...
Were it to do again ... [Sighs.]

Dor. We should do it, should we not?

Bell. I think we should: the wickeder man you to make me love so well ... will you be discreet now?

Dor. I will ...

Bell. You cannot.

Dor. Never doubt it.

Bell. I will not expect it.

Dor. You do me wrong,

Bell. You have no more power to keep the secret, than I had not to trust you with it.

Dor. By all the joys I have had, and those you keep in store...

Bell. You'll do for my sake what you never did before. ..

Dor. By that truth thou hast spoken, a wife shall sooner betray her self to her husband ...

Bell.

76 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

Bell. Yet I had rather you should be false in this than in another thing you promis'd me.

Dor. What's that?

Bell. That you would never see *Loveit* more but in publick places, in the park, at Court and Plays.

Dor. 'Tis not likely a man should be fond of seeing a damn'd old Play when there is a new one acted.

Bell. I dare not trust your promise.

Dor. You may...

Bell. This does not satisfy me; you shall swear you never will see her more.

Dor. I will, a thousand oaths...by all...

Bell. Hold...you shall not, now I think on't better.

Dor. I will swear...

Bell. I shall grow jealous of the oath, and think I owe your truth to that, not to your Love.

Dor. Then, by my Love, no other oath I'll swear.

Enter Handy.

Hand. Here's a chair.

Bell. Let me go.

Dor. I cannot.

Bell. Too willingly I fear.

Dor. Too unkindly fear'd. When will you promise me again?

Bell. Not this fortnight.

Dor. You will be better than your word.

Bell. I think I shall. Will it not make you love me less? heark! what fiddles are these?

[*Starting fiddles without.*

Dor. Look out, *Handy*! [*Ex. Handy, and returns.*

Hand. Mr. *Medley*, Mr. *Bellair*, and Sir *Fopling*, they are coming up.

Dor. How got they in?

Hand. The door was open for the chair.

Bell.

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Bell. Lord! let me fly...

Dor. Here, here, down the back stairs. I'll see you into your chair.

Bell. No, no! stay and receive 'em: and be sure you keep your word, and never see *Loveit* more. Let it be a proof of your kindness.

Dor. It shall... *Handy*, direct her. Everlasting love go along with thee.

[*Kissing her hand.*

[*Ex. Bellinda and Handy.*

Enter Young Bellair, Medley, and Sir Fopling.

Y. Bell. Not a bed yet!

Med. You have had an irregular fit, *Dorimant*.

Dor. I have.

Y. Bell. And is it off already?

Dor. Nature has done her part, Gentlemen; when she falls kindly to work, great cures are effected in little time, you know.

Sir Fop. We thought there was a wench in the case, by the chair that waited. Prithee make us a confidence.

Dor. Excuse me.

Sir Fop. Le sage, *Dorimant*... was she pretty?

Dor. So pretty she may come to keep her coach and pay Parish duties if the good humour of the age continue.

Med. And be of the number of the Ladies kept by publick spirited men for the good of the whole Town.

Sir Fop. Well said, *Medley*.

[*Sir Fopling dancing by himself.*

Y. Bell. See Sir Fopling dancing.

Dor. You are practising and have a mind to recover I see.

Sir Fop. Prithee *Dorimant*! why hast not thou a glass hung up here? a Room is the dullest thing without one!

Y. Bell. Here is company to entertain you.

Sir Fop. But I mean in case being alone. In a glass of a man may entertain himself ...

Dor.

Dor. The shadow of himself indeed.

Sir Fop. Correct the errors of his motions and his dress.

Med. I find, *Sir Fopling*, in your solitude, you remember the saying of the wise man? and study your self.

Sir Fop. 'Tis the best diversion in our retirements. *Dorimant*, thou art a pretty fellow, and wear'st thy cloaths well, but I never saw thee have a handsome Cravat. Were they made up like mine, they'd give another air to thy face. Prithee let me send my man to dress thee but one day. By Heav'n's an English man cannot tye a ribbon.

Dor. They are something clumsy fisted...

Sr. Fop. I have brought over the prettiest fellow that ever spread a Toilet; he serv'd some time under *Merrille*, the greatest genie in the world for a Valet de chambre.

Dor. What, he who formerly belong'd to the Duke of Candale?

Sr. Fop. The same, and got him his immortal reputation.

Dor. Y'have a very fine Brandenburg on, *Sir Fopling*.

Sir Fop. It serves to wrap me up, after the fatigue of a ball.

Med. I see you often in it, with your Perriwig ty'd up.

Sir Fop. We should not always be in a set dress, 'tis more en cavalier to appear now and then in a deshabillee.

Med. Pray how goes your business with *Loveit*?

Sr. Fop. You might have answer'd your self in the mail last night. *Dorimant*! did you not see the advances she made me? I have been endeavouring at a song.

Dor. Already!

Sr. Fop. 'Tis my coup d'essay in English, I would fain have thy opinion of it.

Dor. Let's see it.

Sir Fop. Hey Page give me my Song... *Bellair*, here thou hast a pretty voice, sing it.

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Y. Bell. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling.

Sir Fop. Excuse me.

Y. Bell. You learnt to sing in *Paris*.

Sir Fop. I did of *Lambert*, the greatest master in the world: but I have his own fault, a weak voice, and care not to sing out a *ruél*.

Dor. A *ruél* is a pretty cage for a singing Fop indeed.

Y. Bellair reads the Song.

How charming Phillis is, how fair!

Ah that she were as willing

To ease my wounded heart of care,

And make her eyes less killing.

I sigh! I sigh! I languish now,

And Love will not let me rest,

I drive about the park, and bow

Still as I meet my dearest.

Sr. Fop. Sing it, sing it man, it goes to a pretty new tune which I am confident was made by *Baptist*.

Med. Sing it your self, Sir Fopling, he does not know the tune.

Sr. Fop. I'll venture.

[Sir Fopling sings.]

Dor. Ay marry! now 'tis something. I shall not flatter you, Sir Fopling, there is not much thought in't, but 'tis passionate and well turn'd.

Med. After the French way.

Sr. Fop. That I aim'd at... does it not give you a lively image of the thing? Slap down goes the glass, and thus we are at it.

Dor. It does indeed: I perceive, Sir Fopling, you'll be the very head of the Sparks, who are lucky in compositions of this nature.

Enter

Enter Sir Foplings Footman.

Sir Fop. *La Tower*, is the bath ready?

Footm. Yes, Sir.

Sir Fop. Adieu donc mes cheres. [*Ex. Sir Fopling.*]

Med. When have you your revenge on *Loveit*. *Dorimant*?

Dor. I will but change my linnen, and about it.

Med. The powerful considerations which hinder'd have been remov'd then.

Dor. Most luckily this morning; you must along with me, my reputation lyes at stake there.

Med. I am engag'd to *Bellair*.

Dor. What's your business.

Med. Ma-tii-mony an't like you.

Dor. It does not, Sir.

Y. Bell. It may in time, *Dorimant*, what think you of Mrs. *Harriet*?

Dor. What does she think of me?

Y. Bell. I am confident she loves you.

Dor. How does it appear?

Y. Bell. Why, she's never well but when she's talking of you; but then she finds all the faults in you she can: she laughs at all who commend you, but then she speaks ill of all who do not.

Dor. Women of her temper betray themselves, by their over cunning. I had once a growing love with a Lady, who would always quarrel with me, when I came to see her and yet was never quiet if I stay'd a day from her.

Y. Bell. My Father is in love with *Emilia*.

Dor. That is a good warrant for your proceedings; go on and prosper, I must to *Loveit*. *Medley*, I am sorry you cannot be a witness.

Med. Make her meet *Sir Fopling* again in the same place, and use him ill before me.

Dor. That may be brought about I think. I'll beat your aunts anon, and give you joy, Mr. *Bellair*.

Y.

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Y. Bell. You had not best think of Mrs. Harriet too much; without Church security there's no taking up there.

Dor. I may fall into the snare too. But...

The wise will find a difference in our fate,

You wed a Woman, I a good estate. [Exeunt]

SCENE III.

Enter the Chair with Bellinda, the men set it down and open it. Bellinda starting.

BELLINDA surpriz'd.

L Ord! where am I! In the mail? whither have you brought me?

1 Chair-m. You gave us no directions, Madam?

Bell. The fright I was in made me forget it. [Aside.]

1 Chair m. We use to carry a Lady from the Squires hither.

Bell. This is Loveit, I am undone if she sees me quickly, carry me away. [Aside.]

1 Chair-m. Whither, an't like your honour?

Bell. Ask no questions...

Enter Loveits Footman.

Footm. Have you seen my Lady, Madam?

Bell. I am just come to wait upon her...

Footm. She will be glad to see you, Madam; she sent me to you this morning, to desire your company, and I was told you went out by five a clock.

Bell. More and more unlucky! [Aside.]

Footm. Will you walk in, Madam?

Bell. I'll discharge my chair and follow. Tell your Mrs. I am here. [Ex. Footm.] Take this [Gives the Chair-
F Chair-

82 THE MAN OF MODE, or;

Chairmen money.] and if ever you should be examin'd be sure you say, you took me up in the Strand, over against the Exchange, as you will answer it to Mr. Dorimant.

Chairm. We will an't like your honour.

[Ex. Chairmen.

Bell. Now to come off, I must on...

In confidence and lies some hope is left;

'Twere hard to be found out in the first theft. [Exit.



A C T V.

Enter Mistress Loveit, and Pert her Woman.

PERT.

WELL! in my eyes Sir Fopling is no such despicable person.

Lov. You are an excellent Judge.

Pert. He's as handsome a man as Mr. Dorimant, and as great a Gallant.

Lov. Intollerable! is't not enough I submit to his impertinences, but must I be plagu'd with yours too?

Pert. Indeed Madam...

Lov. 'Tis false, mercenary malice...

Enter her Footman.

Footm. Mrs. Bellinda, Madam...

Lov. What of her?

Footm. She's below.

Lov. How came she?

Footm. In a chair, ambling Harry brought her.

Lov. He bring her! his chair stands near Dorimant's door, and always brings me from thence... Run and ask him where he took her up, go. There is no truth

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in friendship neither. Women, as well as men, all are false, or all are so to me at least.

Pert. You are jealous of her too?

Lov. You had best tell her I am. 'Twill become the liberty you take of late. This fellows bringing of her, her going out by five a clock... I know not what to think.

Enter Bellinda.

Bellinda, you are grown an early riser; I hear.

Bell. Do you not wonder my dear, what made me abroad so soon?

Lov. You do not use to be so.

Bell. The countrey Gentlewomen I told you of (Lord! they have the oddest diversions!) would never let me rest till I promis'd to go with them to the market this morning to eat fruit and buy nosegays.

Lov. Are they so fond of a filthy nosegay?

Bell. They complain of the stinks of the Town, and are never well but when they have their noses in one.

Lov. There are essences and sweet waters.

Bell. O they cry out upon perfumes, they are unwholesome, one of 'em was falling into a fit with the smell of these narolii.

Lov. Methinks in complaisance you shou'd have had a nosegay too.

Bell. Do you think, my dear, I could be so loathsome to trick my self up with carnations & stock-gilly-flowers? I begg'd their pardon and told them I never wore any thing but orange-flowers and tuberose. That which made me willing to go, was, a strange desire I had to eat some fresh nectarens.

Lov. And had you any?

Bell. The best I ever tasted.

Lov. Whence came you now?

Bell. From their lodgings, where I crowded out of

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a coach, and took a chair to come & see you, my dear.

Lov. Whither did you send for that chair?

Bell. 'Twas going by empty.

Lov. Where do these country Geutlewomen lodge I pray?

Bell. In the *Strand* over against the Exchange.

Pert. That place is never without a nest of 'em, they are always as one goes by fleering in balconies or staring out of windows.

Enter Footman.

Lov. [*To the Footm.*] Come hither. [*Whispers.*

Bell. [*Aside.*] This fellow by her order has been questioning the chairmen: I threatn'd 'em with the name of *Dorimant*: if they should have told truth I am lost for ever.

Lov. In the *Strand* said you?

Footm. Yes Madam, over against the Exchange.

[*Ex. Footm.*

Lov. She's innocent and I am much to blame.

Bell. [*Aside.*] I am so frightened, my countenance will betray me.

Lov. *Bellinda*! what makes you look so pale?

Bell. Want of my usual rest, and jolting up and down so long in an odious hackney. [*Footman returns.*

Footm. Madam! Mr. *Dorimant*.

Lov. What makes him here?

Bell. [*Aside.*] Then I am betray'd indeed, he has broke his word, and I love a man that does not care for me.

Lov. Lord! you faint, *Bellinda*!

Bell. I think I shall! such an oppression here on the sudden.

Pert. She has eaten too much fruit I warrant you

Lov. Not unlikely.

Pert. 'Tis that lyes heavy on her stomach.

Lov

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Lov. Have her into my chamber give her some surfeit water, and let her ly down a little.

Pert. Come, Madam! I was a strange devourer of fruit when I was so young, so ravenous!

[*Ex. Bell. and Pert leading her off.*]

Lov. Oh that my Love would be but calm a while! That I might receive this man with all the scorn and indignation he deserves.

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Now for a touch of Sir *Fopling* to begin with. Hey ... Page ... Give positive order that none of my people stir ... Let the canaille wait as they should do ... since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms,
*I that I may successful prove,
Transform my self to what you love.*

Lov. If that would do, you need not change from what you are, you can be vain and lowd enough.

Dor. But not with so good a grace as Sir *Fopling*. Hey, *Hampshire* ... Oh ... that sound, that sound becomes the mouth of a man of quality.

Lov. Is there a thing so hateful as a senseless mimick?

Dor. He's a great grievance indeed to all who, like your self, Madam, love to play the fool in quiet.

Lov. A ridiculous animal, who has more of the ape, than the ape has of the man in him.

Dor. I have as mean an opinion of a sheer-mimick as your self; yet were he all ape, I should prefer him to the gay, the giddy, brisk insipid noisy fool you doat on.

Lov. Those noisy fools, however you despise 'em, have good qualities, which weigh more (or ought at least) with us women, than all the pernicious wit you have to boast of.

Dor. That I may hereafter have a just value for their merit, pray do me the favour to name 'em.

Lov. You'll despise 'em as the dulleffects of ignorance

and vanity! yet I care not if I mention some. First, they really admire us, while you at best but flatter us well.

Dor. Take heed; fools can dissemble too...

Lov. They may; but no so artificially as you... There is no fear they should deceive us. Then they are assiduous, Sir, they are ever offering us their service, and always waiting on our will.

Dor. You owe that to their excessive idleness; They know not how to entertain themselves at home, and find so little welcome abroad, they are fain to fly to you who countenance 'em as a refuge against the solitude they would be otherwise condemn'd to.

Lov. Their conversation too diverts us better.

Dor. Playing with your fan, smelling to your gloves, commending your hair, and taking notice how 'tis cut and shaded after the new way...

Lov. Were it sillier than you can make it, you must allow 'tis pleasanter to laugh at others, than to be laugh'd at our selves, though never so wittily. Then, though they want skill to flatter us, they flatter themselves so well, they save us the labour: we need not take that care and pains to satisfy 'em of our Love, which we so often lose on you.

Dor. They commonly indeed believe too well of themselves, and always better of you than you deserve.

Lov. You are in the right, they have an implicit faith in us, which keeps 'em from prying narrowly into our secrets, and saves us the vexatious trouble of clearing doubts, which your subtle and causeless jealousies every moment raise.

Dor. There is an inbred falsehood in women, which inclines 'em still to them whom they may most easily deceive.

Lov. The man who loves above his quality, does not suffer more from the insolent impertinence of his Mistress, than the woman who loves above her understand-

ding, does from the arrogant presumptions of her friend.

Dor. You mistake the use of fools, they are design'd for properties and not for friends. You have an indifferent stock of reputation left yet; lose it all like a frank gamester on the square, 'twill then be time enough to turn rook, and cheat it up again on a good substantial bubble.

Lov. The old and the ill-favour'd are only fit for properties indeed, but young and handsome fools have met with kinder fortunes.

Dor. They have, to the shame of your sex be it spoken; 'twas this, the thought of this made me by a timely jealousy, endeavour to prevent the good fortune you are providing for Sir *Fopling*...but against a womans frailty all our care is vain.

Lov. Had I not with a dear experience bought the knowledge of your falsehood, you might have fool'd me yet. This is not the first jealousy you have feign'd to make a quarrel with me, and get a week to throw away on some such unknown inconsiderable flut, as you have been lately lurking with at Plays.

Dor. Women, when they would break off with a man, never want th'address to turn the fault on him.

Lov. You take a pride of late in using of me ill, that the Town may know the power you have over me. Which now (as unreasonably as your self) expects that I (do me all the injuries you can) must love you still.

Dor. I am so far from expecting that you should, I begin to think you never did love me.

Lov. Would the memory of it were so wholly worn out in me, that I did doubt it too! What made you come to disturb my growing quiet?

Dor. To give you joy of your growing infamy.

Lov. Insupportable! insulting Devil! this from you, the only Author of my shame! this from another had been but justice, but from you 'tis a hellish and inhumane outrage. What have I done?

Dor. A thing that puts you below my scorn, and

makes my anger as ridiculous as you have made my Love.

Lov. I walk'd last night with Sir *Fopling*.

Dor. You did, Madam, and you talkt and laught aloud ha, ha, ha... Oh that laugh, that laugh becomes the confidence of a Woman of Quality.

Lov. You who have more pleasure in the ruine of a womans reputation, than in the indearments of her love, reproach me not with your self, and I defy you to name the man can lay a blemish on my fame.

Dor. To be seen publicly so transported with the vain follies of that notorious Fop, to me is an infamy below the sin of prostitution with another man.

Lov. Rail on, I am satisfy'd in the justice of what I did, you had provok'd me to't.

Dor. What I did was the effect of a passion, whose extravagancies you have been willing to forgive.

Lov. And what I did was the effect of a passion you may forgive if you think fit.

Dor. Are you so indifferent grown?

Lov. I am.

Dor. Nay, then 'tis time to part. I'll send you back your Letters you have so often askt for: I have two or three of 'em about me.

Lov. Give 'em me.

Dor. You snatch as if you thought I would not... there...and may the perjuries in 'em be mine, if e'er I see you more.

Lov. Stay!

[*Offers to go, she catches him.*

Dor. I will not.

Lov. You shall.

Dor. What have you to say?

Lov. I cannot speak it yet.

Dor. Something more in commendation of the fool. Death! I want patience, let me go.

Lov. I cannot. I can sooner part with the limbs that hold him. [*Aside.*] I hate that nauseous fool, you know I do.

Dor.

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Dor. Was it the scandal you were fond of then?

Lov. Y^e had rais'd my anger equal to my love, a thing you ne'er could do before, and in revenge I did... I know not what I did:... Would you would not think on't any more.

Dor. Should I be willing to forget it, I shall be daily minded of it, 'twill be a common place for all the Town to laugh at me, and *Medley*, when he is rhetorically drunk, will ever be declaiming on it in my ears.

Lov. 'Twill be believ'd a jealous spite! Come forget it!

Dor. Let me consult my reputation, you are to care-
less of it. [*Pauses*] You shall meet Sir *Fopling* in the
mail again to-night.

Lov. What mean you?

Dor. I have thought on't, and you must. 'Tis ne-
cessary to justify my love to the world: you can handle
a coxcomb as he deserves, when you are not out of
humour, Madam.

Lov. Publick satisfaction for the wrong I have done
you! This is some new device to make me more ridi-
culous!

Dor. Hear me!

Lov. I will not!

Dor. You will be persuaded.

Lov. Never.

Dor. Are you so obstinate?

Lov. Are you so base?

Dor. You will not satisfy my love?

Lov. I would die to satisfy that, but I will not, to
to save you from a thousand racks, do a shameless thing
to please your vanity.

Dor. Farewel false Woman.

Lov. Do! go!

Dor. You will call me back again.

Lov. Exquisite fiend! I knew you came but to torment
me.

Enter Bellinda and Pert.

Dor. surpriz'd] *Bellinda* here!

Bell. [*Aside.*] He starts, and looks pale, the sight of me has toucht his guilty Soul.

Pert. 'Twas but a qualm as I said, a little indigestion, the surfeit-water did it, Madam, mixt with a little mirabilis.

Dor. I am confounded! and cannot guess how she came hither.

Lov. 'Tis your fortune *Bellinda* ever to be here, when I am abus'd by this prodigy of ill-nature.

Bell. I am amaz'd to find him here! how has he the face to come near you?

Dor. [*Aside.*] Here is fine work towards! I never was at such a loss before.

Bell. One who makes a publick profession of breach of faith and ingratitude! I loath the sight of him.

Dor. There is no remedy, I must submit to their tongues now, and some other time bring my self off as well as I can.

Bell. Other men are wicked, but then they have some sense of shame: he is never well but when he triumphs, nay glories to a womans face in his villanies.

Lov. You are in the right, *Bellinda*; but methinks your kindness for me makes you concern your self too much with him.

Bell. It does indeed, my dear: His barbarous carriage to you yesterday, made me hope you ne'er would see him more; and the very next day to find him here again, provokes me strangely: But because I know you love him, I have done.

Dor. You have reproach'd me handsomely, and I deserve it for coming hither, but ...

Pert. You must expect it, Sir; all Women will hate you, for my Ladies sake.

Dor.

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Dor. Nay if she begins too, 'tis time to fly: I shall be scolded to death else. [*Aside to Bellinda.*] I am to blame in some circumstances, I confess; but as to the main, I am not so guilty as you imagine. I shall seek a more convenient time to clear my self.

Lov. Do it now; what impediments are here?

Dor. I want time, and you want temper.

Lov. These are weak pretences.

Dor. You were never more mistaken in your life, and so farewell. [*Dorimant flings off.*]

Lov. Call a Footman, *Pert*, quickly, I will have him dogg'd.

Pert. I wish you would not, for my quiet and your own.

Lov. I'll find out the infamous cause of all our quarels, pluck her mask off, and expose her barefac'd to the world.

Bell. Let me but escape this time, I'll never venture more. [*Aside.*]

Lov. *Bellinda*, you shall go with me.

Bell. I have such a heaviness hangs on me with what I did this morning, I wou'd fain go home and sleep, my dear.

Lov. Death! and eternal darkness. I shall never sleep again. Raging feavours seize the world, and make mankind as restless all as I am. [*Ex. Lov.*]

Bell. I knew him false and help'd to make him so: Was not her ruine enough to fright me from the danger? It should have been, but Love can take no warning. [*Ex. Bell.*]

SCENE II.

Lady Townleys House.

Enter Medley, Young Bellair, Lady Townley, Emilia and Chaplain.

MEDLEY,

Bear up, *Bellair*, and do not let us see that repentance in thine, we daily do in married faces.

L. Town. This wedding will strangely surprize my Brother, when he knows it.

Med. Your Nephew ought to conceal it for a time, Madam; since marriage has lost its good name, prudent men seldom expose their own reputations till 'tis convenient to justify their wives.

Old. Bell. [*without*] where are you all there? Out a dod, will no body hear?

L. Town. My Brother, quickly Mr. *Smirk*, into this closet, you must not be seen yet. [*Goes into the closet,*

Enter Old Bellair and L. Townleys Page.

O. Bell. Desire Mr. *Furb* to walk into the lower parlor, I will be with him presently... Where have you been, Sir, you cou'd not wait on me to day? [*To Y. Bell.*

Y. Bell. About a business.

O. Bell. Are you so good at business? a dod, I have a business too, you shall dispatch out of hand, Sir. Send for a parson, sister; my Lady *Woodvill* and her daughter are coming.

L. Town. What need you huddle up things thus?

O. Bell. Out a pife, youth is apt to play the fool,
and

and 'tis not good it should be in their power.

L. Town. You need not fear your Son.

O. Bell. He has been idling this morning, and a-dod I do not like him. How dost thou do, sweetheart?

[*To Emilia.*

Emil. You are very severe, Sir, marri'd in such haste!

O. Bell. Go too, thou art a rogue, and I will talk with thee anon. Here's my Lady Woodvill come.

'Enter L. Woodvil, Harriet and Busy.

Welcome, Madam; Mr. *Furb*'s below with the writings!

L. Wood. Let us down and make an end then.

O. Bell. Sister, shew the way. [*To Y. Bell. who is talking to Harriet.*] *Harry*, your business lyes not there yet! Excuse him till we have done, Lady, and then, a-dod, he shall be for thee. Mr. *Medley*, we must trouble you to be a witness.

Med. I luckily came for that purpose, Sir.

[*Ex. O. Bell. Medley, Y. Bell. L. Townley and L. Woodvill.*

Busy. What will you do, Madam?

Har. Be carried back and mew'd up in the country again; run away here, any thing, rather than be married to a man I do not care for... Dear *Emilia*, do thou advise me!

Emil. Mr. *Bellair* is engag'd you know.

Har. I do, but know not what the fear of losing an estate may fright him to

Emil. In the desp'rate condition you are in, you should consult with some judicious man; what think you of Mr. *Dorimant*?

Har. I do not think of him at all.

Busy. She thinks of nothing else I am sure...

Emil. How fond your Mother was of Mr. *Courtage*!

Har. Because I contriv'd the mistake to make a little mirth, you believe I like the man.

Emil.

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Emil. Mr. Bellair believes you love him.

Har. Men are feldom in the right when they gueſs at a womans mind; would ſhe, whom he loves, lov'd him no better.

Busy. [*Aſide.*] That's e'en well enough on all conſcience.

Emil. Mr. *Dorimant* has a great deal of wit.

Har. And takes a great deal of pains to ſhew it.

Emil. He's extreamly well faſhion'd.

Har. Affectedly grave, or ridiculously wild and apiſh.

Busy. You defend him ſtill againſt your Mother.

Har. I would not were he juſtly rally'd, but I cannot hear any one undeſervedly rail'd at.

Emil. Has your woman learnt the ſong you were ſo taken with?

Har. I was fond of a new thing; 'tis dull at ſecond hearing.

Emil. M. *Dorimant* made it.

Busy. She knows it, Madam, and has made me ſing it at leaſt a dozen times this morning.

Har. Thy tongue is as impertinent as thy fingers.

Emil. You have provok'd her.

Busy. 'Tis but ſinging the ſong and I ſhall appeaſe her.

Emil. Prithee do.

Har. She has a voice will grate your ears worſe than a cat-call, and dreſſes ſo ill, ſhe's ſcarce fit to trick up a yeomans daughter on a holyday.

Busy ſings.

SONG by Sir C. S.

As Amoret with Phillis ſate,

One evening on the plain,

And ſaw the charming Strephon wait

To tell the Nymph his pain.

The threatening danger to remove

She

*She whisper'd in her ear ,
 Ah Phillis , if you would not love ,
 This Shepherd do not hear.
 None ever had so strange an art
 His passion to convey
 Into a listning virgins heart
 And steal her soul away.
 Fly , fly betimes , for fear you give
 Occasion for your fate.
 In vain said she , in vain I strive ,
 Alas ! 'tis now too late.*

Enter Dorimant.

Dor. Musick so softens and disarms the mind.

Har. That not one arrow does resistance find.

Dor. Let us make use of the lucky minute then.

*Har. [Aside turns from Dorimant.] My love springs
 with my blood into my face , I dare not look upon him
 yet.*

*Dor. What have we here , the picture of a celebrated
 beauty , giving audience in publick to a declar'd Lover?*

*Har. Play the dying Fopp , and make the piece com-
 pleat , Sir.*

*Dor. What think you if the hint were well improv'd
 The whole mystery of making love pleasantly design'd ,
 and wrought in a suit of hangings ?*

*Har. 'Twere needless to execute Fools in effigie ,
 who suffer daily in their own persons.*

*Dor. [To Emilia aside.] Mrs. Bride , for such I know
 this happy day has made you.*

*Emil Defer the formal joy you are to give me , and
 mind your business with her ... [Aloud] Here are dread-
 ful preparations , Mr. Dorimant , writings sealing , and
 a Parson sent for. . .*

Dor. To marry this Lady . . .

Busy

Busby. Condemn'd she is, and what will become of her I know not, without you generously engage in a rescue.

Dor. In this sad condition, Madam, I can do no less than offer you my service.

Har. The obligation is not great, you are the common sanctuary for all young women who run from their relations.

Dor. I have always my arms open to receive the distressed. But I will open my heart and receive you, where none yet did ever enter... You have fill'd it with a secret, might I but let you know it...

Har. Do not speak it, if you would have me believe it; your Tongue is so fam'd for falsehood, 'twill do the truth an injury. [Turns away her head.]

Dor. Turn not away then, but look on me and guess it.

Har. Did you not tell me there was no credit to be given to faces? That women now adays have their passions as much at will, as they have their complexions, and put on joy and sadness, scorn and kindness, with the same ease they do their paint and patches... Are they the only counterfeits?

Dor. You wrong your own, while you suspect my eyes. By all the hope I have in you, the inimitable colour in your cheeks is not more free from art, than are the sighs I offer.

Har. In men who have been long hardn'd in sin, we have reason to mistrust the first signs of repentance.

Dor. The prospect of such a Heav'n will make me persevere, and give you marks that are intallible.

Har. What are those?

Dor. I will renounce all the joys I have in friendship and in wine, sacrifice to you all the interest I have in other women...

Har. Hold! though I wish you devout, I would not have you turn fanatick... Could you neglect these a while and make a journey into the country?

Dor.

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Dor. To be with you I could live there: and never send one thought to *London*.

Har. What e'er you say, I know all beyond *High Park's* a desert to you, and that no gallantry can draw you farther.

Dor. That has been the utmost limit of my love... But now my passion knows no bounds, and there's no measure to be taken of what I'll do for you, from any thing I ever did before.

Har. When I hear you talk thus in *Hampshire*, I shall begin to think there may be some truth enlarg'd upon.

Dor. Is this all... will you not promise me...

Har. I hate to promise! What we do then is expected from us, and wants much of the welcome it finds, when it surprizes.

Dor. May I not hope?

Har. That depends on you, and not on me, and 'tis to no purpose to forbid it. [Turns to Busy.]

Busy. Faith, Madam, now I perceive the Gentleman loves you too, e'en let him know your mind, and torment your selves no longer.

Har. Dost think I have no sense of modesty?

Busy. Think, if you lose this, you may never have another opportunity.

Har. May he hate me, (a curse that frights me when I speak it!) if ever I do a thing against the rules of decency and honour.

Dor. [To Emilia.] I am beholding to you for your good intentions, Madam.

Emil. I thought the concealing of our marriage from her, might have done you better service.

Dor. Try her again...

Emil. What have you resolv'd, Madam? The time draws near.

Har. To be obstinate and protest against this marriage.

Enter L. Townley in haste.

L. Town. [To Emilia.] Quickly, quickly, let Mr.

G

Smirk

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Smirk out of the closet. [*Smirk comes out of the closet.*

Har. A Parson! had you laid him in here?

Dor. I knew nothing of him.

Har. Should it appear you did, your opinion of my easiness may cost you dear.

Enter O. Bellair, Y. Bellair, Medley, and L. Woodvill.

O. Bell. Out a pise! the cononical hour is almost past; sister, is the man of God come?

L. Town. He waits your leisure...

O. Bell. By your favour, Sir. A-dod, a pretty spruce fellow! What may we call him?

L. Town. Mr. *Smirk*! my Lady *Biggots* Chaplain.

O. Bell. A wise woman! a-dod she is. The man will serve for the flesh as well as the spirit. Please you, Sir, to commission a young couple to go to-bed together a Gods name?... *Harry.*

Y. Bell. Here, Sir...

O. Bell. Out a pise, without your mistress in your hand!

Smirk. Is this the Gentleman?

O. Bell. Yes, Sir!

Smirk. Are you not mistaken, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, I think not, Sir.

Smirk. Sure you are, Sir?

O. Bell. You look as if you would forbid the banes, Mr. *Smirk*; I hope you have no pretension to the Lady!

Smirk. Wish him joy, Sir; I have done him the good office to-day already.

O. Bell. Out a pise, what do I hear?

L. Town. Never storm, Brother, the truth is out.

O. Bell. How say you, Sir! is this your wedding day?

Y. Bell. It is, Sir.

O. Bell. And a-dod it shall be mine too; give me thy hand, sweet-heart, [*To Emilia.*] what dost thou mean? Give me thy hand, I say. [*Emil. kneels and Y. Bell.*

L. Town. Come, come, give her your blessing, this is the woman your son lov'd, and is marry'd to.

O. Bell. Ha! cheated! cozen'd! and by your contrivance, sister!

L

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L. Town. What would you do with her? She's a rogue and you can't abide her.

Med. Shall I hit her a pat for you, Sir?

O. Bell. A-dod, you are all rogues, and I never will forgive you.

L. Town. Whither! whither away?

Med. Let him go and cool a while.

L. Wood. [To Dorimant.] Here's a business broke out now, Mr. Courtage, I am made a fine fool of.

Dor. You see the old Gentleman knew nothing of it.

L. Wood. I find he did not. I shall have some trick put upon me if I stay in this wicked Town any longer. Harriet! dear child! Where art thou? I'll into the country straight.

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, you shall hear me first...

Enter Loveit and Bellinda.

Lov. Hither my Man dog'd him!...

Bell. Yonder he stands, my dear.

Lov. I see him... [*Aside.*] And with him the face that has undone me! Oh that I were but where I might throw out the anguish of my heart, here it must rage within and break it.

L. Town. Mrs. Loveit! are you afraid to come forward?

Lov. I was amaz'd to see so much company here in a morning, the occasion sure is extraordinary...

Dor. [*Aside.*] Loveit and Bellinda! the Devil owes me a shame to-day, and I think never will have done paying it.

Lov. Marry'd! dear Emilia! how am I transported with the news?

Har. [to Dorimant.] I little thought Emilia was the woman Mr. Bellair was in love with... I'll chide her for not trusting me with the secret.

Dor. How do you like Mrs. Loveit?

Har. She's a fam'd Mrs. of yours I hear...

Dor. She has been on occasion!

O. Bell. A-dod, Madam, I cannot help it.

[To L. Woodvil.

L. Wood. You need make no more apologies Sir.

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Emil. [*to Lovest.*] The old Gentleman's excusing himself to my Lady Woodvil.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! I never heard of any thing so pleasant.

Har. She's extreamly overjoy'd at something. [*To Dor.*

Dor. At nothing, she is one of those hoyting Ladies, who gayly fling themselves about, and force a laugh, when their aking hearts are full of discontent and malice.

Lov. Oh Heav'n! I was never so near killing my self with laughing... Mr. *Dorimant*! are you a Brideman?

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*! is this Mr. *Dorimant*, Madam?

Lov. If you doubt it, your daughter can resolve you, I suppose.

L. Wood. I am cheated too! basely cheated!

O. Bell. Out a pize, what's here, more knavery yet?

L. Wood. *Harriet*! on my blessing come away I charge you.

Har. Dear mother! do but stay and hear me.

L. Wood. I am betray'd, and thou art undone I fear.

Har. Do not fear it... I have not, nor never will do any thing against my duty... Believe me, dear Mother, do.

Dor. [*To Lov.*] I had trusted you with this secret, but that I knew the violence of your nature would ruine my fortune, as now unluckily it has: I thank you, Madam,

Lov. She's an Heirefs I know, and very rich.

Dor. To satisfy you I must give up my interest wholly to my Love; had you been a reasonable woman, I might have secur'd 'em both, and been happy...

Lov. You might have trusted me with any thing of this kind, you know you might. Why did you go under a wrong name!

Dor. The story is too long to tell you now, be satisfied, this is the business; this is the masque has kept me from you.

Bell. He's tender of my honor, though he's cruel to my Love. [*Aside.*

Lov. Was it no idle Mistress then?

Dor. Believe me a wife, to repair the ruines of my estate that needs it.

Lov. The knowledge of this makes my grief hang light.

lighter on my soul; but I shall never more be happy.

Dor. Bellinda!

Bell. Do not think of clearing your self with me, it is impossible... Do all men break their words thus?

Dor. Th'extravagant words they speak in love: 'tis as unreasonable to expect we should perform all we promise then, as do all we threaten when we are angry... When I see you next...

Bell. Take no notice of me, and I shall not hate you.

Dor. How came you to Mrs. Loveit?

Bell. By a mistake the chair-men made for want of my giving them directions.

Dor. 'Twas a pleasant one. We must meet again.

Bell. Never.

Dor. Never?

Bell. When we do, may I be as infamous as you are false.

L. Town. Men of Mr. *Dorimant's* character, always suffer in the general opinion of the world.

Med. You can make no judgment of a witty man from common fame, considering the prevailing faction, Madam...

O. Bell. A-dod, he's in the right.

Med. Besides 'tis a common error among women, to believe too well of them they know, and too ill of them they don't.

O. Bell. A-dod, he observes well.

L. Town. Believe me, Madam, you will find Mr. *Dorimant* as civil a Gentleman as you thought Mr. *Courtage*.

Har. If you would but to know him better.

L. Wood. You have a mind to know him better! Come away... You shall never see him more...

Har. Dear mother, stay...

L. Wood. I wo' not be consenting to your ruine...

Har. Were my fortune in your power...

L. Wood. Your person is.

Har. Could I be disobedient I might take it out of yours, and put it into his.

L. Wood. 'Tis that you would beat, you would marry this *Dorimant*.

Har. I cannot deny it: I would, and never will marry any other man.

L. Wood. Is this the duty that you promis'd?

Har. But I will never marry him against your will...

L. Wood. She knows the way to melt my heart.

[*Aside.*] Upon your self light your undoing. [*To Har.*

Med. [*To O. Bell.*] Come, Sir, you have not the heart any longer to refuse your blessing.

O. Bell. A-dod, I ha' not... Rise, and God bless you both... make much of her *Harry*, she deserves thy kindness... A-dod firrah, I did not think it had been in thee. [*To Emilia.*

Enter Sir Fopling and his Page.

Sir Fop. 'Tis a damn'd windy day. Hey Page! Is my perriwig right?

Page. A little out of order, Sir!

Sir Fop. Pox o'this apartment, it want's an antichamber to adjust ones self in. [*To Loveit.*] Madam! I came from your house, and your Servants directed me hither.

Lov. I will give order hereafter they shall direct you better

Sir Fop. The great satisfaction I had in the mail last night has given me much disquiet since.

Lov. 'Tis likely to give me more than I desire.

Sir Fop. What the Devil makes her so reserv'd? Am I guilty of an indiscretion, Madam?

Lov. You will be of a great one, if you continue your mistake, Sir.

Sir Fop. Something puts you out of humour.

Lov. The most foolish inconsiderable thing that ever did.

Sir Fop. Is it in my power?

Lov. To hang or drown it: do one of 'em, and trouble me no more.

Sir Fop. So fierce? Serviteur, Madam... *Medley*, where's *Dorimant*?

Med. Methinks the Lady has not made you those advances

vances to-day she did last night, Sir *Fopling*...

Sir Fop. Prithee do not talk of her.

Med. She would be a *bonne-fortune*.

Sir Fop. Not to me at present.

Med. How so?

Sir Fop. An intrigue now would be but a temptation to me to throw away that vigour on one which I mean shall shortly make my court to the whole sex in a ballet.

Med. Wisely consider'd, Sir *Fopling*.

Sir Fop. No one Woman is worth the loss of a cut in a caper.

Med. Not when 'tis so universally design'd.

L. Wood. Mr. *Dorimant*, every one has spoke so much in your behalf, that I can no longer doubt but I was in the wrong.

Lov. There's nothing but falsehood and impertinence in this world! all men are villains or fools; take example from my misfortunes. *Bellinda*, if thou would'st be happy, give thy self wholly up to goodness.

Har. [to *Loveit*.] Mr. *Dorimant* has been your God almighty long enough, 'tis time to think of another.

Lov. Jeer'd by her! I will lock my self up in my house, and never see the world again.

Har. A Nunnery is the more fashionable place for such a retreat, and has been the fatal consequence of many a belle passion.

Lov. Hold heart! till I get home! should I answer, 'twould make her triumph greater. [*Is going out.*

Dor. Your hand, Sir *Fopling*...

Sir Fop. Shall I wait upon you, Madam?

Lov. Legion of fools, as many Devils take thee.

[*Ex. Lov.*

Med. *Dorimant*? I pronounce thy reputation clear... and henceforward when I would know any thing of woman, I will consult no other oracle.

Sir Fop. Stark mad, by all that's handsome! *Dorimant*, thou hast engag'd me in a pretty business.

Dor. I have not leisure now to talk about it.

104 THE MAN OF MODE; or,

O. Bell. Out a pize, what does this man of mode do here agen?

L. Town. He'll be an excellent entertainment within, Brother, & is luckily come to raise the mirth of the Company.

L. Wood. Madam, I take my leave of you.

L. Town. What do you mean, Madam?

L. Wood. To go this afternoon part of my way to Hartly.

O. Bell. A-dod you shall stay and dine first! come we will all be good friends, and you shall give Mr. Dormant leave to wait upon you and your daughter in the country.

L. Wood. If his occasions bring him that way, I have now so good an opinion of him, he shall be welcome.

Har. To a great rambling lone house, that looks as it were not inhabited, the family's so small; there you'll find my Mother, an old lame aunt, and my self, Sir, perch'd upon chairs at a distance in a large parlour; sitting moping like three or four melancholy birds in a spacious vollery... Does not this stagger your resolution?

Dor. Not at all, Madam! the first time I saw you, you left me with the pangs of love upon me, and this day my soul has quite given up her liberty.

Har. This is more dismal than the country. Emilia! pity me, who am going to that sad place. Methinks I hear the hateful noise of rooks already... Kaw... Kaw... Kaw... There's musick in the worst Cry in London; My dill and cucumbers to pickle.

O. Bell. Sister, knowing of this matter, I hope you have provided us some good chear.

L. Town. I have, Brother, and the fiddles too...

O. Bell. Let 'em strike up then; the young Lady shall have a dance before she departs. [Dance.]

[After the dance.]
So now we'll in, and make this an arrant wedding day...

And if these honest Gentlemen rejoyce, [To the Pitt.
A-dod the Boy has made a happy choice. [Ex. Omnes.
EPI;

EPILOGUE,

By Mr. Dryden.

Most modern Wits such monstrous Fools have shown
They seem'd not of Heav'n's making but their own.
Those nauseous Harlequins in farce may pass,
But there goes more to a substantial Ass!
Something of man must be expos'd to view,
That, Gallants, they may more resemble you.
Sir Fopling is a Fool so nicely writ,
The Ladies wou'd mistake him for a Wit.
And when he sings, talks loud, & cocks, wou'd cry,
I vow methinks he's pretty company;
So brisk, so gay, so travel'd, so refin'd,
As he took pains to graff upon his kind.
True Fops help natures work, and go to school,
To file and finish God-a'mightys fool.
Yet none Sir Fopling him, or him can call;
He's Knight o'th' shire, and represents ye all.
From each he meets, he culls what e'er he can,
Legion's his name, a people in a Man.
His bulky folly gathers as it goes,
And, rolling o're you, like a Snow-ball growes.
His various modes from various fathers follow,
One taught the tofs, and one the new French wallow.
His sword-knot, this, his cravat, this design'd,
And this, the yard long snake he twirls behind.
From one the sacred perriwig he gain'd,
Which wind ne'er blew, nor touch of hat profan'd.
Anothers diving bow he did adore,
Which, with a shog, casts all the hair before:
'Till he with full decorum brings it back,
And rises with a water spaniel shake.
As for his Songs (the Ladies dear delight)
Those sure he took from most of you who write.
Yet every man is safe from what he fear'd,
For no one Fool is hunted from the Herd.

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AND

HIPPOLITUS;

A

TRAGEDY.

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PHEDRA

AND

HIPPOLYTUS

TRAGEDY

BY M. EDMUND SMITH.



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TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES
Lord *HALLIFAX*.

MY LORD,

AS soon as it was known that Your Lordship was not displeas'd with this Play, my Friends began to value themselves upon the interest they had taken in its success; I was touch'd with a vanity I had not before been acquainted with, and began to dream of nothing less than the immortality of my Work.

And I had sufficiently shewn this vanity in inscribing this Play to Your Lordship, did I only consider You as one to whom so many admirable Picces, to whom the praises of *Italy*, and the best *Latin* Poem since the *Æneid*, that on the Peace of *Ryswick*, are consecrated. But it had been intolerable presumption to have address'd it to You, my Lord, who are the nicest Judge of Poetry,

Epistle Dedicatory.

try, were You not also the greatest encourager of it; to You who excell all the present Age as a Poet, did You not surpass all the preceding ones as a Patron.

For in the times when the Muses were most encourag'd, the best Writers were countenanc'd, but never advanc'd; they were admitted to the acquaintance of the greatest Men, but that was all they were to expect. The bounty of the Patron is no where to be read of but in the Works of the Poets, whereas Your Lordships will fill those of the Historians.

For what Transactions can they write of which have not been manag'd by some who were recommended by Your Lordship? 'Tis by Your Lordships means that the Universities have been real nurseries for the State; that the Courts abroad are charm'd by the Wit and Learning, as well as the sagacity of our Ministers; that *Germany*, *Switzerland*, *Muscovy*, and even *Turkey* itself begins to relish the politeness of the *English*; that the Poets at home adorn that Court which they formerly us'd only to divert; that abroad they travel, in a manner very unlike their Predecessor *Homer*, and with an equipage he could not bestow, ev'n on the Heroes he design'd to immortalize.

And

Epistle Dedicatory.

And this, my Lord, shews Your knowledge of Men as well as writings, and Your judgment no less than Your generosity. You have distinguish'd between those who by their inclinations or Abilities were qualified for the pleasure only, and those that were fit for the service of your Country; You have made the one easie, & the other useful; You have left the one no occasion to wish for any preferment, & You have oblig'd the publick by the promotion of the others.

And now, my Lord, it may seem odd that I should dwell on the topick of Your Bounty only, when I might enlarge on so many others; when I ought to take notice of that illustrious Family from which You are sprung, and yet of the great merit which was necessary to set You on a level with it, and to raise You to that House of Peers which was already fill'd with Your Relations. When I ought to consider the brightness of Your wit in private conversation, and the solidity of Your eloquence in publick debates; when I ought to admire in You the politeness of a Courtier and the sincerity of a Friend; the openness of behaviour which charms all who address themselves to You, and yet that hidden reserve which is necessary for those great affairs in which You are concern'd.

Epistle Dedicatory.

To pass over all these great qualities (My Lord) and insist only on Your generosity, looks as if I solicited it for my self; but to that I quitted all manner of claim when I took notice of Your Lordships great judgment in the choice of those You advance; so that all at present my ambition aspires to is, that Your Lordship would be pleas'd to pardon this presumption, and permit me to profess my self with the most profound respect,

Your Lordships most humble,

and most obedient Servant,

EDM. SMITH.

THE



T H E P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr. *Addison*.

Long has a race of Heroes fill'd the stage;
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fengue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit;
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddles repartee:
Our home-spun Authors must forsake the field,
And Shakespear to the soft Scarlatti yield.

To your new taste the Poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.
Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædras arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy;
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An Eunuch fly from an enamour'd Queen:
How would it please, should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to-day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command,
To bear, for once, with what you understand.



THE
EPILOGUE

Written by Mr. Prior,

Written by Mrs. Oldfield.

Ladies, to-night your pity I implore
For one who never troubled you before:
An Oxford man, extreamly read in greek,
Who from Eu...ripides makes Phædra speak;
And comes to town to let us moderns know
How women lov'd two thousand years ago.
If that be all, said I, e'en burn, your play;
I gad we know all that as well as they:
Shew us the youthfull handsome charioteer,
Firm in his seat and running his career,
Our souls wou'd kindle with as gen'rous flames,
As e'er inspir'd the ancient Grecian Dames:
Ev'ry Ismena wou'd resign her breast,
And ev'ry dear Hippolitus be blest.

But, as it is, six flouncing Flanders mares,
Are e'en as good as any two of theirs;
And if Hippolitus can but contrive
To buy the guilded chariot, John can drive.

Now of the bustle you have seen to-day,
And Phædras morals in this Scholars play,
Something, at least, in justice shou'd be said,

But

THE EPILOGUE.

*But this Hippolitus so fills ones head...
Well! Phædra liv'd as chastly as she cou'd,
For she was father Joves own flesh and blood.
Her awkward love, indeed, was odly fated,
She and her Poly were too near related;
And yet that scruple had been laid aside,
If honest Theseus had but fairly dy'd.
But when he came, what needed he to know,
But that all matters stood in statu quo?
There was no harm, you see; or grant there were,
She might want conduct, but he wanted care.
'Twas in a husband little less than rude,
Upon his wifes retirement to intrude:
He shou'd have sent a night or two before,
That he wou'd come exact at such an hour;
Then he had turn'd all Tragedy to jest,
Found ev'ry thing contribute to his rest;
The picquet Friend dismiss'd, the coast all clear,
And Spouse alone, impatient for her dear.
But if these gay reflexions come too late
To keep the guilty Phædra from her fate;
If your more serious judgment must condemn
The dire effects of her unhappy flame:
Yet, ye chast Matrons, and ye tender fair,
Let Love and Innocence engage your care;
My spotless flames to your protection take,
And spare poor Phædra for Ismenas sake.*





DRAMATIS

P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

THESEUS King of Crete.

HIPPOLITUS his Son , in love with *Ismena*.

LYCON Minister of State.

CRATANDER Captain of the Guards.

W O M E N.

PHÆDRA, THESEUS's Queen, in love with *Hippolitus*.

ISMENA , a Captive Princess , in love with *Hippolitus*.

Guards Attendants.

PHÆDRA



PHÆDRA

A N D

HIPPOLITUS.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

Enter Cratander and Lycon.

LYCON.

TIs strange, *Cratander*, that the Royal *Phædra*
Shou'd still continue resolute in grief,
And obstinately wretched:

That one so gay, so beautiful and young,
Of Godlike virtue and Imperial pow'r,
Shou'd fly inviting joys, and court destruction.

Crat. Is there not cause when lately join'd in
Marriage,
To have the King her husband call'd to War?
Then for three tedious moons to mourn his absence,
Nor know his fate?

Lycon.

Lyc. The King may cause her sorrow,
But not by absence: Oft I've seen him hang
With greedy eyes, and languish o'er her beauties;
She from his wide, deceiv'd, desiring arms
Flew tasteless, loathing; whilst dejected *Theseus*,
With mournful loving eyes pursu'd her flight,
And dropt a silent tear.

Crat. Ha! this is hatred,
This is aversion, horror, detestation.
Why did the Queen who might have cull'd mankind,
Why did she give her person and her throne
To one she loath'd?

Lyc. Perhaps she thought it just
That he shou'd wear the Crown his valour sav'd.

Crat. Cou'd she not glut his hopes with wealth
and honour,
Reward his valour, yet reject his love?
Why, when a happy mother, Queen, and widow,
Why did she wed old *Theseus*? While his son,
The brave *Hippolitus*, with equal youth,
And equal beauty might have fill'd her arms?

Lyc. *Hippolitus*, (in distant *Scythia* born,
The warlike *Amazon Camillas* son,)
'Till our Queens marriage, was unknown to *Crete*;
And sure the Queen cou'd wish him still unknown:
She loaths, detests him, flies his hated presence,
And shrinks and trembles at his very name.

Crat. Well may she hate the Prince she needs must
fear;
He may dispute the Crown with *Phædras* son.
He's brave, he's fiery, youthful and lov'd;
His courage charms the men, his form the women;
His very sports are war.

Lyc. O! he's all Hero, scorns th'inglorious ease
Of lazy *Crete*; delights to shine in arms,
To wield the sword, and launch the pointed spear;
To tame the gen'rous horse, that nobly wild

Neighs

Neighs on the hills, and dares the angry Lion;
 To join the struggling coursers to his chariot,
 To make their stubborn necks the rein obey,
 To turn, to stop, or stretch along the plain.
 Now the Queen's sick there's danger in his courage,
 Be ready with your guards, I fear *Hippolitus*.

[*Exit Crat.*

Fear him! for what? poor silly virtuous wretch,
 Affecting glory and contemning pow'r:
 Warm without pride, without ambition brave;
 A senseless Hero, fit to be a tool
 To those whose Godlike souls are turn'd for Empire.
 An open honest fool, that loves and hates;
 And yet more fool to own it. He hates flatterers,
 He hates me too; weak boy to make a foe
 Where he might have a Slave. I hate him too,
 But cringe and flatter, fawn, adore, yet hate him.
 Let the Queen live or dye the Prince must fall.

Enter Ismena.

What! still attending on the Queen, *Ismena*!
 O charming virgin! O exalted virtue!
 Can still your goodness conquer all your wrongs?
 Are you not robb'd of your *Athenian* Crown?
 Was not your Royal father *Pallas* slain,
 And all his wretched race by conqu'ring *Theseus*?
 And do you still watch o'er his consort *Phadra*,
 And still repay such cruelty with love?

Ism. Let them be cruel that delight in mischief,
 I'm of a softer mould, poor *Phadras* sorrows
 Pierce thro' my yielding heart and wound my soul.

Lyc. Now thrice the rising Sun has chear'd the
 world
 Since she renew'd her strength with due refresh-
 ment;
 Thrice has the night brought ease to man, to beast,
 Since

Since wretched *Phædra* clos'd her streaming eyes:
 She flies all rest, all necessary food,
 Resolv'd to die, nor capable to live,

Ism. But now her grief has wrought her into
 frenzy;

The images her troubl'd fancy forms
 Are incoherent, wild; her words disjointed:
 Sometimes she raves for musick, light and air;
 Nor air, nor light, nor musick calm her pains;
 Then with extatick strength she springs aloft,
 And moves and bounds with vigour not her own.

Lyc. Then life is on the wing, then most she sinks
 When most she seems reviv'd. Like boiling water
 That foams and hisses o'er the crackling wood,
 And bubbles to the brim, ev'n then most wasting
 When most it swells.

Ism. My Lord, now try your art,
 Her wild disorder may disclose the secret
 Her cooler sense conceal'd; the *Pythian* Goddess
 Is dumb and fullen, till with fury fill'd
 She spreads, she rises, growing to the fight,
 She stares, she foams, she raves, the awful secrets
 Burst from her trembling lips, and ease the tortur'd
 maid.

But *Phædra* comes, ye Gods, how pale, how weak!

Enter Phædra and attendants.

Phæd. Stay, virgins, stay I'll rest my weary steps;
 My strength forsakes me, and my dazled eyes
 Ake with the flashing light; my loosen'd knees
 Sink under their dull weight, support me, *Lycon*.
 Alas, I faint.

Lyc. Afford her ease, kind heaven.

Phæd. Why blaze these jewels round my wretched
 head?

Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?

Why

Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?
 Take, snatch 'em hence: alas, you all conspire
 To heap new sorrows on my tortur'd soul,
 All, all conspire to make your Queen unhappy.

Ism. This you requir'd, and to the pleasing task
 Call'd your officious maids, and urg'd their art;
 You bid 'em lead you from yon hideous darkness
 To the glad chearing day, yet now avoid it,
 And hate the light you sought.

Phad. Oh! my *Lycon*!
 Oh! how I long to lay my weary head
 On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass,
 To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades
 Of venerable oaks, to slake my thirst
 With the cool nectar of refreshing springs.

Lyc. I'll sooth her frenzy, come, *Phadra*, let's
 away,
 Let's to the woods, and lawns and limpid streams.

Phad. Come, let's away, and thou most bright
Diana,
 Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste *Diana*,
 Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,
 Place me, O place me in the dusty ring,
 Where youthful Charioteers contend for glory;
 See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!
 See from the goal the fiery coursers bound!
 Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,
 Now sweep along its top, now neigh along the vale;
 How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels
 Smoak in the whirl! The circling sand ascends,
 And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

Lyc. What, Madam!

Phad. Ah! my *Lycon*! Ah! what said I!
 Where was I hurry'd by my roving fancy!
 My languid eyes are wet with sudden tears,
 And on my face unbidden blushes glow.

Lyc. Blush then, but blush for your destructive
 silence,

That

That tears your soul, and weighs you down to death;

Oh! shou'd you die (ye pow'rs forbid her death)
Who then wou'd shield from wrongs your helpless Orphan?

O! he might wander, *Phedras* son might wander,
A naked suppliant thro the world for aid;
Then he may cry, invoke his mothers name
He may be doom'd to chains, to shame, to death,
While proud *Hippolitus* shall mount his throne.

Phad. O heavens!

Lyc. Ha! *Phadra*, are you touch'd at this?

Phad. Unhappy wretch! what name was that
you spoke?

Lyc. And does his name provoke your just resentments?

Then let it raise your fear, as well as rage:
Think how you wrong'd him, to his father wrong'd
him,

Think how you drove him hence a wandering exile
To distant climes, then think what certain vengeance
His rage may wreak on your unhappy orphan.
For his sake then renew your drooping spirits,
Feed with new oil the wasting lamp of life,
That winks and trembles, now, just now expiring:
Make haste, preserve your life.

Phad. Alas! too long,
Too long have I preserv'd that guilty life.

Lyc. Guilty, what guilt, has blood, has horrid
murder
Imbru'd your hands!

Phad. Alas, my hands are guiltless:
But oh my heart's defil'd.
I've said too much, forbear the rest, my *Lycon*,
And let me die to save the black confession.

Lyc. Die then, but not alone; old faithful *Lycon*
Shall be a victim to your cruel silence.

Will

Will you not tell? Oh lovely, wretched Queen!
By all the cares of your first infant years,
By all the love, and faith, and zeal I've shew'd you,
Tell me your griefs, unfold your hidden sorrows,
And teach your *Lycon* how to bring you comfort.

Phad. What shall I say, malicious cruel Pow'rs?
O where shall I begin! O cruel *Venus*!
How fatal love has been to all our race!

Lyc. Forget it, Madam, let it die in silence.

Phad. O *Ariadne*! O unhappy Sister!

Lyc. Cease to record your Sisters grief & shame.

Phad. And since the cruel God of love requires it,
I fall the last, and most undone of all.

Lyc. Do you then love?

Phad. Alas, I groan beneath
The pain, the guilt, the shame of impious love.

Lyc. Forbid it Heaven!

Phad. Do not upbraid me, *Lycon*,
I love, ... alas, I shudder at the name,
My blood runs backward, and my fault'ring tongue
Sticks at the sound... I love, ... O righteous Heaven,
Why was I born with such a sense of Virtue,
So great abhorrence of the smallest crime,
And yet a Slave to such impetuous guilt?
Rain on me, Gods, your plagues, your sharpest
tortures,

Afflict my soul with any thing but guilt;
And yet that guilt is mine. ... I'll think no more,
I'll to the woods among the happier Brutes:
Come let's away, hark, the shrill horn resounds,
The jolly Huntsmens cries rend the wide Heavens,
Come, o'er the hills pursue the bounding Stag,
Come chase the Lion and the foamy Boar,
Come rouse up all the Monsters of the wood,
For there, ev'n there *Hippolitus* will guard me.

Lyc. *Hippolitus*!

Phad. Who's he that names *Hippolitus*?

B

Ah

Ah! I'm betray'd, and all my guilt discover'd:
Oh! give me poyson, fwords, I'll not live, not
bear it;

I'll stop my breath.

Ism. I'm lost, but what's that loss!

Hippolitus is lost, or lost to me:

Yet shou'd her charms prevail upon his soul,
Shou'd he be false I wou'd not wish him ill,
With my last parting breath I'd bless my Lord;
Then in some lonely desert place expire,
Whence my unhappy death shall never reach him,
Lest it shou'd wound his peace, or damp his joys.
[*Aside.*

Lyc. Think still the secret in your Royal breast,
For by the awful Majesty of *Jove*,
By the all-seeing Sun, by righteous *Minos*,
By all your kindred Gods we swear, O *Phædra*,
Safe as our lives we'll keep the fatal secret.

Ism. &c. We swear, all swear to keep it ever secret.

Phæd. Keep it! from whom? why it's already known,
The tale, the whisper of the babling Vulgar:
Oh! can you keep it from yourselves, unknow it?
Or do you think I'm so far gone in guilt,
That I can see, can bear the looks, the eyes
Of one who knows my black detested crimes;
Of one who knows that *Phædra* loves her Son?

Lyc. Unhappy Queen! August, unhappy Race!
Oh! why did *Theseus* touch this fatal shore?
Why did he save us from *Nicanders* Arms,
To bring worse ruin on us by his love?

Phæd. His love indeed, for that unhappy hour
In which the Priests join'd *Theseus'* hand to mine,
Shew'd the young *Scythian* to my dazled eyes.
Gods! how I shook! what boiling heat inflam'd
My panting breast! how from the touch of *Theseus*
My slack hand dropt, and all the idle pomp,
Priests, Altars, Victims swam before my sight!

The

The God of love, ev'n the whole God possesst me.

Lyc. At once at first possesst you!

Phad. Yes, at first,

That fatal ev'ning we pursu'd the chase,
When from behind the wood with rustling sound
A monstrous Boar rusht forth; his baleful eyes
Shot glaring fire, and his stiff pointed bristles
Rose high upon his back; at me he made,
Whetting his tusks, and churning hideous foam;
Then, then *Hippolitus* flew in to aid me;
Collecting all himself, and rising to the blow,
He launch'd the whistling spear; the well aim'd jav'lin
Pierc'd his tough hide, and quiver'd in his heart;
The Monster fell, and gnashing with huge usks
Plow'd up the crimson earth. But then *Hippolitus*,
Gods! how he mov'd and look'd when he approach'd
me!

When hot and panting from the savage conquest,
Dreadful as *Mars*, and as his *Venus* lovely,
His kindling cheeks with purple beauties glow'd,
His lovely, sparkling eyes shot martial fires,
Oh Godlike form! Oh extasie and transport!
My breath grew short, my beating heart sprung
upward,

And leap'd and bounded in my heaving bosom.

Alas, I'm pleas'd, the horrid story charms me.

No more; that night with fear and love I sick'n'd!

Oft I receiv'd his fatal charming visits;

Then wou'd he talk with such an heav'nly grace.

Look with such dear compassion on my pains,

That I cou'd wish to be so sick for ever.

My ears, my greedy eyes, my thirsty soul,

Drank gorging in the dear delicious poison,

Till I was lost, quite lost in impious love.

And shall I drag an execrable life?

And shall I hoard up guilt, and treasure vengeance?

Lyc. No, labour, strive, subdue that guilt and live.

Phad. Did I not labour, strive, al-seeing Pow'rs,
Did I not weep and pray, implore your Aid?
Burnt clouds of Incense on your loaded Altars?
Oh! I call'd Heaven and Earth to my assistance,
All the ambitious thirst of fame and empire,
And all the honest pride of conscious virtue;
I struggl'd, rav'd; the new-born passion reign'd
Almighty in its birth.

Lyc. Did you e'er try
To gain his love?

Phad. Avert such crimes ye Pow'rs!
No, to avoid his love I fought his hatred;
I wrong'd him, shunn'd him, banish'd him from *Crete*,
I sent him, drove him from my longing sight:
In vain I drove him; for his tyrant form
Reign'd in my heart, and dwelt before my eyes.
If to the Gods I pray'd, the very vows
I made to Heaven, were by my erring tongue
Spoke to *Hippolitus*. If I try'd to sleep,
Straight to my drowzy eyes my restless fancy
Brought back his fatal form, and curst my slumber.

Lyc. First let me try to melt him into love.

Phad. No; did his hapless passion equal mine
I wou'd refuse the bliss I most desir'd.
Consult my fame and sacrifice my life.
Yes, I wou'd die, Heaven knows, this very mo-
ment,

Rather than wrong my Lord, my Husband *Theseus*

Lyc. Perhaps that Lord, that Husband is no more;
He went from *Crete* in haste, his Army thin,
To meet the numerous Troops of fierce *Molossians*;
Yet tho' he lives, while ebbing life decays
Think on your Son.

Phad. Alas, 'tis that that shocks me,

O let me see my young one, let me snatch
 A hasty farewell, a last dying kiss.
 Yet stay, his sight will melt my just resolves;
 But oh! I beg with my last falling breath
 Cherish my Babe.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Madam I grieve to tell you
 What you must know, your Royal Husband's dead.

Phad. Dead! oh ye Pow'rs!

Lyc. O fortunate event!

Then earth-born *Lycon* may ascend the Throne,
 Leave to his happy Son the Crown of *Jove*,
 And be ador'd like him. [*Aside.*] Mourn, mourn,
 ye *Cretans*,

Since he is dead whose valour fav'd your Isle,
 Whose prudent care with flowing plenty crown'd
 His peaceful Subjects; as your tow'ring *Ida*,
 With spreading oaks, and with descending streams,
 Shades and enriches all the plains below.
 Say how he dy'd.

Mess. He dy'd as *Theseus* ought,
 In battel dy'd; *Philotas* now a prisoner,
 That rushing on fought next his Royal person;
 That saw his thund'ring arm beat squadrons down,
 Saw the great Rival of *Alcides* fall:
 These eyes beheld his well-known Steed, beheld
 A proud *Barbarian* glitt'ring in his Arms,
 Encumber'd with the spoil.

Phad. Is he then dead?
 Is my much injur'd Lord, my *Theseus* dead;
 And don't I shed one tear upon his urn?
 What! not a sigh, a groan, a soft complaint?
 Ah! these are tributes due from pious Brides,
 From a chaste Matron, and a virtuous Wife:

But savage Love, the Tyrant of my heart,
Claims all my sorrows, and usurps my grief.

Lyc. Dismiss that grief and give a loose to joy:
He's dead, the bar of all your bliss is dead;
Live then, my Queen, forget the wrinkled *Theseus*,

And take the youthful Hero to your arms.

Phad. I dare not yet admit of such a thought,
And bless'd be Heav'n that steel'd my stubborn heart,
That made me shun the bridal bed of *Theseus*,
And give him empire, but refuse him love.

Lyc. Then may his happier Son be bless'd with
both;

Then rouse your soul, and muster all your charms,
Sooth his ambitious mind with thirst of empire
And all his tender thoughts with soft allurements.

Phad. But shoul'd the Youth refuse my proffer'd
love!

O shou'd he throw me from his loathing arms!

I fear the trial; for I know *Hippolitus*

Fierce in the right, and obstinately good:

When round beset, his virtue like a flood

Breaks with resistless force th'oppling dams,

And bears the mounds along; they're hurry'd on,

And swell the torrent they were rais'd to stop.

I dare not yet resolve, I'll try to live,

And to the awful Gods I'll leave the rest.

Lyc. Madam, your Signet, that your Slave may
order

What's most expedient for your Royal service.

Phad. Take it, and with it take the fate of
Phadra:

And thou, O *Venus*, aid a suppliant Queen,

That owns thy triumphs, and adores thy pow'r;

O spare thy captives, and subdue thy foes.

On this cold *Scythian* let thy pow'r be known,

And in a Lovers cause assert thy own.

Then

Then *Crete* as *Paphos* shall adore thy shrine,
This nurse of *Jove* with grateful fires shall shine,
And with thy Fathers flames shall worship thine.

[*Ex. Phæd. &c.*]

Lycon solus.

If she proposes love, why then as surely
His haughty soul refuses it with scorn.
Say I confine him; if she dies he's safe;
And if she lives I'll work her raging mind.
A Woman scorn'd with ease I'll work to vengeance;
With humble, fawning, wise, obsequious arts
I'll rule the whirl and transport of her soul;
Then what her reason hates, her rage may act.

*When Barks glide slowly thro' the lazy main,
The baffl'd Pilots turn the Helms in vain;
When driv'n by winds they cut the foamy way,
The rudders govern, and the Ships obey.* [Exit



A C T. I I.

Phædra, Lycon, & Ismena.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger.

M Adam, the Prince *Hippolitus* attends.

Phæd. Admit him: Where, where *Phædra's*
now thy Soul?

What... Shall I speak? And shall my guilty tongue

B 4

Let

Let this insulting Victor know his pow'r?
 Or shall I still confine within my breast
 My restless passions and devouring flames?
 But see he comes, the lovely Tyrant comes,
 He rushes on me like a blaze of light,
 I cannot bear the transport of his presence,
 But sink oppress'd with woe. [*Swoons.*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Immortal Gods!
 What have I done to raise such strange abhorrence?
 What have I done to shake her shrinking nature
 With my approach, and kill her with my sight?

Lyc. Alas, another grief devours her soul,
 And only you assistance can relieve her.

Hip. Hah! Make it known, that I may fly and aid
 her.

Lyc. But promise first, my Lord, to keep it secret.

Hip. Promise! I swear on this good Sword I
 wear,

This Sword which first gain'd youthful *Theseus*
 honour;

Which oft has punish'd perjury and falsehood;

By thund'ring *Jove*, by *Gracian Hercules*,

By the majestick form of Godlike Heroes,

That shine around, and consecrate the steel;

No racks, no shame shall ever force it from me.

Phed. *Hippolitus!*

Hip. Yes, 'tis that wretch who begs you to dismiss
 This hated object from your eyes for ever.

Begs leave to march against the foes of *Theseus*,

And to revenge or share his Fathers fate.

Phed. Oh, *Hippolitus!*

I own I've wrong'd you, most unjustly wrong'd you,

Drove you from Court, from *Crete*, and from your
 Father;

The

The Court, all *Crete* deplor'd their suffering Hero,
And I (the sad occasion) most of all.
Yet could you know relenting *Phadras* soul,
Oh could you think with what reluctant grief
I wrong'd the Hero, whom I wish'd to cherish!
Oh! you'd confess me wretched, not unkind,
And own those ills did most deserve your pity,
Which most procur'd your hate.

Hip. My hate to *Phadra*!

Ha! could I hate the Royal Spouse of *Theseus*,
My Queen, my Mother?

Phad. Why your Queen and Mother?

All humble titles suit my lost condition;
Alas! the iron hand of Death is on me,
And I have only time t'implore your pardon:
Ah! would my Lord forget injurious *Phadra*,
And with compassion view her helpless orphan!
Would he receive him to his dear protection,
Defend his youth from all encroaching foes!

Hip. Oh, I'll defend him! with my life defend
him!

Heavens dart your judgments on this faithless head,
If I don't pay him all a Slaves obedience,
And all a Fathers love.

Phad. A Fathers love!

Oh doubtful sounds! oh vain deceitful hopes!
My griefs much eas'd by this transcending good-
ness,

And *Theseus* death sits lighter on my soul:
Death! He's not dead! he lives, he breaths, he
speaks,

He lives in you, he's present to my eyes,
I see him, speak to him, my Heart! I rave,
And all my folly's known.

Hip. Oh! glorious folly!

See *Theseus*, see, how much your *Phadra* lov'd you.

Phad. Love him, indeed! dote, languish dye for him,

Forfake my food, my sleep, all joys for *Theseus* ;
 (But not that hoary venerable *Theseus* ,)
 But *Theseus* , as he was , when mantling blood ,
 Glow'd in his lovely cheeks ; when his bright eyes
 Sparkl'd with youthful fires ; when ev'ry grace
 Shone in the Father , which now crowns the Son ;
 When *Theseus* was *Hippolitus* .

Hip. Ha ! Amazement strikes me ;
 Where will this end ?

Lyc. Is 't difficult to guess ?
 Does not her flying paleness , that but now
 Sat cold and languid in her fading cheek ,
 (Where now succeeds a momentary lustre ,)
 Does not her beating heart , her trembling limbs ,
 Her wishing looks , her speech , her present silence ,
 All , all proclaim imperial *Phadra* loves you ?

Hip. What do I hear ! what , does no lightning
 flash ,
 No thunder bellow , when such monstrous crimes ,
 Are own'd , avow'd , confest ? All-seeing Sun ,
 Hide , hide in shameful night thy beamy head ,
 And cease to view the horrors of thy Race .
 Alas ! I share th' amazing guilt ; these eyes
 That first inspir'd the black incestuous flame ,
 These ears that heard the tale of impious love ,
 Are all accurst , and all deserve your thunder .

Phad. Alas , my Lord ! believe me not so vile ;
 No by thy Goddess , by the chaste *Diana* ,
 None but my first , my much lov'd Lord *Arsamnes*
 Was e'er receiv'd in these unhappy arms .
 No ! for the love of thee , of those dear charms ,
 Which now I see are doom'd to be my ruin ,
 I still deny'd my Lord , my Husband *Theseus* ,
 The chaste , the modest joys of spotless marriage .
 That drove him hence to war , to stormy seas ,
 To rocks and waves less cruel than his *Phadra* .

Hip. If that drove *Theseus* hence , then that kill'd
Theseus ,

And

And cruel *Phadra* kill'd her Husband *Theseus*.

Phad. Forbear, rash Youth, nor dare to rouse
my vengeance;

You need not urge, nor tempt my swelling rage
With black reproaches, scorn and provocation
To do a deed my reason would abhor.

Long has the secret struggled in my breast,
Long has it rack'd and rent my tortur'd bosom;
But now 'tis out; shame, rage, confusion tear
And drive me on to act unheard-of crimes,
To murder thee, my self, and all that know it.
As when convulsions cleave the lab'ring Earth,
Long the pent vapours struggle in its womb
Before the dismal yawn appears, the ground
Trembles and heaves, the nodding houses crash;
He's safe that from the dreadful warning flies,
But he that sees its opening bosom dyes. [Exit.

Hip. Then let me take the warning and retire:
I'd rather trust the rough *Ionian* waves
Than *Womans* fiercer rage.

[*Ismena* shews her self listning.

Lyc. Alas, my Lord,
You must not leave the Queen to her despair.

Hip. Must not! from thee! from that vile upstart
Lycon!

Lyc. Yes, from that *Lycon* who derives his greatness
From *Phadras* Race, and now would guard her life:
Then, Sir, forbear, and view this Royal Signet,
And in her faithful Slave obey the Queen.

Enter Guards.

Guards watch the Prince, but at that awful distance,
With that respect it may not seem confinement,
But only meant for Honour.

Hip. So, confinement's
The honour *Crete* bestows on *Theseus*' Son.

Am

Am I confin'd! and is 't so soon forgot
 When fierce *Procrustes*' arms o'er-ran your Kingdom?
 When your streets echo'd with the cries of Or-
 phans,

Your shrieking Maids clung round the hallow'd
 Shrines;

When all your Palaces and lofty Towers
 Smoak'd on the earth, when the red sky around
 Glow'd with your Citys flames (a dreadful lustre):
 Then, then my Father flew to your assistance;
 Then *Theseus* sav'd your lives, estates and honours.
 And do you thus reward the Heros toil?
 And do you now confine the Heros Son?

Lyc. Take not an easie short confinement ill,
 Which your own safety and the Queens requires;
 But fear not ought from one that joys to serve you.

Hip. O, I disdain thee, Traitor, but not fear thee,
 Nor will I hear of services from *Lycon*.

Thy very looks are lies, eternal falsehood.
 Smiles in thy lips and flatters in thy eyes;
 Ev'n in thy humble face I read my ruin,
 In ev'ry cringing bow and fawning smile:
 Why else d'you whisper out your dark suspicions?
 Why with malignant elogies encrease
 The Peoples fears, and praise me to my ruin?
 Why through the troubl'd streets of frighted *Gnossus*
 Do bucklers, helms and polish'd armor blaze?
 Why sounds the dreadful din of instant war?
 Whilst still the Foe's unknown.

Lyc. Then quit thy arts,
 Put off the Sates-man and resume the Judge; [*Aside.*
 Thou *Proteus* shift thy various forms no more,
 But boldly own the God... That Foe's too near;

[*To Hip.*
 The Queens disease, and your aspiring mind
 Disturb all *Crete*, and give a loose to war.

Hip. Gods! dare he speak thus to a Monarchs Son!
 And

And must [this earth-born slave command in *Crete*?
 Was it for this my God-like Father fought?
 Did *Theseus* bleed for *Lycon*? O ye *Cretans*,
 See there your King, the successor of *Minos*,
 And Heir of *Jove*.

Lyc. You may as well provoke
 That *Jove* you worship, as this Slave you scorn.
 Go seize *Alcmaon*, *Nicias*, and all
 The black abettors of his impious treason.
 Now o'er thy head th' avenging Thunder rolls;
 For know on me depends thy instant doom.
 Then learn, proud Prince, to bend thy haughty
 soul,

And if thou think'st of life obey the Queen.

Hip. Then free from fear or guilt I'll wait my
 doom;

What e'er's my fault no stain shall blot my glory;
 I'll guard my honour, you dispose my life.

[*Ex. Lyc. and Crat.*

Since he dares brave my rage the danger's near.
 The timorous Hounds that hunt the generous *Lyon*
 Bay afar off, and tremble in pursuit;
 But when he struggles in th'entangling toils,
 Insult the dying prey. [*Ism. Enters.*

'Tis kindly done, *Ismena*,

With all your charms to visit my distress,
 Soften my chains, and make confinement easie.
 Is it then giv'n me to behold thy beauties!
 Those blushing sweets, those lovely loving eyes!
 To press, to strain thee to my beating heart,
 And grow thus to my love! What's liberty to this?
 What's fame or greatness? Take 'em, take 'em,

Phadra,

Freedom and Fame, and in the dear confinement
 Enclose me thus for ever.

Ism. O *Hippolitus*!

O I could ever dwell in this confinement!

Nor

Not wish for ought while I behold my Lord.
 But yet that wish, that only wish is vain,
 When my hard fate thus forces me to beg you
 Drive from your God-like soul a wretched Maid;
 Take to your arms (assist me Heaven to speak it)
 Take to your arms Imperial *Phædra*,
 And think of me no more.

Hip. Not think of thee!

What! part, for ever part! unkind *Ismena*!
 Oh! can you think that Death is half so dreadful
 As it would be to live, and live without thee?
 Say, should I quit thee, should I turn to *Phædra*,
 Say, could'st thou bear it! Could thy tender soul
 Endure the torment of despairing love,
 And see me settled in a Rivals arms?

Ism. Think not of me, perhaps my equal mind
 May learn to bear the fate the Gods allot me.
 Yet would you hear me, could your lov'd *Ismena*
 With all her charms o'erule your sullen Honour,
 You yet might live, nor leave the poor *Ismena*.

Hip. Speak, if I can, I'm ready to obey.

Ism. Give the Queen hopes....

Hip. No more... my soul disdains it.
 No, should I try, my haughty soul would swell,
 Sharpen each word, and threaten in my eyes.
 O! should I stoop to cringe, to lye, forswear,
 Deserve the ruin which I strive to shun?

Ism. O, I can't bear this cold contempt of death!
 This rigid vertue that prefers your glory
 To liberty or life. O cruel Man!
 By these sad sighs, by these poor streaming eyes,
 By that dear love that makes us now unhappy,
 By the near danger of that precious life,
 Heav'n knows I value much above my own.
 What! not yet mov'd? Are you resolv'd on death?
 Then, e'er 'tis night I swear by all the Pow'rs
 This steel shall end my fears and life together.

Hip.

Hip. You shan't be trusted with a life so precious
No, to the Court I'll publish your design,
Ev'n bloody *Lycon* will prevent your fate;
Lycon shall wrench the dagger from your bosom,
And raving *Phadra* will preserve *Ismena*.

Ism. *Phadra*! Come on, I'll lead you on to
Phadra;

I'll tell her all the secrets of our love,
Give to her rage her close destructive Rival;
Her Rival sure will fall, her love may save you.
Come see me labour in the pangs of death,
My agonizing limbs, my dying eyes.
Dying, yet fixt in death on my *Hippolitus*.

Hip. What's your design? Ye Powers! What
means my love?

Ism. She means to lead you in the road of fate,
She means to dye with one she can't preserve.
Yet when you see me pale upon the earth,
This once lov'd form grown horrible in death,
Sure your relenting soul would wish you'd sav'd me.

Hip. Oh! I'll do all, do any thing to save you,
Give up my fame and all my darling honour,
I'll run, I'll fly, what you'll command I'll say.

Ism. Say what occasion, chance, or Heav'n
inspires,

Say that you love her, that you lov'd her long;
Say that you'll wed her; say that you'll comply:
Say, to preserve your life, say any thing.

[Exit *Hip.*

Bless him, ye Pow'rs! and if it be a crime,
Oh! if the pious fraud offend your justice,
Aim all your vengeance on *Ismenas* head;
Punish *Ismena*, but forgive *Hippolitus*.

He's gone, and now my brave resolves are stagger'd;
Now I repent like some despairing wretch
That boldly plunges in the frightful deep,
Then pants, and struggles with the whirling waves;
And catches every slender reed to save him.

Cho.

Cho. But should he do what your commands en-
joyn'd him,
Say, should he wed her?

Ism. Should he wed the Queen!
Oh! I'd remember that 'twas my request,
And dye well pleas'd I made the Hero happy.

Cho. Dye! does *Ismena* then resolve to dye?

Ism. Can I then live? Can I, who lov'd so well
To part with all my blifs to save my Lover?
Oh! can I drag a wretched life without him,
And see another revel in his arms?
Oh 'tis in death alone I can have comfort!

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. What a reverse is this? perfidious Boy,
Is this thy truth? Is this thy boasted honour?
Then all are rogues alike; I never thought
But one Man honest, and that one deceives me. [*Aside.*
Ismena here! . . .

'Tis all agreed, and now the Prince is safe
From the sure vengeance of despairing love.
Now *Phædras* rage is chang'd to soft endearments,
She doats, she dyes; and few, but tedious days,
With endless joys will crown the happy pair.

Ism. Does he then wed the Queen?

Lyc. At least I think so.
I, when the Prince approach'd, not far retir'd
Pale with my doubts; he spoke; th'attentive Queen
Dwelt on his accents, and her gloomy eyes
Sparkled with gentler fires: He blushing bow'd.
She trembling, lost in love, with soft confusion
Receiv'd his passion and return'd her own:
Then smiling turn'd to me, and bid me order
The pompous rites of her ensuing Nuptials,
Which I must now pursue. Farewell *Ismena*. [*Exit.*

Ism. Then I'll retire, and not disturb their joys.

Cho.

Cho. Stay and learn more.

Ism. Ah! wherefore should I stay?
 What! shall I stay to rave, t'upbraid, to hold him,
 To snatch the struggling charmer from her arms?
 For could you think that open gen'rous youth
 Could with feign'd love deceive a jealous woman?
 Could he so soon grow artful in dissembling?
 Ah! without doubt his thoughts inspired his tongue;
 And all his soul receiv'd a real love.
 Perhaps new graces darted from her eyes;
 Perhaps soft pity charm'd his yielding soul;
 Perhaps her love, perhaps her Kingdom charm'd him;
 Perhaps alas! how many things might charm him!

Cho. Wait the success, it is not yet decided.

Ism. Not yet decided Did not *Lycon* tell us
 How he protested, sigh'd, and look'd, and vow'd;
 How the soft passion languish'd in his eyes?
 Yes, yes, he loves, he doats on *Phadra's* charms.
 Now, now he clasps her to his panting breast,
 Now he devours her with his eager eyes,
 Now grasps her hands, and now he looks, and vows
 The dear false things that charm'd the poor *Ismena*.
 He comes; be still, my heart, the Tyrant comes,
 Charming, tho' false, and lovely in his guilt.

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. Why hangs that cloudy sorrow on your brow?
 Why do you sigh? why flow your swelling eyes,
 Those eyes that us'd with joy to view *Hippolitus*.

Ism. My Lord, my soul is charm'd with your success;
 You know, my Lord, my fears are but for you,
 For your dear life; and since my death alone
 Can make you safe, that soon shall make you happy,
 Yet had you brought less love to *Phadra's* arms,
 My soul had parted with a less regret,
 Blest if surviving in your dear remembrance.

Hip. Your death! My love! My marriage! and to
 Hear me, *Ismena*. (*Phadra*!)

Ism.

Ism. No I dare not hear you.
 But tho' you've been thus cruelly unkind,
 Tho' you have left me for the Royal *Phædra*,
 Yet still my soul o'er runs with fondness t'wards thee,
 Yet still I dye with joy to save *Hippolitus*.

Hip. Dye to save me! Could I outlive *Ismena*?

Ism. Yes, you'd outlive her in your *Phædra*'s arms,
 And may you there find ev'ry blooming pleasure;
 Oh, may the Gods show'r blessings on thy head!
 May the Gods crown thy glorious arms with conquest,
 And all thy peaceful days with sure repose:
 May'st thou be blest with lovely *Phædra*'s charms,
 And for thy ease forget the lost *Ismena*.
 Farewell, *Hippolitus*.

Hip. *Ismena* stay,
 Stay, hear me speak, or by th' infernal powers
 I'll not survive the minute you depart. (weakness)

Ism. What would you say? ah! don't deceive my

Hip. Deceive thee? why, *Ismena*, do you wrong me?
 Why doubt my faith? O lovely, cruel maid!
 Why wound my tender soul with harsh suspicion!
 Oh! by those charming eyes, by thy dear love,
 I neither thought nor spoke, design'd nor promis'd
 To love, or wed the Queen.

Ism. Speak on, my Lord,
 My honest soul inclines me to believe thee;
 And much I fear, and much I hope I've wrong'd thee.

Hip. Then thus. I came and spake, but scarce of love;
 The easie Queen receiv'd my faint address
 With eager hope and unsuspicious faith.
Lycon with seeming joy dismiss'd my Guards,
 My gen'rous soul disdain'd the mean deceit,
 But still deceiv'd her to obey *Ismena*.

Ism. Art thou then true? Thou art. Oh pardon me,
 Pardon the errors of a silly maid,
 Wild with her fears, and mad with jealousy;
 For still that fear, that jealousy was love.

Haste

Haste then, my Lord, and save your self by flight;
 And when you're absent, when your God-like form
 Shall cease to cheer forlorn *Ismena's* eyes,
 Then let each day, each hour, each minute bring
 Some kind remembrance of your constant love;
 Speak of your health, your fortune, and your friends;
 (For sure those friends shall have my tender'st wishes)
 Speak much of all, but of thy dear, dear love,
 Speak much, speak very much, and still speak on.

Hip. Oh! thy dear love shall ever be my theme.
 Of that alone I'll talk the lieve-long day;
 But thus I'll talk, thus dwelling in thy eyes,
 Tasting the odours of thy fragrant bosom.
 Come then to crown me with immortal joys,
 Come, be the kind companion of my flight;
 Come haste with me to leave this fatal shore.
 The Bark before prepar'd for my departure
 Expects its freight, a hundred lusty Rowers
 Have bar'd their finewy arms, and call'd *Hippolitus*;
 The loosen'd canvas trembles with the wind,
 And the sea whitens with auspicious gales.

Ism. Fly then, my Lord, and may the Gods protect thee
 Fly, e'er insidious *Lycon* work thy ruin,
 Fly, e'er my fondness talk thy life away;
 Fly from the Queen.

Hip. But not from my *Ismena*.
 Why do you force me from your heav'nly sight,
 With those dear arms that ought to clasp me to thee?

Ism. Oh I could rave for ever at my fate!
 And with alternate love and fear possess'd, (breast,
 Now force thee from my arms, now snatch thee to my
 And tremble till you go, but dye till you return.
 Nay I could go; ye Gods, if I should go,
 What would fame say? if I should fly alone
 With a young lovely Prince that charm'd my soul?

Hip. Say you did well to fly a certain ruin,
 To fly the fury of a Queen incens'd,

To crown with endless joys the youth that lov'd you;
 O! by the joys our mutual loves have brought,
 By the blest hours I've languish'd at your feet,
 By all the love you ever bore *Hippolitus*,
 Come fly from hence and make him ever happy.

Ism. Hide me, ye Pow'rs; I never shall resist.

Hip. Will you refuse me? Can I leave behind me
 All that inspires my soul and cheers my eyes?
 Will you not go? Then here I'll wait my doom.
 Come, raving *Phadra*, bloody *Zycon* come;
 I offer to your rage this worthless life,
 Since 'tis no longer my *Ismena's* care.

Ism. O! haste away, my Lord, I go, I fly
 Thro' all the dangers of the boist'rous deep.
 When the wind whistles thro' the crackling masts,
 When thro' the yawning ship the foaming sea
 Rows bubbling in; then, then I'll clasp thee fast,
 And in transporting love forget my fear.
 Oh! I will wander thro' the *Scythian* gloom,
 O'er ice, and hills of everlasting snow:
 There when the horrid darkness shall enclose us,
 When the bleak wind shall chill my shiv'ring limbs;
 Thou shalt alone supply the distant Sun,
 And cheer my gazing eyes, and warm my heart.

Hip. Come, let's away, and like another *Jason*
 I'll bear my beauteous conquest thro' the Seas:
 A greater treasure and a nobler prize
 Than he from *Colchos* bore. Sleep, sleep in peace
 Ye monsters of the woods, on *Ida's* top
 Securely roam; no more my early horn
 Shall wake the lazy day. Transporting love
 Reigns in my heart, and makes me all its own;

So when bright *Venus* yielded up her charms,
 The blest *Adonis* languish'd in her arms;
 His idle horn on fragrant mirtles hung,
 His arrows scatter'd, and his bow unstrung:
 Obscure in coverts lye his dreaming hounds,

And

And bay the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds.
For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,
And all the Hero to the Lover yields.



ACT III.

Enter Lycon.

Lyc. **H**Eav'n is at last appeas'd: the pitying Gods
Have heard our wishes, & auspicious Jove
Smiles on his native Isle; for *Phædra* lives,
Restor'd to *Crete*, and to her self, she lives;
Joy with fresh strength inspires her drooping limbs,
Revives her charms, and o'er her faded cheeks
Spreads a fresh rosie bloom, as kindly springs
With genial heat renew the frozen earth,
And paint its smiling face with gawdy flow'rs.
But see she comes, the beauteous *Phædra* comes.

Enter Phædra.

How her eyes sparkle! how their radiant beams
Confess their shining ancestor the Sun!
Your charms to-day will wound despairing crowds,
And give the pains you suffer'd: Nay, *Hippolitus*
The fierce, the brave, th'insensible *Hippolitus*
Shall pay a willing homage to your beauty,
And in his turn adore —

Phæd. 'Tis flatt'ry all;

Yet when you name the Prince, that flatt'ry's pleasing;
You wish it so, poor good old man, you wish it.
The fertile Province of *Cydonia*'s thine;
Is there ought else? has happy *Phædra* ought
In the wide circle of her far stretch'd Empire!
Ask, take, my friend, secure of no repulse,
Let spacious *Crete* thro' all her hundred cities

Resound her *Phadra's* joy. Let altars smok,
 And richest gums, and spice, and incense roll
 Their fragrant wreaths to heav'n, to pitying heav'n,
 Which gives *Hippolitus* to *Phadra's* arms.
 Set all at large, and bid the loathsome dungeons
 Give up the meagre slaves that pine in darkness,
 And waste in grief, as did despairing *Phadra*:
 Let them be cheer'd, let the starv'd prisoners riot,
 And glow with gen'rous wine. — Let sorrow cease.
 Let none be wretched, none, since *Phadra's* happy.
 But now he comes! and with an equal passion
 Rewards my flame, and springs into my arms.

Enter Messenger.

Say, where's the Prince?

Mess. He's no where to be found.

Phad. Perhaps he hunts.

Mess. He hunted not to-day.

Phad. Ha! have you search'd the Courts, the Temples,

Mess. Search'd all in vain. [all?]

Phad. Did he not hunt to-day?

Alas! you told me once before he did not:
 My heart misgives me.

Lyc. So indeed doth mine.

Phad. Cou'd he deceive me? Cou'd that Godlike
 Design the ruin of a Queen that loves him? (youth
 Oh! he's all truth, his words, his looks, his eyes
 Open to view his inmost thoughts. — He comes!
 Ha! who art thou? Whence com'st thou? Where's *Hippo-*

Mess. Madam, *Hippolitus* with fair *Ismena* (litus?
 Drove tow'rd the Port —

Phad. With fair *Ismena*!

Curs'd be her cruel beauty, curst her charms,
 Curst all her soothing, fatal, false endearments.
 That heav'nly virgin, that exalted goodness
 Cou'd see me tortur'd with despairing love,
 With artful tears cou'd mourn my monstrous sufferings,
 While her base malice plotted my destruction.

Lyc. A thousand reasons croud upon my soul,
That evidence their love.

Phad. Yes, yes, they love;
Why else should he refuse my proffer'd bed?
Why should one warm'd with youth, and thirst of glory
Disdain a soul, a form, a crown like mine?

Lyc. Where, *Lycon*, where was then thy boasted cunning,
Dull, thoughtless wretch. (ning)

Phad. O Pains unfelt before!
The grief, despair, the agonies, and pangs,
All the wild fury of distracted love,
Are nought to this. — Say, famous politician,
Where, when, and how did their first passion rise?
Where did they breath their sighs? what shady groves?
What gloomy woods conceal'd their hidden loves?
Alas! they hid it not, the well pleas'd Sun
With all his beams survey'd their guiltless flame;
Glad Zephyrs wafted their untainted sighs,
And *Ida* echo'd their endearing accents:
While I, the flame of nature, hid in darkness,
Far from the balmy air and cheering light,
Prest down my sighs, and dry'd my falling tears,
Searcht a retreat to mourn, and watcht to grieve.

Lyc. Now cease that grief, and let your injur'd love
Contrive due vengeance; let majestic *Phadra*
That lov'd the Hero sacrifice the villain.
Then haste, send forth your ministers of vengeance,
To snatch the traitor from your rival's arms,
And force him trembling to your awful presence.

Phad. O rightly thought-Dispatch th'attending guards,
Bid them bring forth their instruments of death;
Darts, engines, flames, and lanch into the deep,
And hurl swift vengeance on the perjurd slave.
Where am I, Gods! what is't my rage commands?
Ev'n now he's gone! Ev'n now the well tim'd oars
With sounding stroaks divide the sparkling waves,
And happy gales assist their speedy flight.

Now they embrace, and ardent love enflames
 Their flushing cheeks, and trembles in their eyes;
 Now they expose my weakness and my crimes,
 Now to the sporting crowd they tell my follies.

Enter Cratander.

Crat. Sir, as I went to seize the persons order'd,
 I met the Prince, and with him fair *Ismena*;
 I seiz'd the Prince, who now attends without.

Phad. Haste, bring him in.

Lyc. Be quick and seize *Ismena*!

Enter Hippolitus.

Phad. Cou'dst thou deceive me? cou'd a son of *The-*
Stoop to so mean, so base a vice as fraud? [*seus*
 Nay, act such monstrous perfidy, yet start
 From promis'd love.

Hip. My soul disdain'd a promise.

Phad. But yet your false equivocating tongue,
 Your looks, your eyes, your ev'ry motion promis'd.
 But you are ripe in frauds, and learn'd in falsehoods.
 Look down, O *Theseus*, and behold thy son,
 As *Sciron* faithless, as *Procrustes* cruel.
 Behold the crimes, the tyrants, all the monsters;
 From which thy valour purg'd the groaning earth:
 Behold them all in thy own son reviv'd.

Hip. Touch not my glory, lest you stain your own;
 I still have strove to make my glorious father
 Blush, yet rejoyce to see himself outdone;
 To mix my parents in my lineal virtues,
 As *Theseus* just, and as *Camilla* chaste.

Phad. The Godlike *Theseus* never was thy parent.
 No, 'twas some monthly *Cappadocian* drudge,
 Obedient to the scourge, and beaten to her arms,
 Begot thee, traitor, on the chaste *Camilla*.
Camilla chaste! an *Amazon* and chaste!
 That quits her sex and yet retains her virtue.
 See the chaste matron mount the neighing steed;
 In strict embraces lock the struggling warrior,

And

And choose the lover in the sturdy foe.

Enter Messenger and seems to talk earnestly with Lycon.

Hip. No; she refus'd the vows of Godlike *Theseus*,
And chose to stand his arms, not meet his love;
And doubtful was the fight. The wide *Thermoodon*
Heard the huge strokes resound, its frightened waves
Convey'd the ratt'ling din to distant shores,
Whilst she alone supported all his war:
Nor till she sank beneath his thund'ring arm,
Beneath which, warlike nations bow'd, wou'd yield
To honest wisht for love.

Phaed Not so her son,
Who boldly ventures on forbidden flames,
On one descended from the cruel *Pallas*,
Foe to thy father's person and his blood;
Hated by him, of kindred yet more hated;
The last of all the wicked race he ruin'd.
In vain a fierce successive hatred reign'd
Between your fires: In vain, like *Cadmus* race,
With mingl'd blood they dy'd the blushing earth.

Hip. In vain indeed, since now the war is o'er;
We, like the *Theban* race, agree to love,
And by our mutual flames and future offspring,
Atone for slaughter past.

Phaed Your future offspring?
Heav'ns! What a medly's this? What dark confusion,
Of blood and death, of murder and relation?
What joy't had been to old disabled *Theseus*,
When he should take the offspring in his arms?
Ev'n in his arms to hold an infant *Pallas*,
And be upbraided with his granfire's fate,
Oh barb'rous youth!

Lyc. Too barbarous I fear.
Perhaps ev'n now his faction's up in arms,
Since waving crowds roll onwards tow'rd the palace,
And rend the city with tumultuous clamours!
Perhaps to murder *Phadra* and her son,

And give the Crown to him and his *Ismena* :
But I'll prevent it. [Exit *Lycon*.

Ismena brought in.

Phaed. What ! the kind *Ismena*
That nurs'd me, watch'd my sicknels ! oh she watch'd
As rav'nous vultures watch the dying *Lyon* , [me
To tear his heart and riot in his blood.
Hark ! hark my little infant cries for justice !
Oh ! he appeas'd my babe , thou shalt have justice.
Now all the spirits of my Godlike race
Enflame my soul and urge me on to vengeance.
Arsamnes , *Minos* , *Jove* , th' avenging Sun,
Inspire my fury and require my Justice.
Oh ! you shall have it, thou , *Minos* . shalt applaud it ;
Yes thou shalt copy it in their pains below.
Gods of revenge arise — He comes ! he comes !
And shoots himself thro' all my kindling blood.
I have it here — Now base perfidious wretch,
Now sigh , and weep , and tremble in thy turn.
Yes , your *Ismena* shall appease my vengeance.
Ismena dies : and thou her pitying lover
Doom'dst her to death.--Thou too shalt see her bleed ;
See her convulsive pangs , and hear her dying groans ;
Go , glut thy eyes with thy ador'd *Ismena* ,
And laugh at dying *Phadra*.

Hip. Oh *Ismena* !

Ism. Alas ! my tender soul would shrink at death ,
Shake with its fears , and sink beneath its pains,
In any cause but this. — But now I'm steel'd ,
And the near danger lessens to my sight.
Now , if I live , 'tis only for *Hippolitus* ,
And with an equal joy I'll dye to save him.
Yes , for his sake I'll go a willing shade ,
And wait his coming in th' *Elysium* fields ,
And there enquire of each descending Ghost
Of my lov'd Heroe's welfare , life , and honour.
That dear remembrance will improve the bliss ;

Add

Add to th' *Elysian* joys, and make that heav'n more happy.

Hip. Oh heav'nly virgin! [*Aside.*] Oh imperial *Phædra*! Let your rage fall on this devoted head;
But spare! oh spare a guiltless virgins life:
Think of her youth, her innocence, her virtue;
Think with what warm compassion she bemoans you,
Think how she serv'd and watch'd you in your sick-
How ev'ry rising and descending Sun (ness;
Saw kind *Ismena* watching o'er the Queen.
I only promis'd, I alone deceiv'd you;
And I, and only I, shou'd feel your justice.

Ism. Oh! by these pow'rs, to whom I soon must answer
For all my faults, by that bright arch of heav'n
I now last see, I wrought him by my wiles,
By tears, by threats, by ev'ry female art,
Wrought his disdainful soul to false complaisance.
The Son of *Theseus* could not think of fraud,
'Twas woman all.

Phæd. I see 'twas woman all,
And womans fraud shou'd meet with womans ven-
geance;

But yet thy courage, truth, and vertue shock me:
A love so warm, so firm, so like my own.
Oh! had the Gods so pleas'd; had bounteous heav'n
Bestow'd *Hippolitus* on *Phædra*'s arms,
So had I stood the shock of angry fate;
So had I giv'n my life with joy to save him. (ter

Hip. And can you doom her death? can *Minos* daugh-
Condemn the virtue which her soul admires?
Are not you *Phædra*? once the boast of fame,
Shame of our Sex, and pattern of your own?

Phæd. Am I that *Phædra*? No. — Another soul
Informs my alter'd frame. Cou'd else *Ismena*
Provoke my hatred, yet deserve my love?
Aid me, ye Gods, support my sinking glory,
Restore my reason, and confirm my virtue.

Yet,

Yet, is my rage unjust? Then why was *Phædra*
Rescu'd for torment, and preserv'd for pain?

Why did you raise me to the height of joy,
Above the wreck of clouds and storms below,
To dash and break me on the ground for ever?

Ism. Was it not time to urge him to compliance?
At least to feign it, when perfidious *Lycon*
Confin'd his person, and conspir'd his death.

Phæ. Confin'd and doom'd to death—O cruel *Lycon*!
Cou'd I have doom'd thy death—Cou'd these sad eyes
That lov'd thee living, e'er behold thee dead?
Yet thou cou'd'st see me dye without concern,
Rather than save a wretched Queen from ruin.
Else cou'd you chuse to trust the warring winds,
The swelling waves, the rocks, the faithless sands;
And all the raging monsters of the deep!
Oh! think you see me on the naked shoar;
Think how I scream and tear my scatter'd hair;
Break from th' embraces of my shrieking maids,
And harrow on the sand my bleeding bosom: [lows;
Then catch with wide stretch'd arms the empty bil-
And headlong plunge into the gaping deep.

Hip. O, dismal state! my bleeding heart relents,
And all my thoughts dissolve in tender'st pity.

Phæ. If you can pity, O, refuse not love;
But stoop to rule in *Crete* the seat of Heroes,
And nursery of Gods—A hundred cities
Court thee for Lord, where the rich busie crowds
Struggle for passage thro' the spacious streets;
Where thousand ships o'ershade the leſſ'ning main,
And tire the lab'ring wind. The suppliant nations
Bow to its ensigns, and with lower'd sails
Confess the ocean's Queen. For thee alone
The winds shall blow, and the vast Ocean roll.
For thee alone the fam'd *Cydonian* warriors
From twanging eughs shall send their fatal shafts.

Hip. Then let me march their leader, not their Prince;
And

And at the head of your renown'd *Cydonians*,
Brandish this far fam'd sword of conqu'ring *Theseus*;
That I may shake th' Egyptian Tyrants yoke
From *Asia's* neck, and fix it on his own;
That willing nations may obey your Laws,
And your bright Ancestor the Sun may shine
On nought but *Phadra's* Empire.

Phad. Why not thine?
Dost thou so far detest my proffer'd bed,
As to refuse my Crown? --- O, cruel Youth!
By all the pain that wings my tortur'd soul;
By all the dear deceitful hopes you gave me,
O! ease, at least once more delude my sorrows;
For your dear sake I've lost my darling honour;
For you, but now I gave my Soul to death:
For you I'd quit my Crown and stoop beneath
The happy bondage of an humble wife.
With thee I'd climb the steepy *Ida's* summit,
And in the scorching heat and chilling dews,
O'er hills, o'er vales pursue the shaggy Lion;
Careless of danger and of wasting toil;
Of pinching hunger and impatient thirst;
I'd find all joys in thee.

Hip. Why stoops the Queen
To ask, intreat, to supplicate and pray,
To prostitute her Crown and sexes honour;
To one whose humble thoughts can only rise
To be your slave, not Lord?

Phad. And is that all;
Gods! does he deign to force an artful groan?
Or call a tear from his unwilling eyes.
Hard as his native rocks, cold as his sword,
Fierce as the wolves that howl'd around his birth,
He hates the tyrant, and the suppliant scorns.
O Heav'n! O *Minos*! O imperial *Jove*!
Do ye not blush at my degenerate weakness!
Hence lazy, mean, ignoble passion fly;
Hence from my soul — Tis gone, 'tis fled for ever,
And

And heav'n inspires my thoughts with righteous ven-
 Thou shalt no more despise my offer'd love; (geance.
 No more *Ism. ena* shall upbraid my weakness.

[*Catches Hip. sword to stab her self.*

Now all ye kindred Gods look down and see
 How I'll revenge you, and my self, on *Phædra*.

Enter Lycon, and snatches away the sword.

Lyc. Horror on horror! *Theseus* is return'd.

Phæd. *Theseus*! then what have I to do with life?
 May I be snatch'd with winds, by earth o'erwhelm'd,
 Rather than view the face of injur'd *Theseus*.

Now wider still my growing horrors spread,
 My fame, my vertue, nay my frenzy's fled:
 'Then view thy wretched blood, Imperial *Jove*,
 If crimes enrage you, or misfortunes move;
 On me your flames, on me your bolts employ,
 Me if your anger spares, your pity should destroy.

[*Runs off.*

Lyc. This may do service yet.

[*Exit Lycon, carries off the sword.*

Hip. Is he return'd? Thanks to the pitying Gods.
 Shall I again behold his awful eyes?

Again be folded in his loving arms!

Yet in the midst of joy I fear for *Phædra*;

I fear his warmth and unrelenting justice.

O! should her raging passion reach his ears,

His tender love, by anger fir'd, wou'd turn

To burning rage; as soft *Cydonian* oyl,

Whose balmy juice glides o'er th' untasting tongue,

Yet toucht with fire, with hottest flames will blaze.

But oh ye Pow'rs! I see his Godlike form.

O extasie of joy! He comes, he comes!

Is it my Lord? my Father? Oh! tis he:

I see him, touch him, feel his known embraces,

See all the Father in his joyful eyes.

Enter Theseus, with others.

Where have you been, my Lord? What angry *Dæmon*

Hid

Hid you from — *Crete*, from me? What God has sav'd—
Did not *Philautus* see you fall? O answer me! (you?)
And then I'll ask a thousand questions more.

Thes. No; but to save my life I feign'd my death;
My horse and well known arms confirm'd the tale,
And hinder'd farther search. This honest Greek
Conceal'd me in his house, and cur'd my wounds,
Procur'd a vessel; and to bless me more,
Accompany'd my flight.-----

But this at leisure. Let me now indulge
A Father's fondness; let me snatch thee thus;
Thus fold thee in my arms: such, such was I

[Embraces Hippolitus.]

When first I saw thy mother, chaste *Camilla*;
And much she lov'd me.--- Oh! did *Phadra* view me
With half that fondness---But she's still unkind;
Else hasty joy had brought her to these arms,
To welcome me to liberty, to life;
And make that life a blessing. Come, my Son,
Let us to *Phadra*.

Hip. Pardon me, my Lord,

Thes. Forget her former treatment; she's too good
Still to persist in hatred to my son.

Hip. O! let me fly from *Crete*,---from you, [Aside]
and *Phadra*.

Thes. My Son, what means this turn? this sudden start?
Why would you fly from *Crete*, and from your father?

Hip. Not from my father, but from lazy *Crete*;
To follow danger, and acquire renown;
To quell the Monsters that escap'd your sword,
And make the world confess me *Theseus* Son.

Thes. What can this coldness mean? Retire my Son,
While I attend the Queen.— (Exit Hippolitus)
What shock is this?

Why tremble thus my limbs? Why faints my heart?

Why am I thrill'd with fear, till now unknown?

Where's now the joy, the extasie, and transport

That

That warm'd my soul, and urg'd me on to *Phædra*!
O! had I never lov'd her I'd been blest.

Sorrow and joy in love alternat reign;
Sweet is the bliss, distracting is the pain.
So when the *Nile* its fruitful deluge spreads,
And genial heat informs its slimy beds;
Here yellow harvests crown the fertile plain,
There monstrous serpents fright the lab'ring swain:
A various product fills the fatten'd sand,
And the same floods enrich and curse the land.



A C T IV.

Enter Lycon solus.

Lyc. **T**His may gain time till all my wealth's embark'd
To ward my foes revenge, and finish mine,
And shake that Empire which I can't possess.
But then the Queen---she dyes---why let her dye;
Let wide destruction seize on all together,
So *Lycon* live.-- A safe triumphant exile,
Great in disgrace, and envy'd in his fall.

Enter Phædra and Attendants.

The Queen! -- Then try thy art & work her passions,
Draw her to act what most her soul abhors,
Possess her whole, and speak thy self in *Phædra*.

Phæd. Off, let me loose; why cruel barb'rous maids,
Why am I barr'd from death, the common refuge,
That spreads its hospitable arms for all?
Why must I drag th'insufferable load
Of foul dis-honour, and despairing love?
Oh! length of pain! Am I so often dying,
And yet not dead? Feel I so oft death's pangs?

No!

Nor once can find its ease?

Lyc. Would you now dye?

Now quit the field to your insulting foe?

Then shall he triumph o'er your blasted name:

Age to come, the universe shall learn

The wide immortal infamy of *Phedra*:

And the poor babe, the idol of your soul,

The lovely image of your dear dead Lord,

Shall be upbraided with his Mother's crimes;

Shall bear your shame, shall sink beneath your faults;

Inherit your disgrace, but not your Crown.

Phed. Must he too fall, involv'd in my destruction,

And only live to curse the name of *Phedra*?

Oh dear, unhappy babe! must I bequeath thee

Only a sad inheritance of woe?

Gods! cruel Gods! can't all my pains atone,

Unless they reach my infant's guiltless head?

Oh lost estate! when life's so sharp a torment,

And death itself can't ease! Assist me, *Lycan*,

Advise, speak comfort to my troubled soul.

Lyc. 'Tis you must drive that trouble from your soul;

As streams when dam'd forget their ancient currents,

And wond'ring at their banks in other channels flow;

So must you bend your thoughts from hopeless love;

So turn their course to *Theseus's* happy bosom,

And crown his eager hopes with wish'd enjoyment:

Then with fresh charms adorn your troubl'd looks,

Display the beauties first inspir'd his soul,

Sooth with your voice, and woo him with your eyes.

Phed. Impossible! what woo him with these eyes

Still wet with tears that flow'd — but not for *Theseus*?

This tongue so us'd to sound another name?

What? take him to my arms, oh awful *Juno*!

Touch, love, caress him; while my wand'ring fancy

On other objects strays? a lewd adultress

In the chaste bed? and in the father's arms,

(Oh horrid thought! oh execrable incest!)

D

Ev'n

Ev'n in the father's arms embrace the son?

Lyc. Yet you must see him, lest impatient love
Shou'd urge his temper to too nice a search,
And ill-tim'd absence should disclose your crime.

Phad. Cou'd I when present to his awful eyes
Conceal the wild disorders of my soul?
Wou'd not my groans, my looks, my speech betray me?
Betray thee, *Phadra*! then thou'rt not betray'd:
Live, live secure, adoring *Crete* conceals thee;
Thy pious love, and most endearing goodness
Will charm the kind *Hippolitus* to silence.
Oh wretched *Phadra*! oh ill-guarded secret!
To foes alone disclos'd!

Lyc. I needs must fear them,
Spight of their oaths, their vows, their imprecations.

Phad. Do imprecations, oaths, or vows avail?
I too have sworn, ev'n at the altar sworn
Eternal love and endless faith to *Theseus*;
And yet am false, forsworn; the hallow'd shrine,
That heard me swear, is witness to my falsehood;
The Youth, the very author of my crimes,
Ev'n he shall tell the fault himself inspir'd;
The fatal eloquence that charm'd my soul
Shall lavish all its art to my destruction.

Lyc. Oh he will tell it all --- destruction seize him ---
With seeming grief, and aggravating pity,
And more to blacken will excuse your folly;
False tears shall wet his unrelenting eyes,
And his glad heart with artful sighs shall heave:
Then *Theseus*, --- how will indignation swell
His mighty heart? how his majestick frame
Will shake with rage too fierce, too swift for vent?
How he'll expose you to the publick scorn,
And loathing crowds shall murmur out their horror?
Then the fierce *Scythian* ---- now methinks I see
His fiery eyes with fullen pleasures glow,

Survey

Survey your tortures, and insult your pangs;
I see him, smiling on the pleas'd *Ismena*,
Point out with scorn the once proud tyrant *Phadra*.

Phad. Curst be his name! may infamy attend him;
May swift destruction fall upon his head,
Hurl'd by the hand of those he most adores.

Lyc. By heaven, prophetick truth inspires your tongue.
He shall endure the shame he means to give; (guc
And all the torments which he heaps on you,
With just revenge shall *Theseus* turn on him.

Phad. Is't possible? oh *Lycon*! oh my refuge!
Oh good old man! thou oracle of wisdom,
Declare the means that *Phadra* may adore thee.

Lyc. Accuse him first.

Phad. Oh heavens! accuse the guiltless?

Lyc. Then be accus'd; let *Theseus* know your crime,
Let lasting infamy o'erwhelm your glory;
Let your foe triumph, and your infant fall---
Shake off this idle lethargy of pity,
With ready war, prevent th'invading foe,
Preserve your glory, and secure your vengeance;
Be yours the fruit, security, and ease;
The guilt the danger, and the labour mine.

Phæd. Heav'ns, *Theseus* comes!

Enter Theseus.

Lyc. Declare your last resolves.

Phad. Do you resolve, for *Phadra* can do nothing.

[*Exit Phædra.*

Lyc. Now, *Lycon*, heighten his impatient love,
Now raise his pity, now enflame his rage,
Quicken his hopes, then quash'em with despair,
Work his tumultuous passions into frenzy;
Unite'em all, then turn them on the foe.

Thef. Was that my Queen, my wife, my idol, *Phadra*?
Does she still shun me? O injurious heav'n!
Why did you give me back again to life?
Why did you save me from the rage of battle,

To let me fall by her more fatal hatred? (*nefs;*

Lyc. Her hatred ! no, she loves you with such fond-
As none but that of *Theseus* e'er could equal;
Yet so the Gods have doom'd, so heav'n will have it,
She ne'er must view her much lov'd *Theseus* more.

Thes. Not see her ! by my suff'rings but I will,
Tho' troops embattl'd shou'd oppose my passage,
And ready death shou'd guard the fatal way.

Not see her ! oh I'll clasp her in these arms
Break thro' the idle bands that yet have held me,
And seize the joys my honest love may claim.

Lyc. Is this a time for joy ? when *Phadra's* grief —

Thes. Is this a time for grief ? Is this my welcome
To air, to life, to liberty, and *Crete* ?

Not this I hop'd, when urg'd by ardent love,
I wing'd my eager way to *Phadra's* arms ;
Then to my thoughts relenting *Phadra* flew,
With open arms to welcome my return,
With kind endearing blame condemn'd my rashness,
And made me swear to venture out no more :
Oh my warm soul ! my boyling fancy glow'd
With charming hopes of yet untasted joys ;
New pleasures fill'd my mind, all dangers, pains,
Wars, wounds, defeats, in that dear hope were lost.

And does she now avoid my eager love,
Pursue me still with unrelenting hatred,
Invent new pains, detest, loath, shun my sight,
Fly my return, and sorrow for my safety ?

Lyc. Oh think not so ! for by th' unerring Gods,
When first I told her of your wish'd return,
When the lov'd name of *Theseus* reach't her ears,
At that dear name she rear'd her drooping head,
Her feeble hands, and watry eyes to heav'n,
To bless the bounteous Gods : At that dear name
The raging tempest of her grief was calm'd ;
Her sighs were hush'd, and tears forgot to flow.

Thes

Thes. Did my return bring comfort to her sorrow?
Then haste, conduct me to the lovely mourner:
Oh I will kiss the pearly drops away;
Suck from her rofie lips the fragrant sighs;
With other sighs her panting breast shall heave,
With other, dewes her swimming eyes shall melt,
With other pangs her throbbing heart shall beat,
And all her sorrows shall be lost in love.

Lyc. Does *Theseus* burn with such unheard of passion?
And must not she with out-stretch'd arms receive him?
And with an equal ardour meet his vows?
The vows of one so dear! Oh righteous Gods!
Why must the bleeding heart of *Theseus* bear
Such tort'ring pangs? While *Phædra* dead to love,
Now with accusing eyes on angry heav'n
Stedfastly gazes, and upraids the Gods;
Now with dumb piercing grief, and humble shame,
Fixes their gloomy watry orbs to earth;
Now burst with swelling anguish, rends the skies
With loud complaints of her outrageous wrongs?

Thes. Wrong'd! Is she wrong'd? And lives he yet
that wrong'd her?

Lyc. He lives, so great, so happy, so belov'd,
That *Phædra* scarce can hope, scarce wish revenge.

Thes. Shall *Theseus* live, and not revenge his *Phædra*?
Gods! shall this arm, renown'd for righteous vengeance,
For quelling Tyrants, and redressing wrongs,
Now fail? Now first, when *Phædra's* injur'd, fail?
Speak, *Lycon*, haste, declare the secret villain,
The wretch so meanly base to injure *Phædra*,
So rashly brave to dare the sword of *Theseus*.

Lyc. I dare not speak, but sure her wrongs are mighty;
The pale cold hue that deadens all her charms,
Her sighs, her hollow groans, her flowing tears
Make me suspect her monstrous grief will end her.

Thes. End her! end *Theseus* first, and all mankind;
But most that villain, that detested slave,

That brutal coward, that dark lurking wretch.

Lyc. Oh noble heat of unexampled love!

This *Phædra* hop'd when in the midst of grief,
In the wild torrent of o'erwhelming sorrows,
She groaning still invok'd, still call'd on *Theseus*.

Thes. Did she then name me? did the weeping
charmer

Invoke my name, and call for aid on *Theseus*?

Oh that lov'd voice upbraided my delay.

Why then this stay? I come, I fly, Oh *Phædra*!

Lead on... Now, dark disturber of my peace,
If now thou'rt known, what luxury of vengeance...
Haste, lead, conduct me.

Lyc. O! I beg you stay.

Thes. What! stay when *Phædra* calls?

Lyc. O! on my knees,

By all the Gods, my Lord, I beg you stay;

As you respect your peace, your life, your glory:

As *Phædras* days are precious to your Soul;

By all your love, by all her sorrows stay.

Thes. Where lies the danger? Wherefore should I stay?

Lyc. Your sudden presence wou'd surprize her soul,
Renew the galling image of her wrongs,

Revive her sorrow, indignation, shame

And all your Son wou'd strike her from your eyes.

Thes. My Son... But he's too good, too brave to
wrong her.

... Whence then that shocking change, that strong
surprize;

That fright that seiz'd him at the name of *Phædra*?

Lyc. Was he surpriz'd? that shou'd at least remorse.

Thes. Remorse! for what? By heav'n's my troubled
thoughts

Prefage some dire attempt... Say what remorse.

Lyc. I wou'd not,... Yet I must... This you command;
This *Phædra* orders; thrice her fault'ring tongue
Bade me unfold the guilty scene to *Theseus*,

Thrice

Thrice with loud cries recall'd me on my way,
And blam'd my speed, and chid my rash obedience;
Least the unwelcome tale shou'd wound your peace.
At last, with looks serenely sad, she cry'd;
Go tell it all, but in such artful words,
Such tender accents, and such melting sounds
As may appease his rage, and move his pity;
As may incline him to forgive his Son
A grievous fault, but still a fault of love.

Thes. Of love! What strange suspicions rack my
Soul?

As you regard my peace declare what love.

Lyc. So urg'd I must declare; yet, pitying Heav'n,
Why must I speak? Why must unwilling *Lycon*
Accuse the Prince of impious love to *Phadra*?

Thes. Love to his mother! to the Wife of *Theseus*!

Lyc. Yes, at the moment first he view'd her eyes,
Ev'n at the altar when you joyn'd your hands,
His easie heart receiv'd the guilty flame;
And from that time he prest her with his passion.

Thes. Then, 'twas for this she banish'd him from
Crete.

I thought it hatred all: Oh righteous hatred!
Forgive me, heav'n, forgive me, injur'd *Phadra*;
That I in secret have condemn'd thy justice.
Oh! 'twas all just, and *Theseus* shall revenge,
Ev'n on his son revenge his *Phadra*'s wrongs.

Lyc. [*Aside*] What easie tools are these blunt ho-
nest Heroes,

Who with keen hunger gorge the naked hook,
Prevent the bait the Statesmans art prepares,
And post to ruin. Go, believing fool,
Go act thy far-fam'd justice on thy son,
Next on thy self, & both make way for *Lycon* (*Aside*).

Thes. Ha! am I sure she's wrong'd? per quaps' tis ma-
lice.

Slave, make it clear, make good your accusation,
Or treble fury shall revenge my son.

Lyc. Am I then doubted? and can faithful *Lycon*
Be thought to forge such execrable falsehoods?
Gods! when the Queen unwillingly complains,
Can you suspect her truth? O Godlike *Theseus*!
Is this the love you bear unhappy *Phadra*?
Is this her hop'd for aid? Go wretched matron
Sigh to the winds, and rend th' unpitying heavens
With thy vain sorrows; since relentless *Theseus*,
Thy hope, thy refuge, *Theseus*, will not hear thee.

Thef. Not hear my *Phadra*! not revenge her wrongs!
Speak, make thy proofs, and then his doom's as fixt
As when *Jove* speaks, and high *Olympus* shakes,
And Fate his voice obeys.

Lyc. Bear witness, heav'n,
With what reluctance I produce this sword,
This fatal proof against th' unhappy Prince,
Lest it shou'd work your justice to his ruin,
And prove he aim'd at force, as well as incest.

Thef. Gods! 'tis illusion all! Is this the sword
By which *Procrustes*, *Scyron*, *Pallas* fell?
Is this the weapon which my darling son
Swore to employ in nought but acts of honour?
Now, faithful youth, thou nobly hast fulfill'd
Thy gen'rous promise. O most injur'd *Phadra*!
Why did I trust to his deceitful form?
Why blame thy justice, or suspect thy truth?

Lyc. Had you this morn beheld his ardent eyes,
Seen his arm lockt in her dishevel'd hair,
That weapon glitt ring o'er her trembling bosom,
Whilst she with screams refus'd his impious love,
Entreating death, and rising to the wound.
Oh! had you seen her when the frighted youth
Retir'd at your approach; had you then seen her,
In the chaste transports of becoming fury,
Seize on the sword to pierce her guiltless bosom,

Had

Had you seen this, you cou'd not doubt her truth.

Thes. Oh impious monster! Oh forgive me *Phadra*!
And may the Gods inspire my injur'd soul
With equal vengeance that may suit his crimes.

Lyc. For *Phadras* sake forbear to talk of vengeance;
That with new pains wou'd wound her tender breast:
Send him away from *Crete*, and by his absence
Give *Phadra* quiet; and afford him mercy.

Thes. Mercy for what! Oh! well has he rewarded
Poor *Phadras* mercy - - - Oh most barb'rous traitor!
To wrong such beauty, and insult such goodness.
Mercy! what's that? A vertue coin'd by villains;
Who praise the weakness which supports their cri:
Be mute, and fly, lest when my rage is rous'd, (mes,
Thou for thy self in vain implore my mercy.

Lyc. (*Aside.*) Dull fool, I laugh at mercy more
than thou dost,
More than I do the Justice thou'rt so fond of.
Now come, young Hero, to thy fathers arms,
Receive the due reward of haughty virtue;
Now boast thy race, and laugh at earth-born [Lycos
Exit

Enter Hippolitus.

Thes. Yet can it be .. Is this th'incestuous villain?
How great his presence, how erect his look,
How ev'ry grace, how all his vertuous mother
Shines in his face, and charms me from his eyes.
Oh *Neptune*! Oh, great founder of our race!
Why was he fram'd with such a godlike look?
Why wears he not some most detested form,
Baleful to sight, as horrible to thought,
That I might act my justice without grief,
Punish the villain, nor regret the son?

Hip. May I presume to ask what secret care
Broods in your breast, and clouds your royal brow?
Why dart your awful eyes those angry beams,
And fright *Hippolitus*, they us'd to chear?

Thes. Answer me first; when call'd to wait on *Phædra*;
 What sudden fear surpriz'd your troubl'd soul? (*dra*,
 Why did your ebbing blood forsake your cheeks?
 Why did you hasten from your father's arms
 To shun the Queen your duty bids you please?

Hip. My Lord, to please the Queen I'm forc'd to
 shun her,
 And keep this hated object from her sight.

Thes. Say what's the cause of her invet'rate hatred?

Hip. My Lord, as yet I never gave her cause.

Thes. Oh were it so (*Aside*) When last did you attend her?

Hip. When last attend her... Oh unhappy Queen!
 Your error's known, yet I disdain to wrong you;
 Or to betray a fault my self have caus'd. *Aside.*
 When last attend her?...

Thes. Answer me directly;
 Nor dare to trifle with your father's rage.

Hip. My Lord, this very morn I saw the Queen.

Thes. What past?

Hip. I ask'd permission to retire.

Thes. And was that all?

Hip. My Lord, I humbly beg
 With the most low submissions, ask no more.

Thes. Yet you don't answer with your low submission,
 Answer, or never hope to see me more. [*missions.*

Hip. Too much he knows, I fear without my telling;
 And the poor Queen's betray'd & lost for ever. (*Aside.*

Thes. He changes, Gods! and falters at the question:

His fears, his words, his looks declare him guilty,
 (*Aside.*

Hip. Why do you frown, my Lord? why turn away,
 As from some loathsome monster, not your Son?

Thes. Thou art that monster, and no more my Son,
 Not one of those of the most horrid form,
 Of which my hand has eas'd the burthen'd earth,

Was half so shocking to my sight as thou.

Hip. Where am I, Gods? Is that my father *The-*
Am I awake? Am I *Hippolitus*? (seus?)

Thef. Thou art that Fiend, thou art *Hippolitus*.
Thou art!.. Oh fall! Oh fatal stain to honour!
How had my vain imagination form'd thee?
Brave as *Alcides*, and as *Minos* just,
Sometimes it led me thro' the maze of war:
There it survey'd thee ranging thro' the field,
Mowing down troops, and dealing out destruction;
Sometimes with wholsom laws reforming States;
Crowning their happy joys with peace and plenty,
While you...

Hip With all my fathers soul inspir'd,
Burnt with impatient thirst of early honour,
To hunt thro' bloody fields the chase of glory,
And bless your age with trophies like your own.
Gods! how that warm'd me! how my throbbing heart
Leapt to the image of my fathers joy!
When you shou'd strain me in your folding arms,
And with kind raptures, and with sobbing joys
Comment my valour, and confess your son,
How did I think my glorious toyl o'er paid?
Then great indeed, and in my fathers love,
With more than conquest crown'd? Go on, *Hippolitus*,
Go tread the rugged paths of daring honour;
Practice the strictest, and austereft vertue,
And all the rigid laws of righteous *Minos*;
Theseus, thy father *Theseus* will reward thee.

Thef. Reward thee... Yes, as *Minos* wou'd reward thee.
Was *Minos* then thy pattern? and did *Minos*,
The great, the good, the just, the righteous *Minos*,
The judge of hell, and oracle of earth,
Did he inspire adultery, force, and incest?

Ismena appears.

Ism. Ha! what's this?

[*Aside.*

Hip. Amazement! Incest...

Thef.

Thes. Incest with *Phadra*; with thy Mother *Phadra*!

Hip. This charge so unexpected, so amazing,
So new, so strange, impossible to thought,
Stuns my astonish'd soul, and tyes my voice.

Thes. Then let this wake thee, this once glorious
sword

With which thy father arm'd thy infant hand,
Not for this purpose. Oh abandon'd slave!

Oh early villain! most detested coward!

With this my instrument of youthful glory!

With this, ... Oh noble entrance into arms!

With this t' invade the spotless *Phadras* honour.

Phadra! my life! my better half, my Queen:

That very *Phadra*, for whose just defence

The Gods wou'd claim thy sword.

Hip. Amazement! Death!

Heav'ns! Durst I raise the far fam'd sword of *Theseus*,
Against his Queen, against my mothers bosom, [it.

Thes. If not, declare when, where, & how you lost
How *Phadra* gain'd it? Oh all the Gods! he's silent.
Why was it bar'd? whose bosom was it aim'd at?

What meant thy arm advanc'd, thy glowing cheeks,
Thy hand, heart, eyes? Oh villain! monstrous villain.

Hip. Is there no way, no thought, no beam of light,
No clue to guide me thro' this gloomy maze?

To clear my honour, yet preserve my faith?

None! none ye Pow'rs! and must I groan beneath

This execrable load of foul dishonour?

Must *Theseus* suffer such unheard of torture!

Theseus my father! no; I'll break thro' all:

All oaths, all vows, all idle imprecations,

I give'em to the winds: hear me, my Lord,

Hear your wrong'd son. The sword... Oh fatal vow!

Ensnaring oaths, and thou, rash thoughtless fool,

To bind thy self in voluntary chains;

Yet to thy fatal trust continue firm:

Beneath disgrace; tho' infamous yet honest,

Yet

Yet hear me, father, may the righteous Gods
Show'r all their curses on this wretched head.
Oh may they doom me!...

Thej. Yes, the Gods will doom thee.
The sword, the sword now swear, and call to witness
Heav'n, hell, and earth, I mark it not from one
That breaths beneath such complicated guilt.

Hip. Was that like guilt, when with expanded arms
I sprang to meet you at your wish'd return?
Does this appear like guilt? When thus serene,
With eyes erect, and visage unapall'd,
Fixt on that awful face, I stand the charge;
Amaz'd, not fearing: say, if I am guilty,
Where are the conscious looks, the face now pale;
Now flushing red, the down cast haggard eyes,
Or fixt on earth, or slowly rais'd to catch
A fearful view, then sunk again with horror?

Thef. This is for raw untaught, unfinish'd villains.
Thou in thy bloom hast reach'd th' abhorr'd perfection
Thy even looks cou'd wear a peaceful calm:
The beauteous stamp, (oh heavens!) of faultless virtue,
While thy foul heart contriv'd this horrid deed.
O harden'd Fiend, can't such transcending crimes
Disturb thy soul, or ruffle thy smooth brow?
What no remorse! no qualms! no pricking pangs!
No feeble struggle of rebelling honour!
O'twas thy joy! thy secret hoard of bliss,
To dream, to ponder, act it o'er in thought;
To doat, to dwell on, as rejoicing misers
Brood o'er their precious stores of secret gold.

Hip. Must I not speak? Then say, unerring Heav'n,
Why was I born with such a thirst of glory?
Why did this morning dawn to my dishonour?
Why did not pitying Fate with ready death
Prevent the guilty day?

Thef. Guilty indeed.
Ev'n at the time you heard your fathers death,
And

And such a father (O immortal Gods !)
 As held thee dearer than his life and glory ;
 When thou shoud'st rend the skies with clam'rous grief
 Beat thy sad breast , and tear thy starting hair ;
 Then to my bed to force your impious way ;
 With horrid lust t'insult my yet warm urn ;
 Make me the scorn of hell, and sport for Fiends.
 These are the fun'ral honours paid to *Theseus*,
 These are the sorrows , these the hallow'd rites,
 To which you'd call your fathers hov'ring spirit.

Enter Ismena.

Ism. Hear me, my Lord, e'er yet you fix his doom.

Hear one that comes to shield his injur'd honour,
 And guard his life with hazard of her own.

Thef. Tho' thou'rt the Daughter of my hated Foe,
 Tho' ev'n thy beauty's loathsome to my eyes,
 Yet justice bids me hear thee.

Ism. Thus I thank you. (*kneels.*)
 Then know, mistaken Prince, his honest soul
 Cou'd ne'er be sway'd by impious love to *Phadra*,
 Since I before engag'd his early vows,
 With all my wiles subdu'd his struggling heart ;
 For long his duty struggl'd with his love.

Thef. Speak, is this true ? On thy obedience speak.

Hip. So charg'd, I own the dang'rous truth ; I own,
 Against her will, I lov'd the fair *Ismena*.

Thef. Canst thou be only clear'd by disobedience,
 And justify'd by crimes. . . What ! love my foe !
 Love one descended from a race of Tyrants,
 Whose blood yet reaks on my avenging sword.
 I'm curst each moment I delay thy fate :
 Hasten to the shades, and tell the happy *Pallas*
Ismenas flames, and let him taste such joys
 As thou giv'st me ; go tell applauding *Minos*
 The pious love you bore his daughter *Phadra* ;
 Tell it the chat'ring Ghosts, and hissing Furies,

Tell

Tell it the grinning Fiends, till hell found nothing
To thy pleas'd ears but *Phædra* and *Ismena*.

Enter Cratander.

Seize him, *Cratander*, take this guilty sword,
Let his own hand avenge the crimes it acted,
And bid him die, at least like *Theseus* son,
Take him away, and execute my orders.

Hip. Heav'ns! how that strikes me! how it wounds
my soul!

To think of your unutterable sorrows,
When you shall find *Hippolitus* was guiltless!
Yet when you know the innocence you doom'd,
When you shall mourn your sons unhappy fate,
Oh I beseech you by the love you bore me,
With my last words, my words will then prevail;
Oh for my sake forbear to touch your life,
Nor wound again *Hippolitus* in *Theseus*.
Let all my vertues let my joys survive
Fresh in your breast, but be my woes forgot;
The woes which Fate, and not my father wrought.
Oh! let me dwell for ever in your thoughts,
Let me be honour'd still, but not deplor'd.

Thef. Then thy chief care is for thy fathers life,
Oh blooming Hipocrite! oh young dissembler!
Well hast thou shown the care thou tak'st of *Theseus*.
Oh all ye Gods! how this enflames my fury!
I scarce can hold my rage; my eager hands
Tremble to reach thee. No, dishonour'd *Theseus*,
Blot not thy fame with such a monsters blood.
Snatch him away.

Hip. Lead on. Farewel, *Ismena*!

Ism. Oh! take me with him, let me share his fate.
Oh awful *Theseus*! yet revoke his doom:
See, see the very Ministers of death,
Tho' bred to blood, yet shrink, and wish to save him.

Thef. Slaves, villains, tear her from him, cut her
arms off

Ism.

Ism. Oh! tear me, cut me, till my fever'd limbs
Grow to my Lord, and share the pains he suffers.

Thef. Villains, away.

Ism. O *Theseus*! hear me, hear me.

Thef. Away, nor taint me with thy loathsome touch.
Off, Woman.

Ism. Stay oh stay! I'll tell you all. [*Exit Theseus*
Already gone, tell it ye conscious walls;
Bear it ye winds upon your pitying wings;
Resound it, fame, with all your hundred tongues.
Oh hapless youth! all heav'n conspires against you.
The conscious walls conceal the fatal secret:
Th'untained winds refuse th'infecting load,
And fame it self is mute....Nay, even *Ismena*,
Thy own *Ismena*'s sworn to thy destruction.
But still, whate'er the cruel Gods design,
In the same fate our equal stars combine,
And he that dooms thy death pronounces mine.



A C T V.

Enter Phædra and Lycon.

Lycon.

ACcuse your self! Oh! on my knees I beg you,
By all the Gods, recal the fatal message.
Heav'ns! will you stand the dreaded rage of *Theseus*?
And brand your fame, and work your own destruction
Phad. By thee Im'branded, and by thee destroy'd;
Thou bosom serpent, thou alluring fiend:
Yet shan't you boast the miseries you cause,
Nor scape the ruin you have brought on all.

Lyc. Was it not your command? Has faithful *Lycon*
E'er

E'er spoke, e'er thought, design'd contriv'd, or acted?
Has he done ought without the Queens consent?

Phad. Plead'st thou consent to what thou first in-
Was that consent? O senseless politician! (spir'dst?
When adverse passions struggl'd in my breast,
When anger, fear, love, sorrow, guilt, despair
Drove out my reason, and usurp'd my soul?
Yet this consent you plead, O faithful *Lycon*!

Oh! only zealous for the fame of *Phadra*!
With this you blot my name, and clear your own;
And what's my frenzy, will be call'd my crime:
What then is thine, thou cool deliberate villain,
Thou wise fore-thinking, weighing politician?

Lyc. Oh! 'twas so black my frighten'd tongue recoil'd
At its own sound, and horror shook my soul!
Yet still, tho pierc'd with such amazing anguish,
Such was my zeal, so much I lov'd my Queen,
I broke through all to save the life of *Phadra*.

Phad. What's life? Oh all ye Gods! can life atone
For all the monstrous crimes by which'tis bought?
Or can I live, when thou, oh soul of honour!
Oh early Heroe! by my crimes art ruin'd?
Perhaps ev'n now the great unhappy youth
Falls by the sordid hands of butchering villains;
Now, now he bleeds, he dies... Oh perjur'd traitor!
See his rich blood in purple torrents flows,
And nature sallies in unbidden groans:
Now mortal pangs distort his lovely form,
His rosie beauties fade, his starry eyes
Now darkling swim, and fix their closing beams,
Now in short gasps his lab'ring spirit heaves,
And weakly flutters on his fault'ring tongue;
And struggles into sound. Hear, monster, hear
With his last breath he curses perjur'd *Phadra*:
He summons *Phadra* to the bar of *Minos*:
Thou too shalt there appear; to torture thee
Whole Hell shall be employ'd, and suff'ring *Phadra*
Shall find some ease to see thee still more wretched.

Lyc. Oh all ye powers! Oh *Phædra*! hear me, hear
 By all my zeal, by all my anxious cares. (me!
 By those unhappy crimes I wrought to serve you,
 By these old wither'd limbs, and hoary hairs,
 By all my tears,... Oh Heav'ns! she minds me not,
 She hears not my complaints... Oh wretched *Lycon*!
 To what art thou reserv'd?

Phæd. Reserv'd to all
 The sharpest, slowest pains that earth can furnish,
 To all I wish... on *Phædra*... Guards secure him.

Lycon carried off.

Ha! *Theseus*, Gods! my freezing blood congeals,
 And all my thoughts, designs, and words are lost.

Enter Theseus.

Thes. Dost thou at last repent? Oh lovely *Phædra*!
 At last with equal ardour meet my vows:
 O dear bought blessing! yet I'll not complain,
 Since now my sharpest grief is all o'erpaid,
 And only heightens joy... Then haste, my charmer,
 Let's feast our famish'd souls with amorous riot,
 With fiercest bliss atone for our delay,
 And in a moment love the age we've lost.

Phæd. Stand off, approach me, touch me not; fly
 Far as the distant skies or deepest center. (hence,

Thes. Amazement! Death! ye Gods that guide the
 What can this mean? so fierce a detestation, [world,
 So strong abhorrence... Speak, exquisite tormentor!
 Was it for this your summons fill'd my soul
 With eager raptures, and tumultuous transports?
 Ev'n painful joys, and agonies of bliss.
 Did I for this obey my *Phædras* call,
 And fly with trembling haste to meet her arms?
 And am I thus receiv'd? O cruel *Phædra*!
 Was it for this you rouz'd my drowzie soul
 From the dull lethargy of hopeless love?
 And dost thou only shew those beauteous eyes
 To wake despair, and blast me with their beams?

Phæd. Oh! were that all to which the Gods have
 doom'd me! But

But angry Heav'n has laid in store for *Theseus*
Such perfect mischief, such transcendent woe,
That the black Image shocks my frightened soul,
And the words dye on my reluctant tongue.

Thes. Fear not to speak it; that harmonious voice
Will make the saddest tale of sorrow pleasing,
And charm the grief it brings... Thus let me hear it,
Thus in thy sight, thus gazing on those eyes,
I can support the utmost spite of fate,
And stand the rage of Heav'n... Approach, my fair...

Phad. Off, or I fly for ever from thy sight:
Shall I embrace the Father of *Hippolitus*?

Thes. Forget the villain, drive him from your soul.

Phad. Can I forget? Can I drive from my soul?
Oh! he will still be present to my eyes;
His words will ever echo in my ears;
Still will he be the torture of my days,
Bane of my life, and ruin of my glory.

Thes. And mine and all... O most abandon'd villain!
Oh lasting scandal to our Godlike race!
That cou'd contrive a crime so foul as incest.

Phad. Incest! Oh name it not!...
The very mention shakes my inmost soul:
The Gods are startled in their peaceful mansions,
And Nature sickens at the shocking sound.
Thou brutal wretch! thou execrable monster!
To break thro' all the laws that early flow
From untaught reason, and distinguish man;
Mix like the senseless herd with bestial lust,
Mother and son preposterously wicked;
To banish from thy soul the reverence due
To honour, nature, and the genial bed,
And injure one so great, so good as *Theseus*.

Thes. To injure one so great, so good as *Phedra*;
O slave! to wrong such purity as thine,
Such dazzling brightness, such exalted vertue.

Phad. Vertue! all-seeing Gods, you know my vertue.
Must I support all this? O righteous Heav'n!

Can't I yet speak? Reproach I could have born,
 Pointed his Satyrs stings, and edg'd his rage:
 But to be prais'd... Now, *Minos*, I defy thee;
 Ev'n all thy dreadful magazines of pains,
 Stones, furies, wheels are slight to what I suffer,
 And hell it self's relief.

Thes. What's hell to thee?
 What crimes couldst thou commit? or what reproaches
 Cou'd innocence so pure as *Phedras* fear?
 O thou'rt the chafest matron of thy sex,
 The fairest pattern of excelling vertue.
 Our latest Annals shall record thy glory;
 The maids example, and the Matrons theme.
 Each skilful artist shall express thy form,
 In animated Gold.. The threatening sword
 Shall hang for ever o'er thy snowy bosom.
 Such heav'nly beauty on thy face shall bloom,
 As shall almost excuse the villains crime:
 But yet that firmness, that unshaken vertue,
 As still shall make the monster more detested.
 Where e'er you pass, the croud'd way shall sound
 With joyful cries, and endless acclamations:
 And when aspiring Bards, in daring strains
 Shall raise some heav'nly matron to the pow'rs,
 They'll say she's great, she's true, she's chaste as *Phedra*.

Phad. This might have been... But now, oh cruel
 Now, as I pass, the croud'd way shall sound [stars!
 With hissing scorn, and murm'ring detestation:
 The latest Annals shall record my shame;
 And when th'avenging Muse with pointed rage
 Wou'd sink some impious woman down to hell,
 She'll say she's false, she's base, she's foul as *Phedra*.

Thes. Hadst thou been foul, had horrid violation
 Cast any stains on purity like thine,
 They're wash'd already in the villains blood;
 The very sword, his instrument of horror,
 E're this time drench'd in his incestuous heart,
 Has done thee justice, and aveng'd the crimes

He

He us'd it to perform.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Alas! my Lord,

E're this the Prince is dead... I saw *Cratander*
Give him a sword... I saw him boldly take it,
Rear it on high, and point it to his breast;
With steady hands, and with disdainful looks,
As one that fear'd not death, but scorn'd to dye,
And not in battle... A loud clamour follow'd:
And all surrounding Soldiers hid from my sight,
But all pronounc'd him dead.

Phad. Is he then dead?

Thes. Yes, yes, he's dead, and dead by my command;
And in this dreadful act of mournful justice,
I'm more renown'd than in my dear bought lawrels.

Phad. Then thou'rt renown'd indeed.. Oh happy
Oh! only worthy of the love of *Phadra*! [*Thes.*
Haste then, let's joyn our well-met hands together;
Unite for ever, and defie the Gods
To shew a pair so eminently wretched. (praise me,

Thes. Wretched! for what? for what the world must
For what the nations shall adore my justice,
A villains death?

Phad. *Hippolitus* a villain!

Oh! he was all his Godlike Sire cou'd wish,
The pride of *Thes.*, and the hopes of *Crete*.
Nor did the bravest of his Godlike race
Tread with such early hopes the paths of honour.

Thes. What can this mean? Declare, ambiguous *Pha*-
Say whence these shifting gusts of clashing rage? (*dra*;
Why are thy doubtful speeches dark and troubl'd,
As *Cretan* seas when vext by warring winds?
Why is a villain, with alternate passion,
Accus'd and prais'd detested and deplor'd?

Phad. Canst thou not guess?...
Canst thou not read it in my furious passions?
In all the wild disorders of my soul?
Cou'dst thou not see it in the noble warmth

That urg'd the daring youth to acts of honour?
 Cou'dst thou not find it in the gen'rous truth,
 Which sparkl'd in his eyes, and open'd in his face?
 Cou'dst not perceive it in the chaste reserve?
 In every word and look, each Godlike act,
 Cou'dst thou not see *Hippolitus* was guiltless?

Thes. Guiltless! Oh all ye Gods! what can this mean?

Phad. Mean! that the guilt is mine, that vertuous
 The Maids example, and the Matrons theme [*Phædra*
 With bestial passion woo'd your loathing son.
 And when deny'd... With impious accusation
 Sully'd the lustre of his shining honour;
 Of my own crimes accus'd the faultless youth,
 And with ensnaring wiles destroy'd that vertue
 I try'd in vain to shake.

Thes. Is he then guiltless?

Guiltless! then what art thou? and oh just Heav'n!
 What a detested parricide is *Thesæus*?

Phad. What am I? what indeed! but one more black
 Than earth, or hell e'er bore. O horrid mixture
 Of crimes and woes, of parricide and incest,
 Perjury, murder; to arm the erring father
 Against the guiltless son. O impious *Lycon*!
 In what a hell of woes thy arts have plung'd me.

Thes. *Lycon*! Here, guards,... Oh most abandon'd
 villain!

Secure him, seize him, drag him piece-meal hither.

Enter Guards. (pleasure?)

Guards Who has, my Lord, incur'd your high dis-

Thes. Who can it be, ye Gods, but perjur'd *Lycon*?
 Who can inspire such storms of rage, but *Lycon*?
 Where has my sword left one so black, but *Lycon*?
 Where, wretched *Thesæus* in thy bed and heart,
 The very darling of my soul and eyes?
 Oh beauteous Fiend! but trust not to thy form.
 You too my son was fair, your manly beauties (etion
 Charm'd every heart (O heavens!) To your destru-
 You too were good, your vertuous soul abhorr'd

The

The crimes for which you d'yd. Oh impious *Phadra*
 Incestuous Fury! Execrable murtherefs!
 Is there revenge on earth, or pain in hell,
 Can art invent, or boiling rage suggest,
 Ev'n endless torture which thou shalt not suffer?

Phad. And is there ought on earth I wou'd not suf-
 O! were there vengeance equal to my crimes, (fer?
 Thou needst not claim it, most unhappy youth,
 From any hands but mine: T'avenge thy fate
 I'd court the fiercest pains, and sue for tortures;
 And *Phadras* suff'rings shou'd atone for thine:
 Ev'n now I fall a victim to thy wrongs;
 Ev'n now a fatal draught works out my soul,
 Ev'n now it curdles in my shrinking veins
 The lazy blood, and freezes at my heart.

Lycon brought in.

Thef. Hast thou escap'd my wrath? yet, impious *Ly-*
 On thee I'll empty all my hoard of vengeance, [con.
 And glut my boundless rage.

Lyc. O! Mercy, mercy.

Thef. Such thou shalt find as thy best deeds deserve,
 Such as thy guilty soul can hope from *Thefens*;
 Such as thou shew'dst to poor *Hippolitus*.

Lyc. Oh chain me! whip me! let me be the scorn
 Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds:
 Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

Phad. Art thou so base, so spiritless a slave?
 Not so the lovely youth thy arts have ruin'd,
 Not so he bore the fate to which you doom'd him.

Thef. Oh abject villain! yet it gives me joy
 To see the fears that shake thy guilty Soul,
 Enhance thy crimes, and antedate thy woes;
 O! how thou'lt howl thy fearful soul away,
 While laughing crowds shall echo to thy cries,
 And make thy pains their sport. Haste hence, away
 with him,

Drag him to all the torments earth can furnish,
 Let him be rackt and gancht, impal'd alive;

Then let the mangl'd monster, fixt on high,
 Grin o'er the shouting crowd, & glut their vengeance.
 And is this all? and art thou now appeas'd?
 Will this atone for poor *Hippolitus*?
 Oh ungorg'd appetite! Oh rav'nous thirst
 Of a sons blood! What not a day, a moment!

Phad. A day a moment! oh! thou should'st have staid
 Years, ages, all the round of circling time,
 E're touch'd the life of that consummat youth.

Thes. And yet with joy I flew to his destruction,
 Boasted his fate and triumph'd in his ruin,
 Not this I promis'd to his dying mother,
 When in her mortal pangs she sighing gave me
 The last cold kisses from her trembling lips,
 And reach'd her feeble wand'ring hands to mine;
 When her last breath now quiv'ring at her mouth,
 Implor'd my goodness to her lovely son;
 To her *Hippolitus*. He, alas! descends
 An early victim to the lazy shades;
 Oh Heav'n and Earth! by *Theseus* doom'd, descends.

Phad. He's doom'd by *Theseus*, but accus'd by *Phadra*
 By *Phadras* madness, and by *Lycons* hatred.
 Yet with my life I expiate my frenzy,
 And dye for thee, my headlong rage destroy'd;
 Thee I pursue, oh great ill fated youth!
 Pursue thee still, but now with chaste desires;
 Thee thro' the dismal waste of gloomy death;
 Thee thro' the glimm'ring dawn, and purer day,
 Thro' all th' *Elysian* plains: O righteous *Minos*!
Elysian plains! There he and his *Ismena*
 Shall sport for ever, shall for ever drink
 Immortal love; while I far off shall howl
 In lonely plains; while all the blackest Ghosts
 Shrink from the baleful sight of one more monstrous,
 And more accurst than they.

Thes. I too must go;
 I too must once more see the burning shoar
 Of livid *Acheron* and black *Cocytus*,

Whence

Whence no *Alcides* will release me now.

Phad. Then why this stay? come on, let's plunge to-
See Hell sets wide its adamantine gates, [gether:
See thro' the fable gates the black *Cocytus*
In smoaky circles rowls its fiery waves!
Hear, hear the stunning harmonies of woe,
The din of rat'ling chains, of clashing whips,
Of groans, of loud complaints, of piercing shrieks,
That wide thro' all its gloomy world resound.
How huge *Magara* stalks! what streaming fires
Blaze from her glaring eyes! what serpents curl
In horrid wreaths, and hiss around her head!
Now, now she drags me to the bar of *Minos*.
See how the awful Judges of the dead
Look stedfast hate, and horrible dismay!
See *Minos* turns away his loathing eyes,
Rage choaks his struggling words; the fatal urn
Drops from his trembling hand: O all ye Gods!
What, *Lycon* here! O execrable villain!
Then am I still on earth? By hell I am,
A Fury now, a scourge preserv'd for *Lycon*;
See the just beings offer to my vengeance
That impious slave. Now, *Lycon*, for revenge;
Thanks, Heav'n, 'tis here... I'll steal it to his heart.

(*Mistaking Theseus for Lycon, offers to stab him.*)

Guards. Heav'ns! 'tis your Lord.

Phad. My Lord! O equal Heav'n:
Must each portentous moment rise in crimes,
And sallying life go off in parricide?
Then trust not thy flow drugs. Thus sure of death
Compleat thy horrors... [Stabs her self.
And if this suffice not,
Thou, *Minos*, do the rest.

Thef. At length she's quiet!
And earth now bears not such a wretch as *Theseus*.
Yet I'll obey *Hippolitus*, and live:
Then to the wars; and as the *Coribantines*,
With clashing shields, and braying trumpets drown'd

The cries of infant-Jove... I'll stifle conscience,
 And Nature's murmurs in the din of arms.
 But what are arms to me? Is he not dead
 For whom I fought? for whom my hoary age
 Glow'd with the boiling heat of youth in battle?
 How then to drag a wretched life beneath,
 An endless round of still returning woes,
 And all the gnawing pangs of vain remorse,
 What torment's this?... Therefore, O greatly thought!
 Therefore do justice on thy self,... and live;
 Live above all most infinitely wretched.

Ismena Enters.

Ismena too... Nay, then avenging Heav'n
 Has vented all its rage... O wretched maid!
 Why dost thou come to swell my raging grief?
 Why add to sorrows, and embitter'd woes?
 Why do thy mournful eyes upbraid my guilt?
 Why thus recal to my afflicted soul
 The sad remembrance of my God-like son,
 Of that dear youth my cruelty has ruin'd?

Ism. Ruin'd!... O all ye Powers! O awful *Thesens*!
 Say, where's my Lord? say, where has Fate dispos'd
 Oh speak! the fear distracts me. (him;

Thes. Gods! Can I speak?

Can I declare his fate to his *Ismena*?
 Oh lovely maid! Cou'dst thou admit of comfort
 Thou shou'dst for ever be my only care,
 Work of my life, and labour of my soul.
 For thee alone, my sorrows lull'd, shall cease;
 Cease for a while to mourn my murder'd son;
 For thee alone my sword once more shall rage,
 Restore the Crown of which it robb'd your race:
 Then let your grief give way to thoughts of Empire;
 At thy own *Athens* reign. The happy crowd
 Beneath thy easie yoke with pleasure bow,
 And think in thee their own *Minerva* reigns.

Ism. Must I then reign? Nay, must I live without him?
 Not so, oh Godlike youth! you lov'd *Ismena*;

You

You, for her sake, refus'd the *Cretan* Empire,
 And yet a nobler gift, the Royal *Phædra*.
 Shall I then take a Crown, a guilty Crown,
 From the relentless hand that doom'd thy death?
 Oh! 'tis in death alone I can have ease,
 And thus I find it. *(Offers to stab her self.)*

Enter Hippolitus.

Hip. O forbear *Ismena*!
 Forbear, chaste maid, to wound thy tender bosom;
 Oh heav'n and earth! shou'd she resolve to die,
 And snatch all beauty from the widdow'd earth?
 Was it for me she'd dye? Oh heav'nly virgin!
 See, seethy own *Hippolitus*, who lives,
 And hopes to live for thee.

Ism. Hippolitus,

Am I alive or dead? Is this *Elysium*?
 'Tis he, 'tis all *Hippolitus*... Art' well:
 Ar't thou not wounded?

Thes. Oh unhop'd for joy!
 Stand off, and let me fly into his arms.
 Speak, say what God, what miracle preserv'd thee?
 Did'st thou not strike thy fathers cruel present,
 My sword, into thy breast?

Hip. I aim'd it there;
 But turn'd it from my self, and slew *Cratander*:
 The guards, not trusted with his fatal orders,
 Granted my wish, and brought me to the King:
 I fear'd not death, but cou'd not bear the thought
 Of *Theseus* sorrow, and *Ismenas* loss;
 Therefore I hasten'd to your Royal presence,
 Here to receive my doom.

Thes. Be this thy doom
 To live for ever in *Ismenas* arms.
 Go, heav'nly pair, and with your daz'ling vertues,
 Your courage, truth, your innocence and love,
 Amaze and charm mankind; and rule that Empire,
 For which in vain your rival fathers fought.

Ism. Oh killing Joy!

Hip.

Hip. Oh extasie of blifs !

Am I possess'd at last of my *Ismena* ?
Of that celestial maid , oh pitying Gods !
How shall I thank your bounties for my suff'rings,
For all my pains , and all the pangs I've born ?
Since 'twas to them I owe divine *Ismena* ?
To them I owe the dear consent of *Theseus*.
Yet there's a pain lies heavy on my heart,
For the disastrous fate of hapless *Phadra*.

Thes. Deep was her anguish, for the wrongs she
She chose to dye, and in her death deplor'd (did you
Your fate , and not her own.

Hip. I've heard it all,

O ! had not passion sully'd her renown,
None e'er on earth had shone with equal lustre ;
So glorious liv'd, or so lamented dy'd.
Her faults were only faults of raging love,
Her vertues all her own.

Ism. Unhappy *Phadra* !

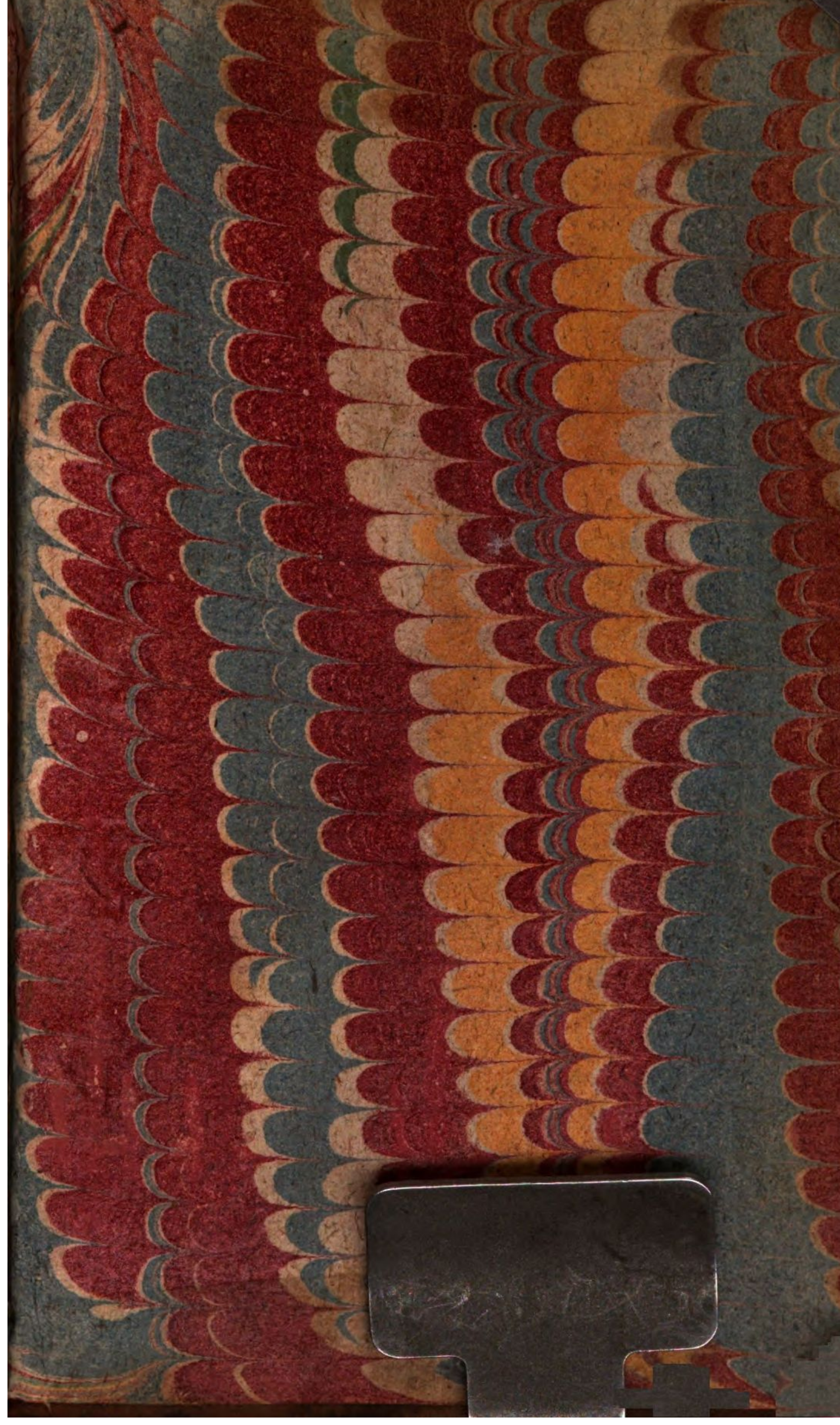
Was there no other way , ye pitying Pow'rs,
No other way to crown *Ismena's* love ?
Then must I ever mourn her cruel fate,
And in the midst of my triumphant joy,
Ev'n in my Heros arms confess some sorrow.

Thes. O tender maid ! forbear with ill-tim'd grief,
To damp our blessings , and incense the Gods ;
But let's away , and pay kind heav'n our thanks
For all the wonders in your favour wrought ;
That heav'n, whose mercy rescu'd erring *Theseus*,
From execrable crimes, and endless woes.
Then learn from me, ye Kings that rule the world,
With equal poize, let steady justice sway,
And flagrant crimes with certain vengeance pay ;
But till the proofs are clear the stroak delay. }

Hip. The righteous Gods that innocence require,
Protect the goodness which themselves inspire:
Unguarded vertue human arts defies,
Th'accus'd is happy, while th'accuser dyes. (*Ex. omnes.*

F I N I S.







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